

THE

1057.

English Treasury

OF

WIT and LANGUAGE,

COLLECTED

Out of the most, and best
of our English

DRAMMATICK POEMS;

Methodically digested into

COMMON PLACES

For Generall Use.

By

JOHN COTGRAVE Gent.

Varietas delectat, Certitudo Prodest.

may 1st LONDON,

Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are
to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the
Princes Armes in S. Pauls Church-yard, 1655.

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Of the
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COMMON PLACES
for Gentlemen
John COTGER AVE. Gent.

Printed by J. B. G. at the Press of the
University of Cambridge

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Three Crowns in St. Pauls Church-yard 1655.



To the Courteous READER.

It is an ancient, and no unmanly custom, to salute the gentle Reader with a Preface, in regard of his arable expence of money, time, and judgement: of the former two, this Work will take up so little of, and yet it is, as I hope he will thinke, shew not unprofitably laid out. And if any be too prodigall of the last, it may be in their own perill, (I for ought I know) for my Authors fear no colours, they have stood the terrible Gun-shot, and passed the Pikes already, and that with no mean reputation, for sure they have given many more faire hits then they tooke. And I, who as their Herald, have endeavoured to emblazon their fairest Arms, and, as their Conduit-pipe, to convey the purest water from their fountain, am so conscious I have not wronged them in Transcription, that I desire my favour to be proportioned onely according to the right I have done them, and the delight I have laboured to derive to thee.

If every subject be not so exactly ranged under his most proper Head, as it might be in a severer examination (though I hope very few do deserve) yet at least they are as directly aim'd as I could do in a single Copy; and truly,

To the Reader.

truly, I thought it unnecessary to write them again, without more need then I could any way discern. And if they seem to lose ought of their native vigour or beauty in the transplanting, I would hope it is reasonably recompenced in the more usefulness of the method they are now in.

Collections have not been the most unprofitable or unsavory workes of the latter times, and if the Ancients had that saying in frequent use, that nothing is said which has not been formerly spoken: sure it is far truer now, for many Arts have beene much improved, and so many more invented since then, that humane science seems to be arrived near its fullest accomplishment. Or if Solomon could say, That the reading of many Bookes is wearisome to the flesh, when there were not half Manuscripts in the world: How much is that wearisome increased since the Art of Printing has so infinitely multiplied large and vast volumes in every place, that the longest life of a man is not sufficient to explore so much as the substance of them, which (in many) is but slender. Extractions therefore are the best conserves of knowledge, if not the readiest way to it.

If I have made this a part of my Recreation in these much distracted times, let not the more serious heads disdain me for my Subject, since I doubt not to find enough of my opinion, if I should avouch, that many who have thought well enough of themselves, have taken much paines in deeper Subjects to as little purpose, and I despair not to be capable of digesting graver speculations, though these be not the least solid, in the valuation of such as know the best use of them.

And

To the Reader.

And indeed the Drammatick Poem seems to me (and many of my friends, better able to judge than I) to have been lately too much slighted, not only by such, whose Talent falls short in understanding, but by many that have had a tolerable portion of Wit, who through a stiffe and obstinate prejudice, have (in neglecting things of this nature) lost the benefit of many rich and usefull Observations, not duly considering, or believing, that the Framers of them, were the most fluent and redundan: Wits that this age (or I think any other) ever knew, and many of them so able Schollers, and Linguists, as they have culled the choicest Flowers out of the greater number of Greeke, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French Authors, (Poets especially) to embellish and enrich the English Scene withall, besides, almost a prodigious accrements of their own luxuriant fancies.

Thou mayst not reasonably expect the abstracted Quintessence of betwixt three and foure hundred Poems in this small compasse (which yet may be large enough for an essay) for I find that an absolute impossibility. But I can assure thee, that what is herein couched, is a great part of the best, and generally taken out of the best. And if the world smile so upon this, as to make my able, and ingenious friend, the Stationer, a gainer by it, I may be encouraged to enlarge my paines in this kind, if my leisure serve me as it hath done.

Dedicatory Epistles I neither affect nor despise, (let who will serve his humour or necessity) commendatory Verses I neither desire nor deserve, yet let each man have his due. Thou Reader art the Patron of this

An Alphabetical Table of all the Common Places contained in this Book.

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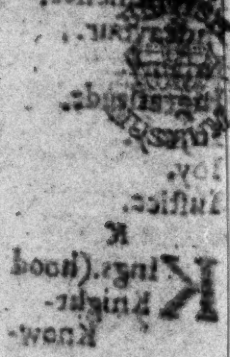
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**THE
ENGLISH TREASURY,
OF WIT, AND LANGUAGE.**

Of Accident, (Chance,) Contingencies, Events.

How various are th' events that may depend
Upon one Action, yet the end propos'd
Not follow the intention; Accidents
Will interpose themselves, like those rash men
That thrust into a Throne, occasioned
By some Tumultuous difference, where perhaps
Their busie curiosity begets
New quarrells, with new issues.

If we consider Accident:

And how repugnant unto fence
It payes desert with bad event,
We shall disparage providence.

They who their ends by chance strive to advance,
Must never doubt to goe the way of Chance.

Great workes doe oft yeeld grievous Accidents,
Which stir up peoples rage, beyond intents.

Chance makes prosperity, when tis at highest,
But pastime, to delight her giddy humour,
And will deject the most secure possessor
When she commands a restitution
Of her lent favours, that she may confer them
Upon another.

If all the yeare were playing Holydayes,
To sport would be as tedious, as to work;
But when they seldome come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth, but rare Accidents.

1. When hearts once from themselves are run astray,
Chance must their guide be, violence their way :
2. Chance is not cast in moulds like other Arts,
Her Counsailes but the hopes of rashness be,

Of Action.

Action is honours language, swords are tongues,
Which both best speak, and best do right our
(wrongs.

Action still begets Action, and retaines
Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
A never ending circle of our pains,
That makes us not t'have done when we have done.

That which consists
In Action onely, and th'event depends
Upon no certaine rule demonstrative,
Is fates, not reasons.

Actions rare and feldome doe commonly
Proceed from fierce necessity, or else
From some oblique designe, which is asham'd
To shew it self in the publique road.

Nor truth, nor fate are evident until
The end of every Action.

The Actions difference make
•Twixt men and beasts and not their names or forms.

Be free all worthy spirits,
And stretch your selves for greatness, and for height,
Untruss your slaveries, you have height enough
Beneath this steep heaven to use all your reaches :
Give me a Spirit, that on this lifes rough Sea,
Loves t'have his sailes fill'd with a lusty wind,

Even

Even till his Sail-yards tremble, his Masts crack,
And his rapp'd ship run on her side so low,
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs Air.

Actions that carry an unusuall weight
Ought still to fly at an unusuall height,

Things of this nature sprung,
When they mean action, must use little tongue.

Of Adversity, Affliction.

How ruthless men are to adversity? (meet,
My acquaintance scarce will know me, when we
They cannot stay to talk; they must be gone,
And shake me by the hand, as though I burn'd them!
A man must trust unto himselfe, I see,
For if he once but halt in his Estate,
Friendship will prove but broken Crutches to him.

Each mans affliction our compassion drawes,
Which still looks on mens fortunes, not the cause.

Is nature narrow to adversity?
No, no, our God left duty for a Law,
Pitty at large, love in authority,
Despair in bonds, fear of It selfe in awe,
That rage of time, and powers strange liberty
Oppressing good men, might resistance find.

We see, that Trees bear not such pleasant fruit
There where they first grew, as where they are new set,
Perfumes, the more th'are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasant scents; And so affliction
Expressth Virtus fully, whether true
Or else adulterate.

One unto Pompey said, the people

Will never know, unless in death thou try,
That thou know'st how to bear Adversity.

1. It is manly done
Not to run from, but meet affliction.
2. I, but when Affliction comes like a fury,
With a whip in her hand, 'tis a fore matter.

What man, when condemned,
Did ever find a friend? or who dares lend
An eye of pitty, to that star-cros'd subject
On whom his Sovereigne frowns?

I have that idle comfort onely, that
He that despaires of all, ought to feare nothing,
When things cannot grow worse, all fortune then
Is on his side that suffers.

The great man down, his Favorite flies,
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies;
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
And who not needs shall never want a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

Behold her agonies,
Sorrow subtracts and multiplies the spirits;
Care and desire do under anguish cease,
Doubt curious is, affecting piety,
Woe loves it selfe, fear from it self would fly.

Mans senses barren were,
If they could apprehend but what they feel,
Ill does with place (like Numbers) multiply,
And misery engenders misery.

Diana, if thou canst rage with a Maid
As with a man, let me discover thee

Bathing, and turn me to a fearfull Hynd,
That I may dye pursu'd by cruell hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

I would the Book
Of fate were here, my sword is not so sure
But I should get it out, and mangle that,
That all the Destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and hast to make us new
For other fortunes, mine could not be worse.

Of Advice, Counsell, &c.

AS wicked counsell
Is still most hurtful unto those that give it,
Such as deny to follow what is good,
In reason, are the first that must repent it.

There is no small despaire of their safety,
Whose eares are blocked up against the truth.

Let him that would have counsaile, void th' advice
Of friends, made with his weighty benefits,
Whose much dependance onely strives to fit
Humour, not Reason, and so still devise
In any thought, to make their friend seem wise.

Counsaile and Time doe both work one effect,
And either cure or clear what we suspect.

Sincere advice did never man betray,
If truth be lucky, counsell is the way.

Men counsaile, and speak comfort to that griefe
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsaile turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thread,
Charm Ache with Air, and Agony with words.

'Tis each mans office to speak patience,
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no mans virtue or sufficiency
 To be so morall, when he shall endure
 The like himselfe.

If to do were as easie, as to know what is good to doe,
 Chappels had been Churches, and poormens Cottages
 Princes Palaces: It is a good Divine
 That follows his own instructions: I can easier
 Teach twenty what is good to be done, then be
 One of the twenty to follow my own teaching.
 The brain may devise Laws for the blood,
 But a hot temper leaps over a cold decree.

Of Adultery.

Look how a Woelf doth like a Dog appeare,
 So like a friend is an Adulterer;
 'Tis more then Nature's mighty hand cau doe
 To make one humane, and a leacher too.

These foul Adulterous gifts will run (thru)
 Through the whole blood, which not the cleare can

How many ills spring from Adultery?
 First the supream Law, that is violated,
 Nobility oft stain'd with Bastardy,
 Inheritance of Land falsly possess'd,
 The Husband scorn'd, Wife sham'd, and Babes unblest'd

Some Fathers dread not (gone to bed in Wine) (law;
 To slide from the Mother, and cling to the Daughter-in-
 Some Uncles are Adulterous with their Nieces,
 Brothers with Brothers wives:
 Any kind now, next to the rym of the sister,
 Is mans meat in these dayes, and in the morning
 When they are up and dressed, and their Masks on,
 Who

Who perceives this, save that eternall eye
That sees through flesh and all?

Heaven still is just, scorns are the hire of scorns,
I nere yet knew Adulterer without horns.

This curse pursues female Adultery,
They'l swim through blood for sine variety,
Their pleasures like the Sea, groundles, and wide,
Such womens lust is never satisfied.

This is the end of lust, where men may see
Murther's the shadow of Adultery,
And follows it to death.

There is a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travells,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed Bear whelp
Adultery, be lick'd into this act.

The wrong that's done to the chaste marriage-bed,
Repentant teares can never expiate,
And be assur'd, to pardon such a sin
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

Of Affections.

Affections are good servants, but if will
Make them once Masters, they are Tyrants still.

Thoughts that be offended,
Are seldome with their present visions mended;
Rage sees too much, security too little,
Affections are like glassy metall, brittle.

As it is hard so well the door to bar,
To keep the Cat out, and the Adulterer;
So 'tis as hard to curb affections so,
We let in naught to make them overflow.

When our diseas'd affections,
 (Harmfull to humane freedom, and storm-like
 Inferring darknesse to th^e infected mind)
 Oppresse our comforts, 'tis but letting in
 The light of reason, and a purer spirit,
 Take in another way, like rooms that fight
 With windows 'gainst the wind yet let in light.

To see affection actually represented,
 Even by those men that owe them, yeelds more profit,
 As more content, then singly to read of them,
 Since love or feare make writers partiall.

Affections injur'd
 By Tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,
 Like tempests threatned Trees, unfirmly rooted,
 Nere spring to timely growth.

Affection is become a Parasite,
 Strives to please, whom it cannot benefit.

Alas, that in the wane of our Affection,
 We should supply it with a full dissembling,
 In which each youngest Maid is grown a Mother :
 Frailty is fruitfull, one sin gets another :
 Our loves like sparkles are, that brightest shine
 When they go out, most vice shewes most divine:

Of Allegiance, Subjection.

A Llegiance
 Tempted too far, is like the triall of
 A good sword on an Anvil, as that often
 Flyes in pieces without service to the owner :
 So trust enforced to far, proves treachery,
 And is too late repented.

If it were lawfull to hold plea against

The power of Greatness, not the Reason, happily
Such under shrubs as subjects sometimes might
Borrow of Nature, Justice, to inform
That licence Sovereignty holds, without a check,
Over a meek obedience.

Love with bounty levyed,
Is a sure guard, obedience forc'd from feare,
Paper fortification, which in danger
Will yeeld to the impression of a reed,
Or of it selfe fall off.

On forrain Foes

We are our own revengers, but at home,
On Princes that are eminent, and ours,
'Tis fit the Gods should right us.

God gives to Kings the honour to command,
To subjects all their glory to obey:
Who ought in time of War, as Rampires stand,
In peace, as th' ornament of state array.

No more, (my worthy friend) though these be truths,
And though these Truths would ask a Reformation,
At least a little squaring; yet remember,
We are but Subjects, whose obedience
To what is done, and grieve for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours; The hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the Gods, pure incense
(Untill unhallowed hands defile those offerings)
Burns ever there, we must not put them out,
Because the Priests that touch those sweets are wicked.

Of Ambition.

Ambitions gilded Spheares
Are like to painted Hells, which please the eyes,
Even while they shew the heart where horror lies.

Her

Her shining Throne built on the ruine is
Of fame, of true religion, and of law.

They that from youth doe suck at fortunes breasts,
and nurse their empty hearts with seeking higher,
Like dropsie fed, their thirst doth never rest,
for still by getting, they beget desire, (flame
Till thoughts, like wood, while they maintaine the
Of high desires, grow ashes in the same.

Ah foul Ambition, which, like water floods,
Not channel bound, dost Neighbour over-runne,
And growest nothing, when thy rage is done!

In every Creatures heart there lies desire,
which men do hallow, as appearing good,
For greatness they esteeme it, to aspire,
although it weakness be, well understood.

That disease that bred in Paradise,
Swells like the Pestfers poyson in our veines,
To which all men are Heires, Ambition,
Desire to be like God.

Ambition, like a Torrent, nere looks back,
And is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off, being both a Rebelle
Unto the soul, and reason, and enforceth
All lawes, all conscience, treads upon religion:
And offers violence to natures selfe.

Ambition,
Thou restless ill, that still dost build
upon success, and end'st not in aspiring,
But there beginn'st, and nere is fill'd
while ought remains, that seems but worth desiring:
Wherein the thought (unlike the eye,
to which things farre seem smaller then they are)

Deems

Deemes all contentment plac'd on high,
and thinks there's nothing great, but what is farre.

Oh that in time we had not cast
Our errours up, this fortune to prevent,
I have seen our aimes e're they were past,
And felt our faults before our punishment!

Strength to aspire, is still accompanied
With weaknes to endure, all popular gifts
Are colours, that will bear no Vinegar.
Farewell proud spirit, so have I beheld
An exhalation, that would be a star,
Fall when the Sunne forsook it, in a sink,
Shooes ever over-throw, that are too large
And hugest Cannons burst with overcharge.

He is at no end of his actions blest,
Whose ends would make him greatest, and not best,
They tread no ground, but ride in aire on storms
That follow state, and hunt her empty formes.

Is it not a wonder
That mens Ambition should so blind their reason,
To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride
Rather in seeming, then in being just?

Ambition's but an *Ignis fatuus*,
Misleading fond mortality,
That hurries us about, then sets us down
Just where we first began.

What a great spreading mighty thing this was,
And what a nothing now? how soon poor man
Vanishes into this noon-tide shadow?
But hopes ore-fed have seldome better done.

Ambition, in all sacred Schooles,
Is held the sinne of Heathens, and of fooles.

Forbeare you things,
That stand upon the Pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height, when you doe fall
You passh your selves to peeces, nere to rise,
And he that lends you pittie, is not wise.

Of Anger, Fury, Impatience, Rage, wrath.

THe eye of Anger it selfe onely sees,
And truth serves unto rage but as a Glasse
To deck her selfe in, and bring spight to passe,
Reason to Rage, is like hands to a sore,
Whose often stroking makes the anguish more.

Anger
Is blood powr'd, and perplex'd into a froth,
But malice is the wisdom of our wrath.

Anger never
Should be conceiv'd, but where it may be born
In some fact fit t'employ its active flame,
Which else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false star, that quenches as it glides.

Passion is no deadly weapon, we hear his voyce
Before he does execution, and then we arme.

He parted frowning from me, as if ruine
leap'd from his eyes, so looks the chased Lyon
Upon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing.

There is nothing
Doth more eclipse the honour of our soule,
Then an ill grounded, and ill followed passion,
Let fly with noise and licence, against those
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

There

There is not in nature,
 A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
 As doth intemperate anger : divers men
 Nere yet express'd their strong desire of rest,
 But by unrest, by vexing of themselves.

Yet are the civill tumults of his spirits
 Hot and out-ragious, not resolv'd, alas,
 Being but one man, to bear the Kingdoms doom,
 He doubts, stormes, threatens, rues, complaines, im-
 (plores,

Rage hath brought all his forces to his looks,
 And nought is left, to strengthen him within,
 Nor lasts one habite of those griev'd aspects,
 Blood expells paleness, paleness blood doth chase,
 And sorrow erres through all formes in his face :
 So furious is he, that the politick Law
 Is much to seek how to enact her sentence,
 Authority, back'd with armes, (though he unarm'd)
 Abhors his fury, and with doubtful eyes,
 Views on what grounds it should sustain his ruines :
 And as a savage Bore that (hunted long,
 Affail'd and set up) with his onely eyes
 Swimming in fire, keeps off the baying hounds,
 Though sunk himself, yet holds his anger up,
 And snowes it forth in foam, holds firm his stand
 Of battailous bristles, feeds his hate to dye,
 And whets his Tusks with wrathfull Majestic :
 So fares the furious Duke, and with his looks
 Doth teach death horrors, makes the Hangman learn
 New habits for his bloody impudence,
 Which now habitual horror from him drives,
 Who, for his life shuns death, by which he lives.

To be too rash

With-

Without both will and care to shun the worst
(It being in power to doe well, and with cheere)
Is stupid negligence, and worse then feare.

Man then doth shew, his reason is defac'd,
When rage thus shews it selfe with reason grac'd.

To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first, anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-Mettal tyres him.

I tread in air, and see nor foot, nor path,
I have lost my selfe, yet cannot lose my wrath.

Of Apparell.

YOU fooles that wear gay cloathes, love to be gap'd
What are you better, when your end calls on you
Will Gold preserve you from the Grave? or Jewels?
Get golden minds, and sling away your trappings,
Unto your bodies minister warm rayment,
Wholsome and good, glister within and spare not,
Let my Court have rich soules, their suits I weigh not.

Thou God of good Apparell, what strange fellowes
Are bound to doe thee honour? Mercers Books
Shew mens devotions to thee, heaven cannot hold
A Saint so stately. Do not my Dons know me
Because I am poor in cloathes? stood my beaten Taylor
Pleyting my rich hose; my silk-stocking man
Drawing upon my Lordships courtly calfe
Pairs of embroydred things, whose golden Clocks
Strike deeper to the faithful shop-keepers heart,
Then into mine, to pay him; had my Barber
Perfum'd my lowzy Thatch here, and poak't out
My Tusks, more stiffe then are a Turks Mustachios,
These pyed wing'd Butterflies had known me then.

Be a man nere so vile
In wit, in judgement, manners, and what else,
If he can purchase but a silken Cover,
He shall not onely passe, but pass regarded :
Whereas let him be poore and meanly clad,
Though nere so richly parted, you shall have
A fellow, that knows nothing but his Beef,
Or how to rince his clammy guts in Beer.
Shall take him by the shoulders, or the throat,
And kick him down the staires : such is the stat :
Of vertue in bad clothes.

A generous outside is the chiefe attraction
That drawes femall affection ; good parts,
Without th^e habiliment of Gallantry,
Are no more set by in these giddy times,
Then a good legge in a woollen stocking.
No, 'tis a glistering presence, and audacity
Brings women into fools felicity.

The lustre of good clothes, or breeding
Bestow'd upon a Son, will make a rustick,
Or a mechanick Father to commit
Idolatry, and adore his own issue.

Hood an Ass with reverend Purple,
(So you can hide his two ambitious ears)
And he shall passe for a Cathedrall Doctor.

Change of habits
(In Whores) is a bewitching Art : to day
She's all in colours, to besot Gallants :
Then in modest black to catch the Citizen.

The brisk
Pert Linnet in his russet feathers, flies
As warm as any Bird of Paradise,

With

With all his painted and his gilded trim.

Apparel's grown a God, and goes more neat,
Makes men of rugges, which straight he bears aloft
Like parched scar-crowes, to affright the rout
Of the Idolatrous vulgar, that worship images,
Stand aw'd, and bare-scalp'd at the gloss of silks,
Which (like the glorious *Ajax* of *Lincolns Inne*
I saw in *London*) laps up naught but filth
And excrements, that bear the shapes of men,
Whose infide every Daw would peck and tear,
But that vain Scarcrow, Clothes, intreat forbear.

Of Astralogie, Astronomy, &c.

How hapless is our knowledge, to fore-tell,
And not be able to prevent a mischief?
Oh the strange difference 'twixt us and the stars,
They work with inclinations strong and fatal,
And nothing know, and we know all their working,
And nought can doe, or nothing can prevent.

We that behold the sad aspects of heaven,
Leading sence, blinded men feel griefe enough
To know, though not to speake their miseries.

The Stars do shoot
An equall influence on the open Cottage,
Where the poore shepheards child is rudely nurs'd,
And on the Cradle where the Prince is rock'd
With care and whisper.

Pox on your halting humane knowledges;
Oh death, how far off hast thou kill'd? how soon
A man may know too much, though ever nothing?
Spight of the stars, and all Astrology,
I will not lose my head, or if I doe,
A hundred thousand heads shall off before.

in a nobler substance then the stars,
 and shall the baser over-rule the greater?
 are they better, 'cause they are the better?
 have a Will, and faculties of choice,
 to do, or not to do, and reason why
 to do, or not do this, the stars have none,
 they know not why they shine, more then this Taper,
 nor how they work, nor what. Ile change my course,
 piece-meal pull the frame of all my thoughts,
 and cast my will into another mould,
 and where are all your Caput Algol's then?
 Your Planets all being underneath the earth,
 at my Nativity, what can they doe?
 malignant in aspects, in bloody houses?
 Wild-fire consume them, one poore cup of wine
 more then juice, that my weak brain will bear,
 shall make them drunk, and reel out of their spheare,
 for any certain act they can enforce.
 Oh that mine armes were wings, that I might fly
 And pluck out of their hearts my destiny,
 Ild weare those golden spurs upon my heels,
 And kick at Fate.

. He has made a Mirroure, a meer Looking-glasse,
 in shew you'd think no other, the form Ovall,
 (As I am given to understand by Letter)
 Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing,
 And some that will be question'd, and give answers,
 Then has he set it in a frame, that wrought
 Unto the revolutions of the stars,
 And so compact by due proportions
 Unto their harmony, doth move alone
 A true *Automaton*: thus *Dedalus* Statues,
 Or *Vulcans* Toolles. 2. Dost thou believe this?
 . Why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sence?

He has been about it above twenty yeares,
 Three sevens, the powerfull and the perfect number,
 And art and time, sir, can produce such things.
 What do we read there of *Hiarbas* banquet,
 The great *Gymnosophist*, that had his Butlers
 And Carvers of pure Gold waiting at Table?
 The image of *Mercury* too, that spake?
 The wooden Dove that flew? a Snake of Brass
 That hiss'd? and Birds of silver that did sing?
 All these were done, sir, by the Mathematicks,
 Without which, there's no science, nor no truth.

Of Atheism, Blasphemy, Impiety, Prophaneſs, &c.

Nice Philosophy
 May tolerate unlikely arguments,
 But heaven admits no jests: Wits, that presum'd
 On wit too much, by striving how to prove
 There was no God, with foolish grounds of Art,
 Discovered first the nearest way to Hell,
 And fill'd the world with divellish Atheism.
 Such questions are fond, for better 'tis
 To blesse the Sun, then reason why it shines:
 Yet he thou talkst of is above the Sun.

If we were sure there were no Deity,
 Nor Heaven, nor Hell, then to be led alone
 By Natures light, (as were Philosophers
 Of elder times) might instance some defence;
 But 'tis not so, then, mad man, thou wilt find
 That nature is, in heavens positions, blind.

Thou art a singing, rayling, scoffing Rogue,
 One that nere knew any Religion so far as
 To read of it; one that will speak ill of any man
 Behind his back, and forswear it to his face,

Where

Where thou dost make thy praise the greater calumny,
Thou wilt abuse thy Father, though he were one
Of the Scates, but lest thou shouldst be so unnaturall,
Heate provided him a Broom-man, and made
thy patrimony an old pair of shoes.

Thou art a small Vessell full of villany, pure
and strong, and laid up for the Devills own drinking.
thy end will be blaspheming, a Tapster thy
executioner, and a double Jugge the Instrument,

His impiety is a potent Charme
To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm.

Of Avarice, Covetousnesse, &c.

WHen all other finnes are old in us, and goe upon
(Crutches,
Covetousnesse does but then lye in her Cradle,
Leachery loves to dwell in the fairest Lodgings,
and Covetousnesse in the oldest buildings.

Covetousnesse,
Thou art the heart of every deadly sin,
There's no Adulterer, but is covetous
Of other mens wives, and he puts them to use.
No drunkard, but is covetous of wine,
and covetous men are drunk adulterers,
They still commit Idolatry to their Chests.

Covetousnesse is an excellent sin for any man
To deale withall, that hath a loose belly,
For it will bind him for poor ten groats.

If this be hell, the high-way to get riches,
May I be poor, this is not gain, but torment;
These possesse wealth, as sick men possesse Feavers,
Which trulier may be said to possesse them,

See

The difference 'twixt the covetous, and the prodigall,
The covetous man never has money, and
The Prodigall will have none shortly.

You shall have stall fed Doctors, crammi'd Divines,
Make love to money, and with those studied
And perfum'd flatteries, as no room can stink
More elegant, then where they are.

Promise Gold Mountaines, and the covetous
Are ever most prodigall, one baseness still
Accompanies another.

Of Authority.

SExes have wayes apart, States have their fashions,
The virtues of Authority are passions.

Subject authority, for gain, love, or fear,
Oft quits the guilty, and condemns the clear.

Although Authority be a stubborn beast,
Yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold.

Thus can the Demi-God, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight,
The words of Heaven, on whom it will, it wills,
On whom it will not, so, yet still 'tis just.

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority,
When vice makes mercy, mercy is so extended,
That for the faults love is th'offender friended.

I cannot patiently endure this fond
And strange proceeding of authority,
That hath engross'd up all into their hand,
By Idolizing feeble majesty,

And impiously do labour all they can
 To make the King forget he is a man,
 While they divide the spoiles and prey of powers,
 And none at all respect the publick good :
 Those hands that guard, and get us what is ours,
 The Souldiery engag'd to vent their blood,
 In worse case seem, then *Pallaces* old grown moyl,
 Th' *Athenians* foster'd at their publick cost,
 For these poor soules, consum'd with tedious toyl,
 Remain neglected, having done their most,
 And nothing shall bring home of all these Wars,
 But empty Age, and bodies charg'd with scars.

How we
 That sway the manage of Authority,
 May be abus'd by smooth officious Agents?

Of Barrenness.

'Tis halfe a curse to them that build, and spare,
 And hoord up wealth yet cannot name an Heir.

We have neither posterity in Town,
 Nor hope for any abroad, we have wives, but
 The mark has been out of their mouthes these 20 years,
 And (as it appears) they did little good when they
 were in.

We could not stand about it, fir, to get riches
 And children too is more then one man can do :
 And I am of those Citizens minds, that say,
 Let our wives make shift for children if they will,
 They get none of us : nor can I think, but
 He that has both much wealth, and many children,
 Has had more helpe comming in, then himself.

I think it be a curse both here, and forrain,
 Where bags are fruitfullst, the womb's most barren,

The poor have all our children, we their wealth;
 Shall I be prodigall, when my life coole?
 Make those my Heirs whom I have begg'd, fooler?
 It would be wonderous, rather begger more,
 Thou shalt have Heirs enow, thou keep'st a whore.

To have no children,
 Is a most excellent, a right speciall happiness,
 He shall not be drudge to his Cradle, nor
 A slave to his child, he shall be sure not to
 Cherish another's blood, nor toyl to advance
 Peradventure some Rascalls lust: without children
 A man's unclogg'd, his wife almost a maid,
Messalina, thou cryest out, oh blessed barrenness,
 Why once with child, the very Venus of
 A Ladies entertainment, has lost all pleasure.

Lycurgus wondred much, men would provide
 Good Stallions for their Mares, and yet would suffer
 Their fair wives to be barren.

Of Bashfulness, Coyness, Modesty.

A Modest eye forceth affection,
 While outward gaires, light looks but entice,
 Fairer then nature's fair, is foulest vice.
 She that loves Art, to get her cheek more lovers,
 Much outward gawds, sleight inward grace discovers:
 Those that strive most to palliate strangers sight,
 Folly may judge most faire, wisdom most light.

1. You are so bashfull, mistress,
2. 'Tis not at first word up and ride, thou art cozen'd,
 That would shew mad y^e faith; besides, we lose
 The main part of our politicke Government,
 If we become provokers. Then we are faire,
 And fit for mens embraces, when, like Towns

They

They lie before us Ages, yet not carried,
 Sold out their strongest batteries, then compound too
 Without the loss of honour, and march off
 With our faire wedding Colours flying.

Wherefore serves Modesty
 Out to pleasure a Lady now and then, and keep
 Her from suspect? 'tis the best use 'tis put too.

What is't you doubt? her coyneffe? that's but the
 Superficies of lust, most women have.
 Yet why should Ladies blush to heare that nam'd
 They doe not feare to handle? Oh, they are politick,
 They know our desire is increas'd by the
 Difficulty of enjoying, where satiety
 Is a blunt, weary, and drowzy passion.
 If the Buttery hatch at Court, stood alwaies open,
 There would be nothing so passionate crowding,
 Nor hot suit after the Beverage.

He has not the face to look upon a Gentlewoman,
 A poor skinn'd thing, his mothers maids are faine
 To teach him how to kifs, and 'gainst he's married,
 To him on which side the stirrup stands.

If I doe shun you, 'tis
 As bashfull debtors shun their Creditors,
 I cannot pay you in the selfesame coyn,
 And am ashamed to offer any other.

A modest silence, though't be thought
 A Virgins beauty, and her highest honour;
 though bashfull feignings nicely wrought,
 Grace her, that virtue takes not in, but on her;
 what I dare think, I boldly speak,
 After my word, my well bold action russeth,

In open flame then, passion break,
Where virtue prompts, thought, word, act, never bl

Of Bastardy.

SOn of a Whore?

There is not such another murdering piece
In all the stock of Calumny; it kills
At one report two reputations,
A Mothers, and a Sons: If it were possible
That souls could fight after the bodies fell,
This were a quarell for them, he should be indeed
One that nere heard of Heavens joyes, or Hells t

To fight this out; I am too full of Conscience,
Knowledge and patience, to give justice to it,
So carefull of my eternity, which consists
Of upright actions, that unless I knew
It were a truth I stood for, any coward
Might make my breast his foot-step; and who lives
That can assure the truth of his conception,
More then a Mothers carriage makes it hopefull?
And is't not miserable valour then,
That man should bazard all upon things doubtfull?

You'd smile, to think

How many times in the world, Lordships descend
To divers men, that might, if truth were known,
Be H'irs for any thing belongs to the flesh,
As well to the Turks richest Eunuch.

Oh what a grieve 'tis, that a man should live
But once in the world, and then to live a Bastard,
The curse of the wombe, the theefe of nature,
Begot against the seventh Commandment,
Halfe damn'd in the Conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.

Am I your Bastard, say you? then
You are a paire of Vipers, and behold
The Serpent you have got; there is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a Pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents,
And I am every way as beastly got,
As farre without the compasse of all Law,

Why do I take
Bastardy so distastefully, when in the world
Many things, that are most essentiall parts
Of greatnesse, are but By-slips, and are father'd
On the wrong parties?
Preferment in the world, is many times
Basely begotten; nay, I have observ'd
Th'immaculate justice of a poor mans Cause,
(In such a Court as this) has not known whom
To call Father, or which way to direct it self
For true compassion.

Men have risen
From a most cheap Nobility to Empire;
Nay some that had no Fathers, Sons of the Earth,
And flying people, have aspir'd to Kingdoms,
Made Nations tremble, and have practis'd frowns
To awe the world.

Of Bawds, Pandons, Pimps, &c.

BAwdery is now held no dainty dish the name
Is so in league with Age, that now adayes
It does eclipse three quarters of a mother.

In every Family
That does write lustfull, your fine Bawd gains more,
(for like the Broaker, she take fees on both sides)
Then all the Officers of the house besides.

'Tis

'Tis th'ordinary complement now adayes with gro
 We prostitute our sisters with lesse scruple, (one
 Then eating flesh on Vigils; 'tis out of fashion,
 To trust a servant with our private sins,
 The greater tye of blood, the greater faith,
 And therefore parents have been held of late
 The safest wheelles, on which the children lusts
 Hath hurried into act with supple greatnesse.
 Nature doth wear a vertuous charm, and will
 Doe more in soft compassion to the sin,
 Then Gold, or swelling promises.

Call you it course? why, 'tis but procuring
 A smock employment, which has made more Knights
 In a Country, I could name, then twenty yeares
 Of service in the field.

Hence thou, our foxes monster, poysonous Bawd,
 Lusts Factor, and damnations Orator,
 Gossip of Hell: were all the Harlots sins,
 Which the whole world containes, numbred together,
 Thine farre exceeds them all: of all the Creatures
 That ever were created, thou art basest;
 What Serpent would beguile thee of thy office,
 It is so detestable: for thou livest
 Upon the dregs of Harlots, keep'st the doore,
 Whilst couples goe to dancing: oh course Devill,
 Thou art the Bastards curse, thou brand'st his birth,
 The leachers French disease, for thou dry suckst him,
 The Harlots poyson, and thy own confusion.

The Pander is more dangerous to a State,
 Then is the common Thief; and though our Lawes
 Lie heavier on the Thief, yet, that the Pander
 May know, the Hangmans raffe should fit him too,
 He's set to beat the Hemp.

Panders and Whores,
are Citty plagues, which being left alive,
Nothing that looks like goodnesse ere can thrive

A well practis'd Bawd,
May purse up more fees in a Summers progress,
Then a well traded Lawyer in a terme :
Pandarism : why, 'tis grown a liberall science,
Or a new sect, and the good Professors
Will (like the Brownists) frequent Gravel-pits shortly,
For they use woods, and obscure holes already.

There is no Government under the Sun,
Like the politick Government of a Bawdy house.

This is a Bawd of sixty odd years standing,
When she set up, she was but four and twenty,
She was both ware and merchant, flesh and butcher,
For the first twelve years of her house-keeping :
She's now upon four-score, and has made Markets
Of twice four thousand choice Virginities,
And twice that number of indifferent gear :
No raffe raffe was she ever known to cope for.

We cannot lodge and board a dozen, or
Fourteen Gentlewomen, that live honest'y
By the prick of their Needles, but it will be thought
We keep a Bawdy-house presently.

He that labours to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and claw a strumpets itch.

The humane stroke nere made him, he that can
Be bawd to woman, never leapt from man.

Of Beauty.

Beauty and Honour, Natures Scepters be,
And have on mens desires authority.

It

It is the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sence
Of her own selfe conceived excellence.

She is the wonder,
The Blazing-star of *Italy*, a Wench
Of the first yeare, a beauty ripe as Haruest,
Whose skin is whiter then a Swan all over,
Then silver, snow, or Lillies; a soft lip
Would tempt one to eternity of kissing,
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood.

Beauty is a project of that power
(Chiefly when opportunity attends her)
She will infuse true motion in a stone,
Put glowing fire into an icy soule,
Stuffe Peasants bosomes with proud *Casars* spleen,
Powre rich device into an empty braine,
Bring youth to follies Gate, there traine him in,
And after all, extenuate his sinne.

This Devill, beauty, is compounded strangely,
It is a subtile point, and hard to know
Whether it has in it more active tempting,
Or more passive tempted, so soon it forces,
And so soon yeelds.

Faces are like Books,
Those that do study them, do know them best,
And to say truth, 'tis still much as it pleases
The curteous Reader.

Ay me, where is a lovers wealth? what joy
Is there of beauty, when conceal'd, more then
Of Jewels in the dark? but, when reveal'd,
We stand to the hazard of anothers claim,

Of Boasting.

Our swaggerer is much like your walking spur,
He gingles much, but he will never prick.

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin,
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

He did never know so woefull a voyce issue
From so empty a heart, but the song is true,
The empty Vessell makes the greatest sound.

It comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath,
With a swaggering Accent sharply twang'd off,
Gives manhood more approbation, then ever
Proof it selfe would have earn'd him.

You are no true Souldiers, you are Tavern Rats,
Your food that lies all day undigested
Upon the queazy stomach of some Tavern,
And are spew'd out at midnight; you are but
The worms of worth, the sons of shame and baseness,
That in a Tavern dare out-sit the sun,
And rather then a Whore shall part unpledg'd,
You'll pawn your soules for a superfluous cup,
Though you cast it up in the reckoning. Go and build
No more these airy Castles of hatcht fame,
Which fooles onely admire and fear you for,
The wise man derides, and jeeres you, as pusses,
Strive really for Virtue and Valour, (those fair
Sweet Twins, that are born, breath and die together)
Then you'll be no more call'd Butterflies, but men.

He behaves himselfe
As many of your Captaines doe, that fight
As the Geefe sav'd the Capitol, onely with prating.

Of the Body of Man.

Humane bodies labouring with Fevers,
While they are scorchi'd with heat, if they doe take
Cold water, seem for that short space much eas'd,
But afterwards are ten times more distressed.

Why had we not bodies,
Equall to our minds, that when we durst meet perills
We might bear them, and not with a fading Trunk
Lose thoughts invincible? yet I will doe
Something, and where the Gods have given a will,
We ought not in their service to sit still.

1. Injurious heaven, that with so excellent matter
As is our soules, didst mingle this base mould,
So frail a substance, as if th'hadst framed man
The subject of thy laughter, gav'st him a spirit
Unbounded, free, whose fiery temper breaks
Through all the clouds of danger, dares even heaven,
Swells, and bears high, when with one little prick
This bubble breaks, displays a vanity,
Ridiculous vanity; this stately building,
That hath bee'n twenty and odd years a rearing,
One blast this layes it flat: I could even tremble
To think, that such a coward I bear about me,
As is this flesh, that for so small a wound
Betrayes our life.

2. This shews, that nature nere intended man
Other, then as she sent him to the world,
All unoffensive, unarm'd; when to Beasts
She gave the meanes to hurt, as to defence,
The armour she gave man was Innocence.

What's this flesh?
A little curded milk, phantasticall puffed-past;

our bodies are weaker then those paper prisons
 they use to keep flies in, more contemptible,
 since ours is to preserve Earth-worms.

Of the Body.

WHat thing is in this outward form of man
 To be belov'd? we count it ominous,
 Nature doe produce a Colt, or Lamb,
 Fawn, or Goat, in any limb resembling
 man, and fly from't as a prodigie,
 man stands amaz'd at his deformity
 in any other Creature, but himself:
 yet in our flesh, though we beare diseases,
 which have their true names onely tane from beasts,
 as the most ulcerous Woolf, or swinish meafell,
 though we are eaten up of Lice, or worms;
 and though continually we bear about us
 a rotten and dead body, we delight
 to hide it in rich Tyffew, all our fear
 (nay, all our terrors) is left our Physitian
 should put us in the ground to be made sweet.

What lowzy Gott iges th' have given our soules?
 Each petty storm shakes them into disorder,
 and it costs more paines to patch them up again
 then they are worth, by much.

What, but fair sand dust are earths purest forms,
 Queens bodies are but Trunks to put in worms.

Know this body but a sink of folly,
 the ground work and rais'd frame of woe and frailty,
 the bond and bundle of corruption,
 a quick Cearse, onely sensible of grief:
 a walking Sepulcher, or Household thief,
 a glass of Air, broken with less then breath,

A slave, bound face to face to death, till death.

Oh wretched flesh, in which must be obey'd
Gods law, that wills impossibility,
And Princes wills, the Gulphs of Tyranny.

Of Bounty, Liberality.

THere is no bounty to be shew'd to such
As have no real goodness; Bounty is
A spice of virtue, and what vertuous act
Can take effect on them that have no power
Of equall habitude, to apprehend it,
But live in worship of that Idol, Vice,
As if there were no virtue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, meerly enforc'd.
This shews, their knowledge is meer ignorance,
Their far fetch'd dignity of soul, a fancy,
And all their square pretext of gravity,
A meer vain-glory.

Hands that part with Gifts,
Or will restrain their use, without desert,
Or with a misery numm'd to virtues right,
Work, as they had no soul to govern them,
And quite reject her, severing their Estates
From humane order; whosoever can,
And will not cherish virtue, is no man.

Who gives,
And hits in the teeth, payes himself with the glory
For which he gave, as being his end of giving:
Not to crown merit, or do any good,
And so no thanks is due, but to his glory.

Bounty and Gifts, oft lose more then they find,
Where many look for good, few have their mind.

Each thinks, he merits more then that he hath,
And so gifts laid for love, procure men wrath.

Where benefits
Are ill confer'd, as on unworthy men,
That turn them to bad uses; the bestower
For want of judgement, how and where to place them)
Partly guilty: but when we doe favours
To such as make them grounds, on which to build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes,
To the most fair Advantage.

We are not born
For our selves onely, selfe love is a sin.
But in our loving donatives to others
Lies virtue best consists; Love all begets,
Without it all's adullt rate and counterfeit.

How soon, from virtue, and an honour'd spirit,
May man receive, what he can never merit?

He doth live
Mighty indeed, who hath power and will to give.

To leave thee, Bounty, (my most worthy servant)
Troubles me more, then my own miseries;
But we must part, goe plant thy selfe, my best friend,
In honourable hearts, that truly know thee,
And there live ever like thy selfe, a Vertue.

Such courtesies are reall, as flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requitall.

He that doth many good deeds, it may fall
Among the rest, one may reward them all.

'Tid have you curse your selfe now, that your bounty
(Which makes men truly noble) ere should make

Me a villaine. Oh, that, to avoid Ingratitude,
For the good deed y^e have done me, I must doe
All th^e ill man can invent : thus the Devill
Candies all fins ore, and what heaven terms vile,
That he names complementall,

He that is liberall
To all alike, may doe a good by chance,
But never out of judgement.

Drink up this Gold good wits should love good wine
This of your love's the earnest, that of mine.

Of Broakers.

A Broaker is a City pestilence,
A moth that eats up Gowns, Doublets and Hose,
One that with bills leads smocks and shirts together
To Hymen close adultery, and upon them
Strowes Lavender so strongly, that the Owners
Dare never smell them after.

Prayer before providence.

When did you know any thrive, and swell that us'd
My Son is a true chip of the old block,
I exercise him in the trade of Thrift,
By turning him to all the petty pawns :
If they come to me, I say, I have given over broking,
Moyling for muck and trash, and that I mean
To live a life monastick, a praying life ;
Pull out the rayl of *Cressus* from my pocket,
And swear 'tis call'd Charities Looking-glass,
Or an Exhortation to forsake the world.
But let a fine fool that's well feather'd, come
(And withall good meat) I have a friend, it may be
That may compassionate his wants, ile tell you
An old Saw for't, over my Chimney yonder.

A poor man sues to him that's poor,
and prays thee for to lend;
But tell the Prodigall, not quite spent,
thou wilt procure a friend.

Where gott'st thou this Coat? 2. Faith fir, I had it of
one of the Devils nere kinsmen, a Broker.
That cannot be, if the proverb hold, a crafty
knave needs no Broker. 2. True fir, but I need a Broker,
therefore no crafty knave. 1. Well put off. 3. True,
he has more of these shifts. 2. And yet
Where I have one, the Broker has ten, fir.

Of Buriall and Mourning.

When I am dead,
Save charge, let me be buried in a Nook,
No Guns, no pompous whining; these are fooleries,
If while we live, we stalk about the streets
Jostled by Car-men, Foot-posts, and fine Apes
In silken Coates, unminded, and scarce thought on:
It is not comely to be hal'd to earth,
Like high-fed Jades upon a Tilting day,
In antick trappings.

In all this Sermon, I have heard little commendations
Of our dear Brother departed: Rich men doe not go
To the pit-hole without complement of Christian Ba-
It seems if I had lived t'have made a Will, (riall;
And bequeath'd so much Legacy as would purchase
Some Preacher a near Cassock, I should have dyed
In as good Estate and assurance for my soule
As the best Gentleman in the parish, had
My Monument in a conspicuous place of the Church,
Where I should have been cut in a form of prayer,
As if I had been call'd away at my devotion,

And so, for hast to be in heaven, went thither
With my book and spectacles.

If a man
Doe not erect (in this Age) his own Tomb
Before he dyes, he shall live no longer in Monuments
Then the Bells ring, and the widdow weeps ;
That is, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum
Therefore it is most expedient, for the wise,
If Don worm (his Conscience) find no impediment
To the contrary, to be Trumpet
Of his own vertues.

Goe and embalme the Bones of that great Souldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabeau Bed, and place this Phœnix
Where the hot Sun may emulate his vertues,
And draw another Pompey from his Ashes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mong the Worthies.

You that dwell neer these Graves and Vaults,
Which oft doe hide Physitians faults,
Note, what a small room does suffice
To expresse mens good, their vanities
Would fill more volum in small hand,
Then all the Evidence of Church Land.
Funeralls hide men in civill wearing,
And are to the Drapers a good hearing,
Make th'Heralds laugh in their black Rayment,
And all dye worthies, dye worth payment
To th'Altar Offerings, though their fame,
And all the charity of their name
'Tween heaven and this, yeeld no more light
Then rotten Trees which shine in the night.
Oh look the last Act be the best in the play,
And then rest gentle bones; yet pray,

at when by the precise y^r are viewed,
 superseas be not sued
 remove you to a place more aery,
 at in your stead they may keep chary
 ckfish and Seacole, for the abuses
 sacriledge have turn'd Graves to vilder uses.
 w then can any Monument say,
 e rest these bones till the last day,
 en Time (swift both of foot and feather)
 y bear them, the Sexton kens not whither ?
 at care I then, though my last sleep
 in the desert, or in the deep,
 Lamp nor Taper, Day and Night,
 o give my Charnell chargeable light ;
 ave there like quantity of ground,
 d at the last day I shall be found.

Of Calamity, Wretchedness.

Calamity
 Is the best mistress of Religion,
 and can convert an Atheist.

calamity malignant is, and he
 that suffers justly for his guiltinesse,
 sees his own affliction, but to see
 others tormented with the same distress.

h doe not thus insult upon Calamity,
 is a barbarous grossness, to lay on
 the weight of scorn, where heavy misery
 too much already weighes mens fortunes down ;
 or if the cause be ill I undergo,
 the Law, and not reproach, must make it so.

calamity is stubborn, in the prime
 of new afflictions, we must give it time,

'Tis out of season to apply reliefe,
To sorrows new begun, and in the fit.

Authority looks with so stern an eye
Upon th'unhappy man, and must have still
Such an advantage ore Calamity,
As that it will make good all that it will.

Sentenced wretches never find defence,
However guiltless be their innocence.

1. He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

2. There is not between heaven and earth, one wish
I stay for; after this, it waits me more,
Then were it my picture fashioned in wax,
Struck with a magical Needle, and then buried
In some foule dunghill, I'le accompt it mercy,
If they would bind me to that liveless Trunk,
And let me freez to death.

Of Care, Caution, Circumspection.

CAre seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,
And builds himselfe Caves to abide in them.

When Enemies bid Enemies take heed,
They trust not them, and yet they will beware,
For disadvantage grows of little care.

In care they live, that must for many care,
And such the best and greatest ever are.

Things once well begun
Are halfe perform'd, the managing an Act
With close and carefull practise, 'mong the wise

And politick people, brings assur'd success,
And open wayes the heavy snayl does take,
While untrod paths best please the subtil snake.

The weight I bear, doth make
My motion slow, slow as the snayl I tread,
Who travells with his Tenement on his head.

In this great affaire,
We must not use our fortune but our care.

Lion like, with open eyes let's sleep,
Dreams smooth and slowly running, are most deep.

Men of most renown,
Strong'st, noblest, fairest, if they set not down
Decrees within them for disposing these,
Of judgement resolution, uprightnesse,
And certaine knowledge of their use and ends;
Mishap and misery no lesse extends
To their destruction, with all that they priz'd,
Then to the poorest, and the most despis'd.

There is no losse nor shame in providence,
Few can, what all should doe, beware enough.

Of Ceremony, Complement.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis show'n,
But where there is true friendship there needs none.

There are a sort of fond effeminate men,
Deep studied in discourte Complement,
That many times will waite more aery language
To take a solemn leave, then would make up
A City Orator.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
 It useth an enforced Ceremony,
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant shew, and promise of their metal,
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull jades,
 Sink in the tryall.

I hate these figures in Locution,
 These about-phrases, forc'd by Ceremony.
 We must still seem to fly what we most seek,
 And hide our selves from that we faine would find.
 Let those that think and speak, and doe just acts,
 Know, form can give no virtue to their facts.

Oh this hot cackling love
 That blazeth on an instant, and flames out
 On the least puffe of kindness, with protest, protest:
 I dread these hot protests, away, away,
 You are a common friend, and will betray.
 Let me clip amity, that's got with suit,
 I hate this Whorish love, that's prostitute.

The feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while it is making,
 'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home,
 From thence the sauce to meat is Ceremony,
 Meeting were bare without it.

Of Chambermaids, &c.

What serviceable creatures we Chamber-maids
 Sometimes we are the best Cabinets for Ladies,
 And they trust their Jewels of honour with us.

Oh the insatiable desires of Chamber-maids,

They

They were wont to look no higher then the Groom,
Serving-man, and be thankfull; or if the Master
were pleas'd to let them shew him this Lobby, (mer,
either with-drawing Chamber, or the Turret in sum-
d take occasion to commend the scituation, and so
was after the Lady had been serv'd, (forth,
out of his own meer motion and favour;

and it was taken as an endearment
For ever, of their service and secrecie.

Now they must be tasters to them in the sweet sin,
Pages of the Court must be paid, or no suit commene'd
With iniquity: oh Venus, what wil this world come to?

Woe be to some of the dear sex,
When a Chamber-maid is Usher to a Gentleman.

He that cheats
A waiting-woman of a free good turn
He longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.

These waiting-maids are to their Mistresses,
Like Porches unto doors, you passe the one,
Before you can have entrance at the other;
Or like your Mustard to your piece of Brawn,
If you'll have one tast well, you must not scorn
To be dipping in the other.

To say
A Waiting-woman is handsome, and yet chaste,
Is, to affirm all Pages ge't, or that
The Knight keeps to his Lady in the high Bed,
And never Truckles.

She was a Chamber-maid, and they by their place
Scarce come cleare off from service, such Creatures
Wait on the Lady, but belong to the Lord.

Of Chastity, Continence.

Chastity
Is like a stock of money, laid to sleep,
Which nere so little broke, doth never keep.

Is she exceeding vertuous? is she most
Divinely chaste? can she do more then blush
At wanton sounds? will she be very angry
At an immodest offer, and be frightened
To heare it nam'd? does she use oft to pray
And weep? would she be torn upon the rack
Ere she consent to stain one Virgin thought?
Or dares she more then *Lucrece*, kill her selfe
To save her honour? or do something more
Miraculous then all this, to preserve
Her name white to posterity?

In this alone most women ile excell,
I'l rather yeeld to beggery, then to hell.

If heaven cannot allure you to doe well,
From doing ill let hell fright you. Learn this,
The soul whose boosome lust did never touch,
Is Gods fair Bride, and maidens soules are such:
The soul that (leaving chastities white shore)
Bathes in hot sensuall streams, is the Devils whore.

A woman honest first, and then turn'd Whore,
Is (as with me) common to many more:
But for a strumpet to turn chaste, that sound
Has oft been heard, that woman rarely found.

Sister, keep in the rear of your affection,
Out of the hot and danger of desire.
The chastest Maid is prodigall enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the Moon.
Virtue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes,

The Canker galls the Infant of the spring
So oft, before the Buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Awary then, best safety lies in feare,
Till death to it selfe rebels, though none else near.

Of Children, &c.

Oft reverence doth Childrens worth so hide,
As of the Fathers it is least espi'd.

Who may presume with Fathers, but their own,
Whom natures Law hath ever in protection,
And gilds in good believe of dear affection?

See the curse of Children,
In life they keep us frequently in feares,
And in the cold Grave leave us in pale teares.

The greatest curse the Gods lay on our frailties,
Is will and disobedience in our issues,
Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us
With our fond loves. Beasts, you are onely bless'd,
That have that happy dulness, to forget
What you have made; your young ones grieve not you
They wander where they list, and have their waies
Without dishonour to you, and their ends
Fall on them, without sorrow of their Parents,
Or after ill remembrance.

For Children,
Men seldome stamp them from the brain, for wise men
Oft beget fools, and fools are oft the Fathers
To many wiser children.

This truth is generall,

With

With milk we children feed, they us with gall.

Happy those Sons whom Fathers love so well,
That for their sakes, they dare adventure Hell.

Although the civill Law makes difference
Betwixt the baser children, and legitimate;
Yet does compassionate nature make them equal,
Nay many times prefers them.

Men are no lesse unhappy, their issue being
Not gracious, then they are in losing them,
When they have approved their virtues.

Of the Church and Church-men.

I Have heard some talk of Divinity very much,
And many times to their Auditors impatience,
But pray what practise make they of it in their lives?
They are too full of choler with living honest,
And some of them not onely impatient
Of their own sleightest injuries, but stark mad
At one anothers preferment.

You may do well
To help him to some Church-preferment, It is now
The fashion for men of all conditions,
How ever they have liv'd, to erre that way.

Fat Cathedrall bodies
Have very often but lean little souls,
Much like the Lady in the Lobsters head,
A great deale of shell, and garbage of all colours;
But the pure part that should take wings and mount,
That's at last gasp: as if a man should gape,
And from a huge bulk let forth a Butter-flie.
Like those bigge bellied Mountaines which the Poet
Delivers, that are brought to bed with Mouse-flesh.

My Lord,
 Church-men should be like the Clothes you wear,
 (as the dye) and like that reverend shape,
 whose thoughts as full of honour, zeal, and purity:
 you should be the Court Diall, and direct
 the King with constant motion, be ever beating
 like to Clock-Hammers) on his iron heart,
 to make it sound cleare, and to feel remorse,
 you should unlock his soul, wake his dead conscience:
 Which like a drowsie Centinell, gives leave
 for his vast Army to beleaguer him)
 his ruines will be ask'd for at your hands.

thou lookst as gravely in this weed, as if
 thou stoodst for a Lecture shortly, and wert
 for thirty pound a yeare, once a week,
 to preach the parish asleep.

We Priests, even with the mystery of words,
 first bind our selves, and with our selves the rest,
 to servitude, the sheath of Tyrants sword,
 each worst unto himselfe approving best,
 people believe in God; we are untrue,
 and spirituall forges under Tyrants might,
 God onely doth command what's good for you,
 Where we do preach your bodies to the war,
 your goods to Tax, your freedom unto Bands:
 Duties by which you own'd of others are,
 And fear, which to your harms doth lend your hands.

Shew me a Clergy man, that is in voice
 A Lark of heaven, in heart a Mole of earth,
 That hath good livings, and a wicked life,
 A temperate look, and a luxurious gut,
 Turning the Rents of his superfluous cures,
 Into your Pheasants and your Partridges,

Venting their Quintessence, as men read Hebrew,
Let me but hawk at him, he shall confess all.

Our Curate craves no licence,
He swears his living came to him by miracle,
For he paid nothing for it.
He sayes, that few are free from Simony,
But onely Welchmen, and those, he sayes too,
Are but mountain Priests: his reason is this,
That all their livings are so rude and bare,
That not a man will venture his salvation,
By giving money for them; he does protest
There are but two paire of hose and shooes in all his

Parson full belly: an honest man, he feeds
His flock well, and is an excellent feeder himself,
I have seen him eat up a whole Pig, and afterwards
Fall to the Petitoes.

Nothing for the Church is done amiss,
Nor nothing well done that against her is.

Of the City, &c.

THESE base Mechanicks never keep their words
In any thing they promise, 'tis their trade
To swear and break, they all grow rich by breaking
(More then their words): their honesties and credites
Are still the first Commodities they put off.

Your shop Citizens are rude Animals,
And let them get but ten mile out of Town,
They out-swagger all the Wapontake.

Fie on these overgrown Cities,
To be valiant here, is to forfeit the statute,
These furr'd Gowns hold no sin so great as poverty.

This luxurious City,
is made me so rotten, I dare not walk in the wind,
lest I should be blown in pieces.

Doe but observe
the unpolished garb of City dames, of those
whom Fathers purse-string have hoisted up to honour,
how they do suck their chins into their necks,
tamper with an unskilfull levity, and trip
upon their wanton Toes, like kild-heel'd Fairies,
the Devils dam shews like a vestall Nun
to them, more powerfull in humility.

This same honour with us Citizens,
is a thing we are mainly fond of, especially
When it comes without money, which is very seldom.

You have certaine rich City-Chuffes,
That when they have no Acres of their own,
Do plough up fools, & turn them to excellent meadow,
Besides some Inclosures, for the first Cherics in the spring
And Apricocks, to pleasure a friend at Court with.

City wives
Are fortunes Darlings, govern all, their Husbands,
Variety of pleasure, and Apparell,
When some of higher titles, oft are faine
To pawn a Ladyship.

We that had
Our breeding from a Trade, Cits, as you call us,
Though we hate Gentlemen our selves, yet are
Ambitious to make all our children Gentlemen:
In three Generations they return again:
We for our children purchase Land, they brave it
In the Country, beget children, and they sell,
Grow poor, and send their Sons up to be Prentices,
There is a whirl in Fate, the Courtiers make

Us Cuckolds, mark, we wriggle into their
Estates, poverty makes their children Citizens,
And our Sons Cuckold them, a circular justice.

Take heed what you say, fir,
An hundred honest men ? why, if there were
So many in the City, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their Charter, but perhaps you live in the Suburbs.

We that are discreet Tradesmen, offend none,
We get by many, if we lose by one ;
Oh, he that means to thrive, with patient eye
Must please the Devill if he come to buy.

City, was in our primitive language craft,
And that implies, it is a Net to catch
The simple clown, he was born to be cozen'd.
And when you do want such, for exercise
You my cheat one another.

A good man in the City, is not call'd
After his good deeds, but the known weight of his
On whose name any Usurer can read
Without spectacles ; one that can take up more
With two fingers and a thumb upon the Exchange,
Then the Great man in the Court can lift with both.

One that is good onely in riches, & wears nothing ne
About him but the Gout, or a thumb-Ring
With his Grandfines sheep-mark, or Grandams Butter
In it, to seal Bags, Acquittances, or Counterpanes.
It were a cunning Herald could find better Armes
For some of them.

Of Compassion.

Pitty, though't doth a kind affection shew,
If it end there our weakness makes us know.

Never Slave

ould yet so highly offend, but Tyranny
torturing would make him worth lamenting.

Pitty is sworn servant unto love,
and this be sure, where ever it begin
to make the way, it lets the master in.

Pitty and Picty,
who't daign converse with them? alas, vain head,
Pity and Picty are long since dead.

here is as much disease, though not to th'eye,
too much pitty, as in Tiranny.

Pitty is the virtue of the Law,
and none but Tyrants use it cruelly.

itness, so little we in blood delight,
that (doing this work) we wish we could not write.

he good thats' out of season, is not good,
there is no difference betwixt cruelty,
and the compassion that's not understood.

e pitty, and if that's too low, ile grieve

As for my sins) I cannot give you ease :

all this I'l do, and this I hope will prove,

is greate torment not to love, th n love,

ot of a womans tenderness to be,
equires, nor childs, nor womans face to see.

ardon (my Lord) pitty becomes my sex,
Grace with delay grows weak, and fury wise ;
remember *Thefeus* wish, and *N'prunes* haste,
ill'd innocence, and left succession wast.

E

We

We doe forgive thy treachery, revive,
'Tis pittie, and not hate, makes goodness thrive.

Of Compulsion, Constraint, Force, Violence, &c.

Let us take Armes,
They that deny us just things now, will give
All that we aske, if once they see our swords.

Lets to our weapons, make him yield,
They which deny all right, oft give't in th' field.

I see, a beating now and then does more
Move and stir up a mans contrition,
Then a sharp Sermon, her e *probatum est*.

What can be us'd, but swords, where men have fall'n
From not respecting loyalty, unto
A liberty of offending it?

Must? oh fie,
He that can bear with must, he cannot dye.

A man compell'd
To evill Acts, cannot be justly held
A wilfull Malefactor: the Law still
Looks on the deed, and never on the will.

Strength knows what strength can yeeld,
The best foundation else may over-build.

I would not go through open doors, but break them,
Swim to my ends through blood; or build a bridge
Of Carcasses, make on upon the heads
Of men strook down, like piles, to reach the lives
Of those remaine and stand; then 'tis a prey:
When danger stops, and ruine makes the way.

1. What are we wishing now? 2. Yes, my C *et heg m*

Wh

no would not fall with all the world about him ?
Not he, that would stand on it when it falls,
and force new nature out to make another.
These wishings tast of woman, not of Roman,
let us seek other Armes.

Of Conceit, Fancy, Imagination.

Conceit's a powerfull thing, and is indeed
Plac'd as a palat to taste griefe, or love,
and as that relishes, so we approve;
hence comes it, that our tast is so beguill'd,
changing pure blood for that is mix'd and soyl'd.

There is nothing uttered,
that carries a double sence, one good, one bad ;
but if the hearers apply it to the worst,
the fault lyes in their corrupt understanding.
I will come in my fancy, I will purge it
by speech, the lesse remains within.

There is no truth of any good
to be discern'd on earth, and by conversion
ought therefore simply bad ; but as the stuffe
prepar'd for Arras pictures, is no picture,
till it be form'd, and man hath cast the beams
Of his Imaginous fancy thorough it,
in forming ancient Kings and Emperours,
As he conceives they look'd, and were attir'd,
Though they were nothing so : so all things here
Have all their price set down from mens conceits,
Which make all terms and actions good or bad,
And are but pliant and well coloured threds
Put into feigned Images of truth,
To which to yield, and kneel, as truths pure Kings,
That pull'd us down with cleare truth of their Gospel,
Were superstition to be hiss'd to hell.

Our eyes deceive us, and as oft perswade us
To the wrong, as doe the blind mans feet, falsely
They prompt us; all that is white is innocent,
And all that's black is sinfull, without exception.

Physicians hold the chiefe
In all their cures, concept, and strong believe.

There's nothing of so infinite vexation,
As mans own thoughts.

Of Conscience, Guilt.

WHat a well-built Castle is a clear Conscience
No battery, no invasion can stir it;
When a guilty one is like a Spiders web,
Stroke with the motion of each little fly.

Conscience, the Judge of Actions,
Is neither power nor habit, but an Act,
To wit, an application of that knowledge
That shewes the difference; its Synteresis,
Or purer part, is th^e instigation.
Of will, to good and honest things, and seats
The mind in a rich Throne of endlesse quiet,
When being clogged with guilt of many ill,
Those leaden weights oppresse it as it mounts,
And sink it into horror. Conscience stain'd,
Is like a fretting Ulcer, that corrodes
The part it hath infected, and, though cur'd,
It leaves a scar: so heale a wounded Conscience,
Repentance stayes as the Vestigium,
Or mark impress'd, by which the past disease
Is found to have been. There's no punishment
Like that, to bear the witnesse in ones breast
Of perpetrated evils, when the mind
Beats it with silent stripes guilty of blame,
But being unstain'd, it laughs at lying fame.

When we live indeed
 we can go to rest without alarum,
 every minute to a guilt-lick Conscience
 keep us waking, and rise in the morning
 in being innocent. But when
 in the remembrance of our worse actions)
 we ever bear about us whips and furies,
 make the day a night of sorrow to us,
 even life's a burthen.

Things done well,
 with a care, exempt themselves from feare:
 Things done without example, in their issue
 are to be fear'd, their guilt will stick close to us.

Of Constancy.

Constant mind
 Must not be shak'd with every blast of wind:
 Ajax nor Hercules had other Art
 To get them Mansions in the spangled heavens,
 Then a true firme resolve in vertues Lore.

Such are the disgrace of their sex; whose appetites
 Change with each variety, and taint the general name of
 Women, with the vicious note of inconstancy.

That is the folly of men, to terme inconstancy
 Vicious in us, for were they not so prone
 To wrong us, they would never expect it:
 We know, that to be too constant to them, were
 To be disloyall to our selves, which I hope never
 Came nigh a womans wit.

Yet it is the perfection of vertue,
 To lose by the exercise.

By the pleasures of change, I swear, this constancy
 Is a mortall sin, and no vertue in any of us,
 Because most against nature: It brings many of us

To lead Apes in Hell, and frustrates the end
Of our Creation.

1. It is rather a work of merit, and they be Saints
Worthy to have their names written upon
The Altar of Chastity : It is belov'd of heaven,
And sometimes it is well rewarded here,
Alwaies hereafter.

Some evill favour'd woman,
That meant to preserve her last purchase,
Which her want of beauty would have forfeited,
Invented Constancy.

In all successes, fortune and the day
To me alike are, I am fix'd, be she
Never so fickle, and will there repose,
Far past the reach of any die she throws.

Love but one,
Who hunts two Hares at one time, catcheth none.

Of Content.

I Envy none, but hate, or pitty all,
For when I view with an intentive thought
That creature fair, but proud ; him rich, but sot ;
The other witty, but most arrogant ;
Him great, yet boundlesse in Ambition ;
Him high-born, but of base life ; th'other fear'd,
Yet feared feares, and fears to be most lov'd ;
Him wise, but made a fool for publique use ;
The other learn'd, but self opinionate ;
When I discourse all these, and see my selfe
Nor fair, nor rich, nor witty, great, nor fear'd,
Yet amply saited with all full content,
Oh how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing up

A gratefull spirit to omnipotence?

They are onely happy
That end their dayes contented with a little,
And live aloof from danger.

He that is poor in appetite, may soon
Be rich in purse, desire little, covet little,
No, not your own and you shall have enough.

How mans desire
Pursues contentment? 'tis the soul of Action,
And the propounded reason of our life.
Yet as the choice appears, or gross or excellent,
We fly not from the enjoying, but are chang'd
In our opinion, either of the Object,
Or of the means that work it.

The minds content
Sweetens all sufferings of th'afflicted sence.
Those that are bred in labour, think it sport
Above the soft delight which wanton Appetite
Begets for other, whom indulgent fortune
Prefers in her degrees, though equall nature
Made all alike.

Of the Country.

I Would not
Endure again the Country conversation,
To be the Lady of six shires; the men
So neer the primitive making, they retain
A sence of nothing but the earth, their brains
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing, as their ground: To hear a fellow
Make himsef mery, and his horse, with whiffing
Sellingers round; t'observe with what solemnity

They

They keep their Wakes, and throw for Pewter Candles
 How they become the Morris, with whose Bells (sticks)
 They ring all in to Whitson Ales, and sweat (hor)
 Through twenty Scarfs and Napkins, till the Hobby
 Tire, and the maid *Marian* resolv'd to jelly, evil
 Be kept for spoon-meat.

What true contented happiness dwells here,
 More then in Cities? would to God my Father
 Had been like one of theirs, and brought me up
 To milk, and do as they doe: Methinks it is
 A life that I would chuse: If I were now
 To tell my time again, above a Princes.
 What pleasure, joy, and infinite contentment,
 Rises each morning with these blessed people
 And shuts their eyes at night with peace again?
 They know no pinching griefe, nor weariness,
 But of their travell, all their thoughts are free
 And harmless as their state is, love to them
 Is open-ey'd and innocent as truth;
 They fear not, nor they wish not one day sooner
 The fruits of love, because their faiths are certaine,
 And stranger 'tis among these honest people,
 To find a false friend, then a murderere.

K. me, *K.* thee, runs thorough Court and Country,
 Those *Ks.* open the doore to all this worlds felicity,
 The dullest forehead sees it. Let not Mr. Courtier
 Think he carries all the knavery upon his shoulders:
 I have known poor Hob in the Country, that has worn
 Hobnails in his shooes, have as much villany in's head,
 As he that wears gold Buttons in his Cap.

How absolute the Clown is? we must speak by the
 Or else Æquivocation will undo us. (Card,
 These late years I have taken notice of it,

The age is grown so picked, that the Toe
Of the Peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier,
He galls his Kiſe.

He may turn ſtinkard, live in the Country (wine
With Roots and Bacon, and not drink a cup of good
In a twelve-month, nor know how the year goes about,
But by the obſervation of his husbandry.
He may keep two couple of Dogs, and a Sparrow-hawk
And levell his diſcouſe by them.
He may be ſtill a civill Gentleman;
Ten ſpears below a fool, he may marry
A Knights daughter, a creature out of faſhion,
That has not one commendable quality;
More then to make a corner Pie, or a Sallad;
No manner of Courtſhip, but two or three dances
As old as Monſieur, and can play a few Leſſons
On the Virginalls which ſhe learnt of her Gramam;
Beſides, ſhe is ſimple, and dill in her dalliance.

She is a Country Lady,
A little baſhfull at firſt, as moſt of them are,
But after the firſt kiſs, the worſt is paſt with them.

There is more honeſty in this Milk-maids petticoat,
Then twenty Satten ones, I know by her pale,
If ſhe were otherwiſe, ſhe would turn her milk.

Of the Court and Courtiers.

IT is the bliſs
Of Courts to be employ'd, no matter how,
A Princes power makes all his Actions virtue.

True Courtſhip ſhould be modeſt, but not nice;
Bold, but not impudent; pleaſure love, not vice.

The Court is but a narrow Circuit,

Though

Though something elevate above the common,
 A kind of Ains nest in the great wide field,
 Ore charg'd with multitudes of quick Inhabitants,
 Who still are miserably busied to get in,
 What the loose foot of prodigality
 As fast doth throw abroad.
 A most eternall place of low affronts,
 And then as low submissions.
 High cowards in revenges mong themselves,
 And onely valiant when they mischiefe others;
 Stars that would have no names,
 But for the ills they threaten in conjunction,
 A race of shallow and unskillfull Pilots,
 Which doe misguide the ship even in a calm,
 And in great storms, serve but as weights to sink it.

Make thy wife a Courtier,
 She shall be high in favour, if she leave
 Her modesty, that's out of fashion now;
 In neighbour Courts, the Ladies so prevaile
 With masculine behaviour, they grow
 In factions, able to depose their Husbands
 From the Charter of their sex.

A Princes Court
 Is like a common fountaine, whence should flow
 Pure silver drops in generall; but if it chance
 Some curs'd example poyson it neer the head,
 Death and disease through the whole Land is spread.

Indeed the Court to well composed natures,
 Adds much to perfection, for it is, or should be,
 As a bright Chrystal mirror to the world,
 To dresse it selfe: But I must tell you, friend, (tion
 If the excellency of the place could have wrought salve
 The Devil had vver fallen from heaven.

Courts men longest live, and keep their ranks,
By taking injuries, and giving thanks.

How strangely such a course homely salute
Shews in the pällace? where we greet in fire,
Limble and desperate tongues, should we name God
In salutation, it would not be understood.

Courtiers are tickle things to deale withall,
A kind of Marchpane men that will not last,
An Egge and Pepper goes further then their potions,
And, in a well built body, a poor Parliner
Will play his prize, above their strong Porabiles.

What doe great Ladies doe at Court I pray?
Enjoy the pleasures of the world, dance, kiss
The amorous Lords, and change Court breath, sing
Lose beliefs of other heaven, tell wanton dreams,
Rehearse your sprightly Bedicenes and boast which
Hath most Idolaters, accuse all faces

That trust to the simplicity of nature,
Talk witty blasphemy,
Discourse their gawdy Wardrobes, plot new pride,
Jeast upon Courtiers legs, laugh at the wagging
Of their own feathers, and a thousand more
Delights which private women never think of.

Courtiers in Citizens houses are summer fires,
May well be spar'd, and being clean out, are best.
They do the house no good, but help consume,
They burn the wood up, and ore-heat the room.

Of Credit, Reputation.

1. **C**redit? pox on Credit, that makes me owe so
It had been better for me by a thousand Rials,

I had lost my credit seven years ago,
 It has undone me, that's it makes me fly,
 What need I go to Sea else in the spring time,
 When Woods have leaves to look upon bal'd oak?
 Happier that man (I say) that no man trusts,
 It makes him valiant, and out-face the prisons,
 Upon whose Carkas no ground-Raven jets;
 Oh, he that has no credit, owes no debts.

2. Oh why

Do you so willfully cherish your own poyson,
 And breath against the best of life, chaste credit?
 Well may I call it chaste, for like a maid,
 Once falsely broke, it ever lives decayed.
 Why doe you thus prophanely lash the thing,
 By whose good power all that are honest live?
 What madnesse is it, to speak ill of that!
 Which makes all men speak well & take away credit,
 By which men, among men, are well reputed,
 That man may live, but still lives executed.

Upon a time, Reputation, love, and death,
 Would travell ore the world, and 'twas concluded,
 That they should part and take three severall waies
 Death told them they should find him in great Battels,
 Or Cities plagu'd with plagues: love gives them counsel
 To enquire for him among unambitious shepheards,
 Where dowries were not talk'd of, and sometimes
 Amongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left
 By their dead parents. Stay (quoth Reputation)
 Do not forsake me, for it is my nature,
 If once I part with any man I meet,
 I am never found again.

There cannot be
 A greater wound; then that which strikes the life
 Of our good name, so much above the bleeding

Of this rude pile we carry, as the soul
Hath excellence above this earth-born frailty.

Good names are deare,
They are not to be sold in every Market,
Th'are often more esteemed then our Actions
By which we should deserve them.

Reputation,
Thou awe of fools and great men, thou that choak'st
Free'st addictions, and mak'st mortals sweat
Blood and cold drops, in fear to lose, and hope to gain
Thy never certain, seldom worthy, graciings.

It is
Externall reputation keeps some from sinne,
Our faults once known, we do neglect to mend,
Since reputation suffers still, for that
Admits of helpe, but it is never cur'd.

The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotless Reputation, that away
Men are but gilded Loam, or painted Clay.

Good name (in man or woman)
Is the immediate Jewel of their souls, (thing;
Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, no-
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

The reputation
Of vertuous actions pass'd, if not kept up,
By an accessse and fresh supply of new ones,
Is lost and soon forgotten, and like Pallaces
For want of habitation and repair,
Dissolve to heaps of ruine.

Of Credulity.

OH Credulity,
 Securities blind Nurse, the dream of fools,
 The Drunkards Ape, that feeling for his way,
 Even when he thinks, in his deluded sence,
 To snatch at safety, falls without defence.

The good believe of mankind is a sea,
 Where honour drowns, iniquity goes free,
 Whole thoughts, like sailes, for every weather be.

How easie a thing it is to be undone,
 When credulous man will trust his state to others?

What should Citizens
 Do with kind hearts, or trusting in any thing
 But God and ready money?

Your noblest natures are most credulous,
 Who gives no trust, all trust is apt to break,
 Hate (like hell mouth) who think not as they speak.

We that traffick with Credulity,
 And light opinion, still shall cherish'd be.
 And such as I with women must begin
 To gain a name, and reputation win,
 Which when we have attain'd to, you know then
 How easily the women draw on men.

Hasty believe (friend) hath hasty deeds,
 And with their wounds oft truth and wisdom bleeds.

How easily
 Do wretched men believe, what they would have?

Thou hast over-thrown me once,
 Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,

thou, or another villaine, with thy looks,
might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
my hair dishevell'd through the fiery streets.

Of Cruelty.

Cruelty doth not imbetter men,
But them more wary makes, then they have been.

The wrath of Kings doth seldome measure keep,
seeking to cure bad parts, they lance too deep:
When punishment, like lighning should appear
to few mens hurt, but unto all mens feare:
great Elephants, and Lions, murder least,
th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast.

Horror hath her degrees, there is excess
in all revenge, that may be done with less.

The cruelty I mean to act, I wish
should be called mine, and carry in my name,
While after Ages do toyl out themselves
in thinking for the like, but doe it less.
And were the power of all the fends let loose,
With Fate to boot, I should be still example.
When what the Gaul or Moor could not effect,
Nor emulous Carthage, with their length of spight,
Shall be the work of one, and that my night.

Strike together Flints,
And Clods, the ungratefull Senate, and the people,
Till no rage gone before, nor coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leap'd her selfe
into the scale, but in your violent Acts
The fall of Torrents, and the noise of tempests,
The boyling of Charybdis, the Seas wildness,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds.

Be all out-wrought by your transcendent furies.

Of Cuckolds.

TO be a Cuckold, is as naturall
 To a married man, as to eat, sleep, or wear
 A night-Cap. Friends? Ile rather trust my Arm
 In the throat of a Lyon, my purse with a Curtezan,
 My neck with the chance of a Die, or my Religion
 In a Synagogue of Jews, then my wife with a friend,
 Wherein do Princes exceed the poorest Peasant,
 That ere was yoa'k'd to a six-penny strumpet,
 But that the horns of the one are mounted some
 Two inches higher, by a Chopine, then th' other.
 Oh Acteon, the goodliest headed beast
 Of the Forrest, among wild Cattell, is a Stag;
 And the goodliest beast among tame fooles
 In a Corporation, is a Cuckold.

Were all men Cuckolds, whom gallants in their scorn
 Call so, we should not walk for goaring horns.

Ile maintain, he onely that knows it, permits it,
 And procures it, is truly a Cuckold.
 Some fellow would be divorc'd now; speak, Crazy,
 Wilt thou be divorc'd? Why, what if I be?
 Why then thou art an Ass: but why, sir, why?
 It would but give her more liberty, she would have
 Bounteous customers, Gallants that would hoyst her,
 Bestow deep on her, she would be paid for it,
 Whilst thou, a poor protested Cuckold, shouldst
 Be forc'd to seek out dirty common flesh,
 Serv'd in beastly Linnen to thee, and pay for it.
 You speak somewhat to the purpose now, sir:
 For, believe it, though she be not a very modest woman
 For a wife, yet thou mayst enforce her to be
 A reasonable private Wench for a Whore.

Is a pretty drab, I know not where to compass
 such another, therefore i'l e'n follow your advice.

It is the common condition
 of Cuckolds, to mistrust so much aforehand,
 that when th'are dubb'd indeed, they have not a
 glimpse of suspicion left.

I would not ask
 an Alderman leave to Cuckold him, so he might
 take his example from a City kind one,—
 whose wife long'd to kiss a Lord, upon which
 he grew so proud, for being exalted above
 the rest of his Neighbours, that hee'd suffer none
 to Cuckold him but Lords ever after.

Sir, be a man,
 think every bearded fellow that is but yoak'd,
 may draw with you : there's millions now alive,
 that nightly lie in those unproper beds,
 which they dare swear peculiar, your cause is better :
 Oh 'tis the spight of hell, the fiends arch moek,
 to lip a wanton in a secure Couch,
 and to suppose her chaste.

Can any man
 discern by my face, that I am a Cuckold ?
 I have known many suspected for this mis-fortune,
 When th'have walk'd through the streets, to wear their
 Hats over their eye-brow, like politique penthouses,
 Which commonly make the shop of a Mercer, or
 A Linnen-Draper, as dark as a room in Bedlam :
 His Cloak shrowding his face, as if he were
 A Neapolitan, that had lost his Beard
 in April ; and if he walk'd through the street,
 Or any other narrow road, (as 'tis not rare |
 To meet a Cuckold) he ducks at the Pent-houses

F

Like

Like an Ancient, that dares not flourish
At the Oath-taking of the Pretor, for fear
Of the Sign-posts.

Of Curiosity.

IN all things, Curiosity hath been
Vicious at least, in some things most pernicious:
What madness is't, to search and find a wound,
For which there is no cure, and which unfound
Nere rankles, but the finding onely harmes.

The Gods wills secret are, nor must we measure
Their chaste reserved deepes by our dry shallows,
Sufficeth us, we are entirely such,
As 'twixt them and our Consciences, we know
Their graces in our vertues shall present
(Unspotted with the earth) to the high Throne
That overlooks us.

The nice search

I made, to know heavens secret justice, is
Revenge'd (bold earth) I weep into the Sea,
And sigh t' augment the winds.

1. Brother, are you wise? 2. Why? 1. Be ignorant,
Did you nere hear of *Alceon*? 2. What then?

Curiosity was his death, he could not be
Content to adore *Diava* in her Temple,
But he must needs dog her to her retired pleasures,
And see her in her nakedness: do you
Enjoy the sole priviledge of your wives Bed?
Have you no pretty *Paris* for your Page,
No young *Adonis*, to front you there? 2. I think none

(I know not)
1. Know not still, Brother: Ignorance and Credulity,
Are your sole means to obtaine that blessing.

You see, your greatest Clerks, your wisest Politicians,
Are not that way fortunate. Your learned Lawyer
Would lose a dozen poor mens Causes,
To gain a Lease of it but for a Term
Your Physitian is jealous of his, your Sages in general
By seeing too much, over-see that happinesse;
Onely your block-headed Tradesman, your honest
(meaning Citizen,
Your notch-headed Country-Gentlemen, your unap-
(prehending stinkard,
Is blest'd with the sole prerogative of his wives Cham-
For which he is yet beholding not to his stars, (ber,
But to his ignorance, for if he be wise,
The case alters.

Of Custome, Prescription.

OF a good habit, makes a Child a Man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast.

That monster Custome, that all sence doth cut,
Of habites Devils, is Angell yet in this,
That to the use of Actions fair and good,
He likewise gives a Frock or Livery,
That aptly is put on.

Custome in ills that do affect the sence,
Makes reason useles, when it should direct
The ills reforming : men habituate
In any evill, 'tis their greatest Curse,
Advice doth seldome mend, but makes them worse.

Corruption well may be generations first,
We are bad by nature, but by custome worst.

It is most easie to bring in the use
of any thing, though never so absur'd,

When Nations are prepared to all abuse,
And the humour of Corruption once is stir'd.

Crows are faire with Crows,
Custome in sin, gives sin a lovely dye,
Blackness with Moors is no deformity.

Custome in course of honour, ever erres,
And they are best whom fortune least prefers.

This Age fears no man,
Thinks no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.

New customes,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
(Nay, let them be unmanly, yet) are followed.

Of Damage, Impediment, Loss, &c.

IN a loss, we should not make things more.
'Tis miseries happiness, that we can make it less
By Art, throw a forgetfulness upon our Ills.

One stop in a
Career, taints not a Rider with disgrace.
But may procure him breath to win the race.

Heaven that alwaies give, will sometimes take,
And that the best, there is no balsome left us
To cure such wounds as these, but patience.

1. Why should you think y^e have done an Act so heynous?

I have lost a Battel, I, and fought it hard too,
With as much meanes as man, or Devill could urge it.
Twenty to one of our side now, turn Tables,
Beaten like Dogs again, like Owls; you take it
To th^e heart, for flying but a mile before them,

And

And to say truth, 'twas no flight neither sir,
 'Twas but a walk, a handsome one: I have tumbled;
 With this old Carkas, beaten like a Stockfish,
 And stuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,
 Bloudied and bang'd almost a day before them,
 And glad I have got off them; here's a mad shaver,
 He fights his share I am sure, when er'e he comes to't,
 Yet I have seen him trip it lightly too,
 And cry, the Devill take the hindmost ever.
 e. I learn'd it of my betters.

No man should more allow his own lost woes
 (Being past his fault) then any stranger does;
 And for the worlds false loves, and aery honours,
 What soule, that ever lov'd them most in life,
 Once sever'd from this breathing sepulcher,
 Again came and appear'd in any kind,
 Their kind Admirer still, or did the state
 Of any best man here associate?

Of Danger, Difficulty, Hazard, &c.

The absent danger greater still appears,
 Lesse feares he, who is neer the thing he fears.

What is danger,
 More then the weakness of our Apprehensions?
 A poor cold part of the blood; who takes it hold of
 Cowards, and wicked Livers: valiant minds
 Are masters of it, and as hearty Seamen,
 In desperate stormes, stem with a little Rudder,
 The tumbling ruines of the Ocean;
 So, with their Cause and Swords, do they do dangers

Though feare see nothing but extremity,
 Yet danger is no deep Sea, but a Foord,
 Where they that yeeld, can onely drowned be

In wrongs and wounds.

These glorious hazards tempt and hasten fate,
They will become a man, but not a state.

Nothing endears

A good, more then the contemplation
Of the difficulty we had to attaine it.

These fatall fortunes prove,
They are neer lightning, that are near to Jove.

Men are cunning, and will not
Regard the thing that easily is got.

What a Bridge

Of glasse I walke upon, over a River
Of certain ruine, my own weight y fears
Cracking what should support me? and those helps
Which confidence lends to others, are from me,
Ravish'd by doubts, and wilfull jealousie.

A Land that's sick at heart, must take sharp pills,
For dangerous Phylick best cures dangerous Ills.

Send danger from the East unto the West,
So honour cross it from the North to South,
And let them grapple, the blood more stirs
To rowz a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Of Death.

THow violent death is best,
For from our selves it steals our selves to f,
The pain once apprehended, is quite past.

1. Death is an endless parting,
With all we can sell ours, with all our sweetnes,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason

or in the silent grave no conversation,
no joyfull tread of friends, no voyce of lovers,
no carefull Fathers counsell, nothings heard,
or nothing is, but all oblivion,
dark, and an endless darknesse; and dare
you desire this place?

'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest,
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
and Kings from height of all their painted glories,
fall, like spent exhalations to this Center;
and they are fools that fear it, or imagine
few unhandsome pleasures, or lifes profits
can recompence this place, and mad that stay in,
ill Age blow out the lights, or rotten humours
being then disperd to the earth.

To die,
lefs, then to be born, a lasting sleep,
quiet resting from all jealousie,
thing we all pursue: I know besides,
is but giving over of a game
that must be lost.

I never (Cried,
Thought death, that monster that weak men have fan-
as foyl, to make us more in love with life;
The Devils picture may affright poor souls,
into their bodies palchets; but the substance
To a resolute man's a shadow, and cold sweat
Dares not approach his forehead; I am arm'd
To die, and give example of that fortitude,
shall shame the Lawes severity.

In vain we labour in this course of life,
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath, our home is in the grave.

When feeble man is bending to his Mother,
 (The dust he first was fram'd of) thus he totters;
 Lifes fountain is dryed up, so fall the Standarts
 Of my prerogative, in being a Creature;
 A mist hangs ore my eyes, the Suns bright splendor
 Is clouded in an everlasting shadow;
 Welcome thou Ice that sitt'it about my heart,
 No heat can ever thaw thee.

To die, is the first contract that was made
 'Twixt mankind and the world, it is a debt
 For which we were created; and indeed,
 To dye's mans nature, not his punishment.

A suddain death (I know)
 Is terrible and fearfull, but indeed
 To those that do attend it, and do stand
 Constantly gazing on it, who doe live
 Where it scares none but Cowards, those can meet
 And kiss it as a sweet companion.
 'Tis unto them a Bugbear, who do think
 Never on heaven, but for necessity.
 Your Tyranny hath taught me other rules,
 And this Guest comes long look'd for: here's a health
 To all that honour virtue, let it suffice,
 Death doth oretake, but it doth not surprize.

My reckonings are made even, death, or fate
 Can now, nor strike too soon, nor force to late.

Of the Deity, Godhead.

THe powers above
 Restraine both ill mens malice, and their love.

Thus great bad men above them finde a Rod,
 People depart, and say, there is a God.

The Gods inflict on men diseases never,
 Or other outward maims, but to decipher,
 Correct and order some rude vice within them.

He that fears the Gods
 For guard of any goodnes, all things fears,
 Earth, Seas, and Aire, Heaven, Darknes, broad-day,
 Humour and silence, and his very shade, **Light,**
 And what an Aspen soul hath such a creature?

How dangerous to his soul is such a feare?
 Whose cold fits is all heavens justice shaken,
 To his faint thoughts, and all the goodnes there,

Due to all good men, by the Gods own vowe:
 Nay, by the firmness of their endless being,
 All which shall fail, as soon as any one
 Good to a good man in them, for his goodnesse
 Proceeds from them, and is a beam of theirs.

Oh Gods, how justly
 You laugh at all things earthly? at all feares
 That rise not from your judgements? at all joyes
 Not drawn directly from your selves, and in you,
 Distrust in man is faith, trust in him ruin.

Why cannot our Petitions climb, and get
 Access as nimbly as our faults? oh this
 Is it, that so emboldens vex'd humanity,
 And makes us thus complain; those undiscern
 Immortall Governours, are often in
 Their bounty slow, in justice most severe,
 And give not what we beg, but what we fear.

God nought fore-sees, but sees; for to his eyes
 Nought is to come, or past: nor are you vile,
 Because God does fore-see, for God (not we)
 Sees as things are, things are not as we see,

Though

Though all the doors be sure, and all our servants
 As sure bound with their sleeps; yet there is one
 That sits above, whose eye no sleep can bind,
 He sees through doors and darkness, and our thoughts
 And therefore as we should avoid with fear,
 To think amidst our selves before his search;
 So should we be as curious to shun,
 All cause that others think not ill of us.

Let the Gods be moderators still,
 No humane power can prevent their will.

The Gods
 Do seldom let us know, what is to come,
 That we may still implore their aid to help us.

The Gods relent
 At humane penitence, and hear their prayers,
 Nor like the fiends, are they inexorable.

God may forgive, whose being, and whose harms,
 Are far remov'd from reach of fleshly armes.
 But if God equals, or successors had,
 Even he of safe revenges would be glad.

You Gods
 Do snatch some hence for little faults, that's love,
 To have them fall no more: You some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
 Such as their sin improves, so does their curse.

It is not so with him that all things knows,
 As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shewes;
 But most it is presumption in us, when
 The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Of Delay, Deliberation.

They that think long, small expedition win,
For musing much on the end, cannot begin.

When we do sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come to late.

Womens matters, 'tis more dangerous
Stand deliberating, then before a battel.

Where time
Is off occasions, danger, time and all
Lead to a present perill, 'tis requir'd
For Swords and Manhoods be best Counsellors,
For expeditions presidents.

Where now to save is loss, to be wise, dangerous,
Only a present well united strength,
And minds made up for all attempts, dispatch it:
Disputing and delay here cools the courage,
Necessity gives no time for doubts, things infinite,
According to the spirits they are preach'd to,
Rewards like them, and names for after Ages
Must steel the Soldier.

Here be absent, all
You lazy medicines that the Law doth bring,
You are more treacherous then the villain that
You doe examine; and where there was none, give
Time for to act mischief, the summons are
The Traytors watch-word, and drive him to take
That opportunity, which otherwise
His fears would have let slip.

The more
Actions of depth and danger are considered,
The less assuredly they are perform'd.

Who

Who denies
To strike in time, can seldome hope to rise.

Where dangers urge, he that is slow,
Takes from himselfe, and adds to his foe.

Of Desire.

O Ur own desires
Are our own Fates, our own Stars, all our fortune
Which, as we sway them so, abuse, or bleſs us.

Oh false and wicked colours of desire,
Eternall bondage unto him that seeks
To be posses'd of all things that he likes.

1. It is a marvell he out stayes his hour,
For Lovers ever run before the clock.

2. Oh ten times faster Venus Pigeons fly,
To steal loves Bonds, new made, then they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

1. That ever holds, who riseth from a Feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down:
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures, with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chus'd then enjoyed.

How like a Yonker, or a Prodigall
The skarfed Barque puts from his native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind?
How like a Prodigall doth she return,
With over-withered Ribs, and ragged sayles,
Lean, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet wind?

It is the married woman (if you mark it).
And not the Maid, that longs, the Appetite
Follows the first tast, which when we have relish'd,

wish to cloying, the last once pleas'd before,
 Our desire is whetted on to more.

We ever think, the stay is more,
 When our desire is run t'our wish before.

Of Despaire.

Despaire, thou art a false glasse to the soul,
 And in the Conscience, dazel'd with the guilt
 Of many sins, dost vary forms of fear.

Some despairing men look up to heavn,
 Though it speak to them in its true glories,
 When sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
 There is a Plummert in the heart, that weighs
 And pulls us living, to the dust we came from.

Despaire not (fir) the Gods appoint us better
 When we can chuse, and in our most distress,
 Prize us with their mercies.

Despair doth thrust men on
 Seeing no way else) t'undo, or be undone.

Sometimes despair doth let men fall
 Such amaze, they can do nought at all.

The Devill presents us with all other sins,
 Twice candied o're, despair with Gall and Strybium.

Who live despairing, yet have time to friend;
 But who despairing dye, make hast to go
 To that infernall Monarchy of fear,
 Where worse things come to passe, then doubted were.

Why finds Arms, wrong hath ill destiny,
 Whilest God is, it is baseness to despair,
 For right more credit hath then power there.]

The

The Priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.

These Rogues that are most weary of their lives,
Still scape the greatest danger.

Of Destiny, Fate.

IF fatall be the Heavens will,
Repining adds more force to Destiny,
Whose Iron wheels stay not on fleshly wit,
But head-long run down steep necessity.
And as in danger we do catch at it
That cometh to help, and unadvisedly
Oft do our friends, to our misfortune knit.
So with the harm of those that wish us good,
Is destiny impossibly withstood.

Oh cruell Fates, that do in love plant woe,
And in delights, make our disasters grow.

All Fates are from above
Chain'd unto humours, that must rise or fall,
Think what we will, we do but what we shall.

There is a power
Call'd Fate, which doth necessitate the will,
And makes desire obedient to its rule.
All the resisting faculties of Reason,
Prevention, fear, and jealousy, are weak
To disanul what in its firm decrees
Is once determin'd.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do paule, and that should reach
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Words cannot force what destiny hath seal'd,

Who can resist the influence of his stars?

Or give a reason why he loves or hates?

Since our affections are not rul'd by will,

Our will by our affections.

All prevaile not, we shall know too late,

No toy can thum the violence of Fate.

Of Detraction (or Slander.)

Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not

To wound the fame of Princes, if it find

But any blemish in their lives to work on.

Men that make envy and crooked malice

Their nourishment, dare bite the best.

No might, nor greatnesse in mortality

Can censure scape, back wounding Calumny

The whitest virtue strikes; what King so strong,

Can tie the Gall up in a slanderous tongue?

He that detracts, or envies vertuous merit,

Is still the covetous, and the ignorant spirit.

It is not the wholesome sharp morality,

Or modest anger of a Satyrick spirit,

That hurts or wounds the body of a state,

But the finister Application

Of the malicious, ignorant and base

Interpreter, who will distort and strain

The generall scope and purpose of an Author,

To his particular and private spleen.

How many are Whores, in small Ruffes, and still looks?

How many chaste, whose names fill slanders books?

I will never more
 Condemn by common voyce, for that's the whore
 That deceives mans opinion, mocks his trust,
 Cozens his love, and makes his heart unjust.

Detraction is but basenesse Varlet,
 And Apes are Apes, though clad in scarlet.

Obloquies,
 If they despised be, they die suppress;
 But if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.

Slander does live upon succession,
 For ever hous'd, where once it gets possession.

Of Disdain, Contempt, Scorn, &c.

Disdaine is like to water poured on fire,
 Quenches the flame a while, to raise it higer.

If their disdain should make a man despair,
 Nature mistook, in making woman fair.

Our unmanly submissions, raise women
 To that height, they think as largely favour'd.
 If they hearken with contempt to us.

His fixt eyes cast a blaze of such disdain,
 All stood and star'd, and untouch'd let him lie,
 As something sacred fallen from the skie.

I should sooner hope to gaine a Lady,
 After the murder of her Family,
 Then after she had an opinion,
 I deserved to be sleighted by her.

You,
 By suffering her undeserved scorn, have bred
 Such a delight and habit of it in her,

That

that she can hardly forbear it, when she
 gives to be complacent to her best friends.
 (to say truth) we are all endangered
 such as you, when we see frowns procure
 knees, and kind usage scarce gets
 two good morrowes.

I never yet saw man,
 how wise, how noble, young, how fairly featur'd,
 that she would spell him backwards: If fair fac'd,
 he'd swear the Gentleman should be her sister:
 black, why nature, drawing of an Antique,
 made a foul blot: If tall, a Lance, ill headed;
 low, an Agat very vilely cut:
 speaking, why a fan, blown with all winds:
 silent, then a block, moved with none.
 turns she every man the wrong side out.

Of Dissimulation, Hypocrisie.

Disguise these passions, lest you lose your end,
 Who hides his mind, is to himselfe a friend.

seeming has better fortune to attend it,
 when being sound at heart and vertuous.

I have seen some
 in a Lords Dish, halfe asleep, not seeming
 to listen to any talk, and yet these Rogues
 have cut his throat in a dream.

was the coverture of honesty
 that laid the snare, whereby they were undone.
 and that's the Engine that confounds us all,
 and makes the breach whereby the world is sack't,
 and made a prey to cunning, when we fall
 into the hands of wise dishonesty,
 When as our weak credulity is rack'd

By that opinion of sufficiency,
 To all the inconveniencies, that guile
 And impious craft can practice, to beguile:
 And note but how these Cankers alwaies seize
 The choicest fruits with their infections
 How they are still ordained to diseafe
 The natures of the best complexions.

Goodness (I see) is but outside, we all see
 In Rings of Gold, stones that are counterfeite.

Many of these smooth fac'd lives
 Are led in policy, onely to cloake
 Some one sound villany, growing seven yeares since,
 And perhaps ripened now.

Oh Hypocrisie,
 Thy painted shews must likewise mock our judgement
 Into an apt credulity, that makes
 Bad worse, by the dissembling.

We are oft too blame in this,
 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions visage,
 And pious Action, we doe sugar ore
 The Devil himself.

1. He was a man that would keep Church so duly,
 Rise early, and for more Religious haste
 Go ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay (for reverence)
 Untrust, to morning prayer, dine quickly
 Upon high-dayes, and when I bid great guests,
 Would even shame me, and rise from the Table,
 To get a good seat at an afternoon Sermon.
2. There is the Devill,
 He thought it Sanctity enough, if he
 Had kill'd a man, so it had been in a Pew,
 Or undone his neighbour, so it had been

Near enough to the Preacher : Oh a Sermon
Is a fine short Cloak of an hour long,
To hide the upper part of a dissembler.
Church : I, he seem'd all Church, and his Conscience
Was as hard as the Pulpit.

Divinity of Hell !
When Devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shews.

The Devill can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An evill soul producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly Apple, rotten at the heart :
Oh what a beauteous outside falshood hath !

This Art of seeming honest, makes a many
Of our young Sons and Heirs in the Ciry, look
So like our Prentices.

But that I know those tears, I could doat on them,
And kneel to catch them as they fall, then knit them
Into an Armelet, ever to be honour'd.
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitfull,
Full of the weepers anger and ill nature.

Oh the strange nooks of guilt or subtilty !
When man so cunningly lies hid from man :
I'll nere trust fair skie in a man again,
There's the deceitfull weather.

Of the D. vell.

HE that receives a kindness from the Devill,
Shall be sure to lose by his gains.

Oft times, to win us to our harm,
The Instruments of darknesse tell us truths;

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In things of deepest consequence.

Oh let these juggling fiends never be credited,
That paulter with us in a double sence,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

The Devil, when he meaneth to seduce,
Puts on an Angells shape; who doth not know
How to dissemble, must not think to grow
Or prosper in his purpose.

I thought the Devill was a Cheater,
E're since I heard two or three Templers swear
At Dice, last Christmas, that the Devill had got all.

As in this world there are degrees of evils,
So in this world there are degrees of Devils.

1. Why loves he
The Devill so? 2. Oh sir, for hidden treasure,
He hopes to find, and has propos'd himself
So infinite a Mass, as to recover
He cares not what he parts with, of the present,
To his men of Art, who are the race may coyn him.

That I
Could meet the Prince of Devills, that knighted me,
The Poets call him Pluto, God of Riches:
I, and my learned Councill would undo him
In Law, in very Law, which he should find
Hotter e're I had done, then Hell it selfe.

Of Drunkenness.

That slender vice,
Reputed but good fellowship, drink, in us,

Alwaies have avoided, since I knew
Took us from our selves, and made us do
Things that were its, not ours.

Drink lightens
The head, the heart, the heels, the pot, and the purse;
But it makes heavy Chamber-pots, full bowels,
And foul rooms enough.

I ask him for my place again, and he will tell me
I am a Drunkard, had I as many mouths,
As *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all.
Oh thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast
No name to be known by, let us call thee Devill.
To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool,
And presently a beast! oh strange! every
Inordinate Cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a Devil.

He that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the
May sleep the foundlier all the next day: (morning,

There are not fitter parallels.
Then a Drunkard and a Lover, for a drunkard
Loseth his senses, so doth your Lover:
A Drunkard is quarrellsome, so is your Lover:
A Drunkard will swear, lie, and speak great words,
So will your Lover: a drunkard is most desirous
Of his leachery, so is your Lover.

If we should kill him drunk, he is so full
Of liquor, I fear, he would put out all the fire,
And leave none to warm your Lordships Golls withal;
For he that dyes drunk, falls into hell fire
Like a Bucket of water, quash, quash.

A Drunkard is light enough, he needs no Torches;
And heavy enough, he reels with his own weight.

Of Duells.

Civill reason
 Allowes a reparation for the losse
 Of fame, but gives no man a lawfull licence
 To snatch the priviledge from the hands of justice,
 Which should dispose it equally.

You do ill, to set the name of valour
 Upon a violent and mad despair :
 Hence all may learn, that count such actions well,
 The roots of fury shoot themselves to hell.

Oh why should man,
 For a poor hasty syllable, or two,
 And vented onely in forgetfull fury,
 Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
 To the revenge of that, dye lost for ever ?
 For he that makes his last peace with his maker
 In anger, anger is his peace eternally,
 He must expect the same return again,
 Whose venture is deceitfull.

Th'unskillfull youth, that equall Duel gives
 To him that first incens'd the blood, but tempt
 The curtesie of fate, such take delight
 To stroke offence, pay injuries with right.

To take mans life
 Is, to destroy heavens Image ; and if those
 Are held as Traytors, and the Law inflicts
 Severest tortures on them, who deface
 The stamps of Princes in their coyn ; can they
 Appear as guiltlesse, whose rude hands disgrace
 The great Creators Image, and commit
 Treason 'gainst awefull nature ? Oh my Lord,
 Collect your serious temper, and put off

the over-weaning phantasies of youth :
 consider, what a vain deluding breath
 reputation, if compar'd with life.
 think, that an idle or detracting word,
 lay by a fair submission (which our Laws
 of honour do require, and will enforce)
 be wash'd away ; but the red guilt of blood,
 sticks as a black infection to the soul,
 That, like an *Æthiop*, cannot be wash'd white. 11

Your words have took such paines, as if they labour'd
 To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour, which indeed
 is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
 When Sects and Factions were newly born.
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breath, and make his wrongs
 (his out-sides.

To wear them like his Rayment, carelessly,
 And ne'r prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger : Think but thus,
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill ?

There's a base sordid provocation
 Us'd among Gentlemen, they cannot quarrel
 About a glass of Wine, but out flies straight,
 Son of a Whore, dead Mothers must be torn
 Out of their Graves, or living, have their names
 Poyson'd by a prodigious breath ; It were
 A brave and noble Law, to make his tongue
 Be cut for't ; it would have much blood in th' year,
 That might be spent more honourably, the lye
 Grew a dull provocation, this has quickn'd us.

Is it not

A Great deale safer to skirmish with a petticoat,
 And touz a handsonie Wench in private, then
 Be valiant in the streets, and kiss the Gallowes for it
 Hang this foolery,
 Let Gentlemen rather live and pay their Taylors,
 Then let their Clothes enrich the hangmans Wardrobe

Of Effeminacy.

Would you have one that spends more milk
 His face, then he suck'd in his Child-hood? that
 (dresses himselfe

In Gloves, as if one part were too good to
 Doe service to the other, and dares not shew
 His hands for fear of shaming of his mistress,
 Nor commend hers, because his own are whiter;
 And when he is in bed, none can distinguish
 Whether he be the Husband, nor hardly she her selfe.

There are a sort of men, whose coyning heads
 Are the Mints of all new fashions, that have done
 More hurt to the Kingdome by superfluous bravery,
 (Which the foolish Gentry imitate) then a war,
 Or a long famine; All the treasure by
 This foul excess is got into the Merchants
 Embroiderers, Silkmans, Jewellers, Taylors hands,
 And the third part of the Land too, the Nobility
 Engrosing Titles onely.

Note that motley Gull,
 That Gallant, that still dances in the street,
 And wears a gross of Riband in his Hat,
 That carries Oringado in his pocket,
 And Sugar-plums to sweeten his discourse;
 That studies Complement, defies all wit,
 In black, and censures Playes that are not bawdy.

Vain men, we alter our creation so

With small shapes, that heaven scarce knows its stamp,
And nature that distinction still commands
To teach sex, forgets the work of her own hands.

He is a thing
Compos'd of spicery and starch, Nature
Contriv'd him in her sleep; If his ignorance
Might answer for his sins, he would accompt
Among his wealth the Land he had in heaven.

You abuse Astrologie, for you clip back Taffara
Into stars, and for a soyl to your beauty,
Fix them in severall Regions of your face,
Which makes it look like the picture of doomesday,
When all the Planets are darkned.

As if thou ever wert angry
But with thy Taylor, and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making of a man.
Then can be hop'd from thee, thou art his Creature,
And did he not each morning new create thee,
Thou would'st stink, and be forgotten.

He was once a Creature,
(It may be) of Gods making, but long since
He is turn'd to a Druggist-shop, the spring and fall
Hold all the yeare with him; that he lives, he owes
To Art, not nature, she has given him over,
He moves like the Faery King on skrews and wheels,
Made by his Doctors Recipe's, and yet still
Is out of joynt, and every day repairing.
He has a Regiment of Whores he keeps
At his own charge, in a Lazar house, but the best is,
There's not a Nose among them. He is acquainted
With the green water, and the sperring pill
Familiar to him. In a frosty morning
You may thrust him into a Pottle pot, his bones

Rat-

Rattle in his skin, like Beans tof'd in a bladder :
 If he but hear a Coach, the fomentation,
 The friction, with fuffumigation, cannot fave him
 From the chine evill : in a word, he is
 Not one difeafe, but all.

A woman impudent and mannish grown,
 Is not more loath'd, then an effeminate man
 In time of Action.

Oh monftrous age, where men themfelves, we fee
 Study and pay for their own infamy !

*Of Eloquence, Garrulity, Loquacity, (Speech,
 and the Tongue.)*

Golden fpeech
 Did nature never give man, but to gild
 A Copper foul in him : and all that learning
 That heartily is fpent in painting fpeech,
 Is meerly painted, and no folid knowledge.

Words do according to the perfon weigh,
 If his designs are heynous, fo are they ;
 They are the Tinder of fedition ftill,
 Wherewith you kindle fires, enflame mens will.

Ah what a filly Messenger is fpeech,
 To be employ'd in that great Embaffy
 Of our affections, in refpect of th^e eye :
 It is the filent Rhetorick of a look,
 That works the league betwixt the ftates of hearts,
 Not words, I fee, nor knowledge of the book,
 Nor incantations made by hidden Arts.

1. If you fpend word for word
 With me, I fhall make your wit bankrupt.
2. I know it well, y^e have an Exchequer of words,

And

And I think, no other treasure to give your followers,
Or it appears by their bare Liveries,
They live by your bare words.

Oh her tongue, her tongue! ^{her tongue!}
Rather her many tongues. 1. Or rather strange
Her lying tongue, her lipping tongue, her long tongue!
Her lawless tongue, her loud tongue, and her liquo-
(rith.

Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues,
Then ever Babel had, to tell his ruines,
Were women rais'd with all, but nere true one.

These fellows of Infinite tongue,
That can rime themselves into Ladies favours,
Doe alwaies reason themselves out againe.
What, a speaker is but a prater, a rime is but a Ballad,
A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop,
A black Beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow
(bald,
A fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow,
But a good heart never changes.

What thankless plain often does the tongue take,
To make the whole man ridiculous?

He speaks a great deale of nothing,
More then any man in Venice, his reasons are
Two graines of wheat, hid in two bushels of Chaffe,
You shall seek all day ere you find them, and when
You have them, they are not worth the search.

Womens tongues are like Clocks,
If they go too fast, they never go true.

May never womens tongues
Hereafter be accus'd, for this ones goodnesse.

While

While I threat, he does live,
Words to the heat of deeds, too cold breath give.

My estate
Stands on me to defend, and not debate.

My husband is a man, but of few words,
And has committed his tongue to me and I
Shall use it to my glory, and his comfort.

Leave this superfluous language, I am none
Of those Ladies that are so taken with
With poetick raptures, Verses of their hair,
Flattering Acrosticks, and their names so
Dis-joynted with an Anagram, it would
Puzzle ten Magicians to put them together again.
I esteem not golden language, 'tis seldom bestowed
On man, but to gild a copper soul in him.

Of Enjoying.

What we are assur'd we shall possess,
That knowledge ever makes the subject less.

What we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The vertue that possession would not shew us,
While it was ours.

Knock at the heart of man, after full joyes,
And you shall find him like an empty vessel.

In Loves Dominions native, Commodity
Is current payment, change is all the Trade,
And heart for heart the richest Merchandize.

Now, what am I the better for enjoying

his woman that I lov'd so? all I find,
 that I before imagin'd to be happy,
 now I have done it, turns to nothing else,
 but a poor pittied and base repentance:
 My foot, I am monstrous angry with my selfe;
 Why should a man, that has discourse and reason,
 and knows how neer he loses all in these things,
 covet to have his wishes satisfied,
 Which, when they are, are nothing but his shame?

Experience tells,
 The Jewel that's enjoy'd, is not esteem'd,
 Things hardly got, are alwaies highest deem'd.

Our heady faults
 Make triviall price of serious things we have.
 Not knowing them, untill we know their grave;
 Oit our displeasures, to our selves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.

Of Envy.

ENvy is but the smoak of low estate,
 Ascending still against the fortunate.

Envy and murmur I desire to shun,
 With which yet great examples must be done.

Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite,
 For after death all men receive their right.

Where envy
 And arrogance, their opposite bulwarks raise,
 Men are allow'd to use their proper praise.

Envy does feed on Entrails, like a Kite,
 In which foul heap if any ill lies hid,
 She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,
 And

And hurls it all abroad, that all may view it,
 Corruption is her nutriment, but touch her
 With any precious Ointment, and you kill her.
 When she finds any filth in men, she feasts,
 And with her black throat bruises it through the world
 Being sound and healthfull; but if she but tastes
 The slenderest pittance of commended virtue,
 She surfeits of it, and is like a fly,
 That passeth all the bowlies foudest parts,
 And dwells upon the sores: or if her squint eye
 Have power to find none there, she forges some,
 She makes that crooked ever which is straight,
 Calls Valour giddiness, Justice Tyranny;
 A wise man may shun her, she not her selfe,
 She bears her foe still claspt in her own arms.

He that fears Envy, shall be sure to find it;
 But he's securest, that the least does mind it.

When those we hate in misery bear a part,
 Envy grows fat with eating her own heart.

We must root out malicious seed,
 Nothing sprouts faster then an envious weed.

Of Ennuy, Mistake, &c.

Now this ever,
 'Tis no such thing to erre, as to persevere.

Shame pass'd is honour, Errour is vertues book,
 Where knowledge doth above temptation look.

Humane wit wanes power to divide,
 Whereby affections into errour slide.

I doe I know not What, and fear to find
 My eye too great a flatterer to my mind.

The unprofitable things of life,
and those we cannot compass, we affect,
All that doth profit, and we have neglect,
like covetous and basely getting men,
That gathering much, use never what they keep,
But for the least they lose, extremely weep.

'Tis hard to know, as hard, and harder too,
When men do know, to bring their hearts to do.

Who ever hath observ'd the work of spirits,
May see how easily men slide down to ill,
The world hath strange examples, false delights,
Which make our senses Nets, to catch our will;
Who then with men for every fault fall out,
Must hate himselfe, and all the world about.

It is our blood to erre, though hell gape lowd,
Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.

Oh you heavenly Charmers,
What things you make of us? for what we lack
We laugh; for what we have, are sorry still,
Are Children in some sort; Let us be thankfull
For that which is, and with your leave dispute,
That are above our question.

Of Example, Imitation,

It is a more direct and even way
To train to virtue those of noble blood,
By examples, then by precepts; if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Then his own Father? be his pattern then,
Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sails, and split his Mast.

You endear the worst

Of

Of fashion unto us, by making it
 A custome in your selves: If men did not
 Provide such follies for our sight, we knew
 Not where to find their use, for they digest
 Them first, then they become our nourishment,
 Prove fooles by your Example.

This allowes my varying of shapes,
 Knaves do grow great, by being great: mens Apes.

Let us exile their ill example,
 Which never doth remain as it begun,
 But is a wicked fire to a far worse Son,
 And staves not, till it makes us slaves unto
 That universall Tyrant of the earth,
 Custome, who takes from us our priviledge
 To be our selves, rends that great Charter too
 Of Nature, and would likewise cancell man:
 And so enchaines our judgements and discourse
 Unto the present Usances, that we
 Must all our senses thereunto refer,
 Be as we find our selves, not as we are.
 As if we had no other touch of truth
 And reason, then the Notions of the times,
 And place wherein we live, and being our selves
 Corrupted and abastardized thus,
 Thinks all looks ill, that doth not look like us.

Of Expedition.

WE must be early stirring, quickly part,
 A Kingdoms rescue craves both speed and art.

Slow Counsells are unfit
 In businesse, where all rest is more pernicious
 Then rashnesse can be: Acts of this close kind,
 Thrive more by execution, then advice;

ere is lingring in that work begun,
hich cannot praised be, untill through done.

Speak not of hast,
ou tyeft but wings to a swift Grey-hounds heed,
d add'ft to a running Chariot a fift wheel.

is better trust the mercy of a storm,
o halt our way, then to be calm'd for ever
ort of the wished haven.

ounfaile is slow, each minute infinite,
hen resolution to her ripeness draws.

he horrors that do strike the world, should come
ou'd and unlook'd for, till they strike be dumb.

Strike
efore he settle, to prevent the like
pon thy selfe, he doth his vantage know,
hat makes it home, and gives the formost blow.

Wh. should we do?
Doe, and not wish, something that wishes take not,
o luddain, as the Gods should not prevent,
or scarce have time to fear.

Oh most vain
elays! why do you talk so long? this time
ad been enough to have scatter'd all the stars,
have quench'd the Sun & Moon, and made the world
Despair of day, or any light, but ours.

Of Extremes.

Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects,
Extream heat mortifies, like extream cold;
Extream love breeds satiety, as well

H

As

As extreame hatred, and too violent rigour,
Tempt chastity as much, as too much licence.

Extreams set off all actions thus,
Either too tame, or else too Tyrannous.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph dye, like fire and powder,
Which as they kisse consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousnesse,
And in the tast confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time,
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrots at a Bagpiper,
And others of such Vinegar aspect,
That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear, the jest was laughable.

It is in worldly Accidents,
As in the world it selfe, where things most distant
Meet one another; thus the East and West,
Upon the Globe, a Mathematicall point
Onely divides: thus happinesse and misery,
And all extreames, are still contiguous.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much,
As they that starve with nothing: 'tis a happinesse
To be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner
By white haire, but competency lives longer.

Of Falshood, Fraud.

O Ne false man, Heaven, why should thy Altars save
'Tis just, that Hymen light him to his grave.

a safe and most broad beaten way.
Under the name of friendship to betray.

What without a knave we cannot end,
A knave employ'd does th'office of a friend.

Every man in this Age,
Not a soul of Christall for all men
To read their Actions through; mens hearts and faces
So far asunder, they hold no Intelligence.

What proves the Fathers unjust prey,
The Son nere looks on't, but it melts away:
Not I know, the wealth that's got by fraud
Gives share it, like the riches of a Bawd?
Nay, 'tis a curse unquenchable, nere cools,
Knaves still commit their Consciences to fools,
And they betray who ow'd them.

Thou beest false, the Serpent parted with
The subtilty, and clos'd it in the fruit
That gave thy sex.

Knave if he be rich, is fit to make
An Officer, as a fool, if he be a knave,
Is fit to make an Intelligencer.

Promises are no fetters, with that tongue
Any promise pass'd, unpromise it again.
Therefore has man a tongue, of power to speak,
Not to speak still to his own private purpose?
He utters but one sound, but men have change
Of speech and reason, even by nature given them:
Now to say one thing, and another now,
The best may serve their profitable ends.

Of Fame, Report, Rumour.

FAme's a fleet evill, then which none is swifter,
 It moving grows, and flying gathers strength,
 Little at first, and fearfull, but at length
 She dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
 With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud
 This Child, our parent Earth, (stir'd up with spirit
 Of all the Gods) brought forth, and, as some write
 She was last sister of that Giant race,
 Thought to scale *Joves* Court, right swift of pace
 And swifter far of wing; a Monster vast,
 And dreadfull, look how many plumes are plac'd
 On her huge Corps, so many waking eyes
 Stick underneath, and (which may stranger rise,
 In the report) as many Tongues she bears,
 As many mouthes, as many list'ning ears.
 Nightly in midd'lt of all the heaven she flies,
 And through the earths dark shadow shrieking cries
 Nor do her eyes once bend to tast sweet sleep,
 By day on tops of houses she doth keep
 Or on high Towers, and doth thence affright
 Cities, and Towns of most conspicuous sight;
 As covetous she is of Tales and lies,
 As prodigal of truth.

The man does not deserve a Princes name,
 That lets a subject live, to share his fame,
 The Gods themselves,
 Did I but feare their splendor darkned mine,
 Should have no Priest, nor Offering at their shrine.

March on amain,
 Fame got with loss of breath, is Godlike gain.

What we cannot reach in honouring thee,
 Ages to come shall pay thy memory.

Fame to censure us, that live above,
 must sell justice, if we purchase love
 Fame is the peoples voice, to tell their grief,
 dealing from inferiours to the chiefe,
 falsely you and others Fame abuse,
 many for nothing men unwisely chuse;
 Fame speak truth, which you would not have known,
 weve to d. serve, but not to bear your own.

Fame and Victory, are light
 uswives, that through themselves into the arms
 of the valiant, but the fortunate.

The fame that a man wins himselfe is best,
 that he may call his own: honours pnt to him,
 like him no more a man, then his clothes do,
 and are as soon tane off: for in the warmth,
 the heat comes from the body, not the weeds,
 mans true fame must strike from his own deeds.

Womans fames
 are like thin cristall Glasses, by a breath
 blown into excellent form, and by a touch
 crack't, or quite broken.

Fame, that depends upon the breath of men,
 can ne'r be free'd from its Creator: all
 that we can do to keep it pure, is that
 the Ingr:redients be made up of truth, and then
 the Gods approve of our ambition.

Whispering fame,
 knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,
 Who, then to faile, would their own thought believe.

Humour, Complaints, & scornful thoughts of power,
 are waies of private hearts, that from below,

Mis-judge those higher powers, they do not know.

Of Feare. (Cowardize.)

Whom neither glory or danger can excite, (feare)
'Tis vain to attempt with speech, for the mind
Keeps all brave sounds from entering at the ear.

If we yeeld to feare, expect no place
Nor friend to shelter those, whom their own fortune
And ill us'd Armes, have left without protection.

How vain and vile a passion is this feare?
What base uncomely things it makes men doe?
Suspect their noblest friends, (as I did this)
Flatter poor enemies, intreat their servants,
Stoop, Court, and catch at the benevolence
Of Creatures, unto whom (within this hour)
I would not have vouchsafed a quarter look,
Or piece of face:
When I do feare again, let me be struck
With forked fire, and unpittied die,
Who fears, is worthy of Calamity.

You do cast
At these sleight dangers much too doting glances,
Misgiving minds ever provoke mischances.

Weaknesse is false, and faith in cowards rare,
Fear finds out shifts, timidity is subtil.

Pale fears
Suspect, that hedges, trees, and walls have ears.

Cowards dye many times before their death,
The valiant never tast of death but once, :
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should feare,

ing that death (a necessary end)
Will come when it will come.

one of these Rogues and Cowards, but *Ajax*
a fool to him.

Of Felicity, (Happinesse.)

HE that makes Gold his wife, but not his whore ;
He that at noon-day walks by a prison door.
He that in th'Sun is neither beam nor mote :
He that's not mad after a Petticoat ;
He for whom poor mens curses dig no Grave,
He that is neither Lords nor Lawyers slave :
He that makes this his sea, and that his shore,
He that in's Coffin's richer then before :
He that counts Youth his sword, and Age his staffe ;
He whose right hand craves his own Epitaph :
He that upon his death-bed is a swan,
And dead, no Crow, he is a happy man.

Happy are those,
That knowing in their Births, they are subject to
Uncertain change, are still prepar'd and arm'd
For either fortune ; a rare Principle,
And with much labour learn'd in wisdoms school.

'Tis with our souls,
As with our eyes, that after a long darknesse,
Are daz'led with th'approach of suddain light,
When in the midd'l of fears we are surpriz'd
With unexpected happinesse, the first
Degrees of joy are meer astonishment.

Oh happinesse
Of those that know not pride, or lust of City,
There's no man bless'd, but those that most men pity.

How wisely do those powers that give us happinesse,
Order it, sending us fears still to bound our joyes,
Which else would over-flow and lose themselves?

If happinesse be a substantiall good,
Not fram'd of Accidents, nor subject to them,
I err'd to seek it in a blind revenge,
Or think it lost in loss of sight or Empire.
'Tis something sure within us, not subjected
To sense, or sight; onely to be discern'd
By reason, the souls eye.

Of Fidel'ty, Faithfulness, Trustines, &c.

MY breast is your Chest,
With three good Keyes, to keep it from opening
An honest Heart, a daring Hand, and a Pocket
Which scorns Money.

I will follow truth at the heels, though her foot
Beat my Gunis in pieces.

Your faith to me? your faith to God, all's one,
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none.

If Treachery in state be serviceable,
Let Hangmen do it; I am bound to lose
My life, but not my honour, for my Country. (selves,
Our Vowes, our Faith, our Oathes, why th'are our
And he that's faithles to his proper selfe,
May be excus'd, if he break faith with Princes:
The Gods assist just hearts, and States, that trust
Plots before providence, are toss'd like dust.

Be true to me,
Or you'll be left by all: or be like one,
That in cold nights will needs have all the fire,
And there is held by others, and embrac'd

Only to burn him : your fire will be inward,
Which not another Deluge can put out.

With shaking thoughts, no hand can draw aright,
True hearts to do ignobly have no spright.

Oh we must ever strive to be thus good,
Who sells his faith, is stamp'd the slave of bloud.

Be thou but just,
I'll raise thee, Cedars spring out first from dust.

This an old Saw (but a most false) hath been,
Faith's breach for Love and Kingdoms is no sin.

What ere betide you, I
That have liv'd by you, by your side will die.

Of flattery, (Parasites.)

Flattery so like in all to duty shoves,
(But finelier dress'd in diligence and care)
As Kings best pleas'd, that most deceived are.

Flattery is Midwife unto Princes rage,
And nothing sooner doth help forth a Tyrant
Then that, and whisperers grace, who have the time,
The place, the power, to make all men offenders.

The Rascall flatters, as if he had serv'd
A prenticeship in Court.

Thou gratefull poyson, mischievous flattery,
Thou dreamfull slumber (that dost fall on Kings
As soft and soon, as their first holy oyl)
Be thou for ever damn'd.

More comfort, pity, and more help we have
In foes profess'd, then in a flattering knave.

Custom

Custom allowes it, and we plainly see,
Princes and women maintain flattery.

Flattery is a very thriving trade,
It comes forward better then the seven
Liberrall Sciences, or the nine Cardinall Virtues,
Which may appear in this, y^e have seldome had
A flattering knave turn Courtier, but I have known
Of many Courtiers, have turn'd flattering knaves.

A flatterer is
One, that feeds all mens humours that feed him;
Can apprehend their jeasts before they speak them,
And with a forced laughter, play the Midwife
To bring them forth, and carries still in store
A plaudite, when they break wind or Urine.

They do abuse a King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin,
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre.

Of Folly, Fools.

THere is no essence mortall
That I can envy, but a plump-cheek'd fool,
He hath a Patent of Immunities,
Confirm'd by custom, seal'd by policy,
As large as spacious thought, a golden As,
A babled fool, are sole Canonically;
While pale cheek'd wisdom, and lean ribbed Art,
Are kept in distance at the Halberts point,
All held Apocrypha, not worth survey.

Note a fools Beatitude,
He is not capable of passion,
Wanting the power of distinction,

He bears an unturnd sail with every wind,
Blow East, blow West, he steers his course alike:
I never saw a fool lean, the chub-fac'd fop
Shines sleek with full cramm'd fat of happiness,
While studious contemplation sucks the juyce
From Wizards Cheeks, who making curious search
For natures secrets, the first innate cause
Laughs them to scorn, as men do busie Apes,
When they will zany men.

Innocents are like obedient Children,
Brought up under a hard Mother-in-law, a cruell,
Who being not us'd to breakfasts and Collations,
When they have course bread offered them, are thank-
And take is for a favour too. (full,

Fight you one day,
I'll fool another, when your Surgeon's paid,
And all your Leaks stopp'd see whose stops are heaviest,
I'll have a shilling for a Can of Wine,
When you shall have two Serjeants for a Counter.

Since 'tis not safe for wise men to speak truth,
'Tis pittie fools should lose the privilege.

Of Fortitude, Magnanimity.

Do not forsake thy selfe, for they that do,
Offend and teach the world to leave them too.

He that is void of fear, may soon be just,
And no Religion binds men to be Traytors.

Stand
Firm for your Country, and become a man,
Honour'd and lov'd, it were a noble life
To be found dead embracing her.

A weapon, and an Arm, will still be found,
Though naked left, and lower then the ground.

Draw your swords,
And if our destiny envy our virtue,
The honour of the day; yet let us care
To sell our selves at such a price, as may
Undo the world to buy us, and make fate,
While she tempts ours. to fear her own estate.

A worthy man should imitate the weather
That sings in Tempests, and being clear is silent.

He hath the great mind, that submits to all
He sees inevitable; he the small
That carps at earth, and her foundation shaker,
And rather then himselfe, will mend his maker.

The more the odds,
The lesse the Conquest; or if all the world
Be thought an Army fit t'employ 'gainst one,
That one is argued fit to fight 'gainst all.
If I fall under them, this breast shall beare
Their heap digested in my Sepulcher,
Death is the life of good men, let them come.

Though in our miseries fortune have a part,
Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none,
Contempt of pain that we may call our own.

Let fear dwell with Earth-quakes,
Shipwracks at Sea, or prodiges in heaven,
I cannot set my selfe so many fathom,
Beneath the height of my true heart, as fear.

So should worth Act, and they who dare to fight
Against corrupted times, should dye upright;

Such hearts Kings may dissolve, but not defeat;
A great man where he falls, he should lie great
Whose ruines (like the sacred Garkasses
Of scattered Temples) should still reverend lie,
And the religious honour them no less,
Then if they stood in all their Majestie.

What evill
Is there in life, to him that knows lifes loss
To be no evill? Shew thy ugliest brow,
Oh most black chance, make me a wretched story,
Without mis-fortune, virtue hath no glory.
Opposed Trees make tempests, shew their powers
And waves, forc'd back by Rocks, make *Neptunes*
(Towers.

From his Iron Den (nefty
I'll waken death, and hurl him on this King; my ho-
Shall steel my sword, and on its horrid point
I'll wear my Cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.

Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy, that loo'kt
So dreadfully, but that I thought my selfe
As great a Basilisk as he, or one that spoke
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thimder underneath, as well as his.

It is not breath
Can fright a noble truth, nor is there Magick
In the person of a King that playes the Tyrant,
But a good sword can easily uncharm it.

Of Fortune.

Good fortune doth in honours Market sit,
And those that buy, must sell all else for it.

Fortune unto the death is then displeas'd,
When remedies doe ruine the diseas'd.

Who would trust slippery Chance? they that would
Themselves her spoil, and foolishly forget (make
(When she doth flatter) that she comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadst no Deity, if men
Had wisdom; we have placed thee so high,
By fond beliefs in thy felicity.

Blind fortune still
Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them.

Is Fortune blind?
How can she then (hoodwink'd) so rightly see
To starve rich worth, and glut iniquity?

Fortune, the great Commandress of the world,
Hath divers wayes t'enrich her followers;
To some she honour gives, without deserving:
To other some, deserving without honour:
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth,
Some wealth without wit; some nor wit, nor wealth,
But good smock faces, or some qualities
By nature, without judgement, with the which
They live in sensuall acception,
And make shew onely without touch of substance.

The rude *Serbian*,
Painted blind fortunes powerfull hands with wings,
To shew her gifts come swift, and suddainly,
Which if her favorite be not quick to take,
He loses them for ever.

Fortune and curtesie of opinion,
Gives many men nobility of birth,
That never durst do nobly, or attempt
Any design that fell below their honours;
Cas'd up in Chambers, scarcely air themselves,
But at a Horse-race, or in the Park with Puppets.

Living here,
We are heavens bounty all, but fortunes exercise.

Build not on fortune, she's a fickle dame,
And those that trust unto her spear are fools.

Will fortune never come with both hands full?
But write her fair words still in foulest Letters;
She either gives a stomach and no meat,
(Such are the poor in health) or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of gain,
And the most valiant feel them both; take comfort,
The next is ours, I have a soul describes it;
The angry Bul never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double,
Let this day set, but not the memory,
And we shall find a time.

Report's a Bawd to luck,
Whom fortune doth enrich, fame doth flatter.

That fortune still must be with ill maintain'd,
Which at the first by any ill was gain'd.

Fortune's a slut, and being a whore her selfe,
Would have no Lady marry, and live honest.

Of Friendship.

Clymates of friendship
Are not less pleasant, cause they are lesse scorching
Then those of love.

In sickly times, when war and civill spleen
Besiege the heart with treacherous designs,
A friend shall find a cause to make him known.

For my faith, lay this unto your breast,
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best.

It is as difficult
To find a true friend in this Apostate Age,
(That balks all right affiance 'twixt two hearts)
As 'tis to find a fixed modest mind
Within a painted breast.

Oh who
Would know a wife, that may have such a friend?
Posterity, henceforth lose the name of blessing,
And leave earth uninhabited, to people heaven.

Those have most power to hurt us that we love,
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

Wouldst thou be more then friend? it is a name
Virtue can onely answer to; could'st thou
Unite in one all goodnesse whatsoever
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The Circle narrow bounded, to contain
This swelling treasure, every good admits
Degrees but this, being so good, it cannot,
For he's no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent Parents brethren, kindred tyed
By th' natural flow of blood, allyances,

And

what you can imagine, is too light
weigh with name of friend; they execute
best) but what a nature prompts them to,
often less than friends, when they remain
for kinsmen still, but friend is never lost.

In companions
that do converse and waste time together,
whose soules do bear an equall yoke of love,
there must be needs a like proportion
of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
save in the office and affairs of love;
therefore all hearts in love, use their own tongues;
let every eye negotiate for it selfe,
and trust no Agent: Beauty is a witch,
against whose charmes faith melteth into blood.

Where faith is once engag'd, all Acts are due,
either think they can oblige they are not true.

What vilder thing on earth, then are false friends,
who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this times guize,
when man was wish'd to love his enemies?
I would I may ever love, and rather wooe
those that would mischief me, then those that do.

He that vowes friendship to a man, and proves
a Traytor, deserves rather to be hang'd,
then he that counterfeites money.

That friend a great mans ruine strongly checks,
Who railes in his believe all his defects.

In hollow hearts, true friendship (even the sun

To all good growing in society)
 Makes his so glorious and divine name hold,
 Colours for all the ill that can be told.

Men sooner open foes, then feign'd friends try,
 And where mens Acts from their own ends proceed,
 More look unto those ends, then like the deed.

Of Frugality, Thrift.

Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive,
 Spend not your Crowns on every one that humors
 Nor yet intrude your self to mens society,
 Till their affections, or your own desert
 Do worthily invite you to the place.

Oh these wicked elder brothers, that swear, rehoie
 And drink nothing but wicked sack when we (the
 Swear Niggers, Noggers, make a meal of a
 Bloat Herring, water it with four shillings beer,
 And swear we have din'd as well as my Lord Mayor.

He is wise enough

To keep his state, and give me such an Als,
 Let others purchase wisdom by expence,
 And prate and do brave things a single saving
 Will out-reach all, that they shall reach unto.

In this Age, most men do begin
 To keep but one boy, that kept many men.

While prodigal young gawdy fools are banquetting
 And launching out their states, to catch the giddy;
 Thus doe I study to preserve my fortunes,
 And hatch with care at home the wealth that Sain
 Here's Rubies of Bengala, rich rich, glorious;
 These Diamonds, of Ormus, bought for little,
 Here vented at the price of Princes ransomes.

How bright they shine like Constellations?
 The fourth Seas treasure here, Pearl fair and Orient,
 The totall *Cleopatra's* Banquet:
 The Chains of lesser stones, for Ladies lusters,
 Hoards of Gold, Rings, Brooches, Bars of silver,
 These are my studies, to set off in sale well,
 And not in sensuall surfeits to consume them.

Of Gallants, &c.

Now? a compleat Gallant? what, a fellow
 With a Hat tuck'd up behind, and what we use
 About our Hips, to keep our Coats from doubling,
 He wears about his neck, a Farthingale;
 A standing Coller to keep his near Band clean,
 He whiff his shirt cloth stink, and is none foul
 When an Inne of Chancery Table-cloth.
 His Breeches must be pleyed, as if he had
 Some thirty pockets, when one poor half penny purse
 Will carry all his treasure: His knees all points,
 As if his Legs and Hams were tyed together;
 A fellow that has no inside, but prates
 By rote, as Players and Parrats use to do,
 And to define a compleat Gallant right,
 A Mercer form'd him, a Taylor makes him,
 And a Player gives him spirit.

Dost thou know what a gallant of fashion is?
 I'll tell thee between thee and I; It is a thing
 That but once in three moneths has money in his purse,
 A Creature made of promise and protestation,
 A thing that soules other mens Napkins,
 Tonzeth other mens sheets, flatters all he fears,
 Consumes all he needs not, starves all he keeps,
 And undoes all that trust him.

Principles to be imprinted in the heart

Of every new made Gentleman, are these,
 To commend none but himselfe, to like no mans wit
 But his own, to sleight that which he understands
 To lend money, and never look for it again;
 To take up upon Obligation, & lend out upon affection
 To owe much but pay little; to sell Land, but buy none
 To pawn, but never to redeem again: To fight for
 Whore, to cherish a Bawd, and defie a Tradesman.

Of Gaming &c.

THe Dice are notable devourers,
 They make no more of Pieces then of pibbles,
 But thrust their heaps together to engender,
 Two hundred more the Caster, cries this Gentleman,
 I am with you. I have that to nothing sir, the Caster
 Again, 'tis cover'd, and the Table too,
 With sums that frighted me: here one sneaks out,
 And with a Martyrs patience, smiles upon
 His monies Executioner, the Dice,
 Commands a pipe of good Tobacco, and
 In the smoak vanishes. Another makes
 The bones vault ore his head, swears, that ill throwing
 Has put his shoulder out of joynt, calls for
 A Bonesetter, that looks for the Box, to bid
 His Master send him some more hundred pounds,
 Which lost, he takes Tobacco, and is quiet.
 Here a strong arm throws In and In, with which
 He brushes all the Table, payes the Rooks,
 That went their smelts a piece upon his hand,
 Yet swears he has not drawn a stake these seven years.

I had rather lose a thousand more, then one
 Sad thought come neer my heart for't; vex for trash.
 Although it go from other men like drops
 Of their life blood, we lose with the alacrity,
 We drink a cup of sack, or kiss a Mistress.

so many is considerable with a Gamester,
they have souls more spacious then Kings: did two
gamesters divide the Empire of the world,
they'd make one throw for it all, and he that lost,
be no more melancholly, then to have play'd for
mornings draught; vex a rich soul for dirt?
be quiet of whose every thought is worth
province.

Of Glory, Greatness.

Glory
Is like *Attilas* shirt, if it stay on us,
ill pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
part with it at pleasure, when we would uncase,
it brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
and leaves us living monsters.

The Lots of glorious men are wrapp'd in mysteries,
and so deliver'd: common and sleight Creatures,
that have their ends as open as their Actions,
safe and open fortunes follow.

These wretched eminent things,
leave no more fame behind them, then should one
fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow,
As soon as the Sun shines, it ever melts
Both form and matter: I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing, so great for great men,
As when she's pleas'd to make them Lords of truth,
Integrity of life is fames best friend,
Which nobly (beyond death) shall Crown the end.

This his fearfull end,
May teach such men as bear too lofty Crest,
Though they live happiest, yet they die not best.

Ere long we shall see
 This prodigy, that would be held a star,
 And did so fright us with his streaming hair,
 Drop like a Comet, and be lost in the air.

Oh the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us,
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since Riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
 But in a Dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp, and all that state compound,
 But only painted like his varnish'd friends.

Great men (you know)
 Must be importun'd to do any good,
 For they have other business.

Rightly to be Great,
 Is not to stir without great Argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw,
 If honour be at stake.

Greatness once falln out with fortune,
 Must fall out with men too, what the declin'd is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall. For men, like Butterflies,
 Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer.
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath any honour, but honour'd by those Gawdes
 That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
 Prizes of Accident, as oft as merit,
 Which when they fall (as being slippery standers)
 The loves that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
 Do one pluck down another, and together
 Dye in the fall.

Greatness hath its Cankers, Worms, and Moaths;

ed out of too much humour, in the things
which after they consume, transferring quite
the substance of their makers into themselves.

Now I see, they but delude that praise us,
greatness is mock'd, Prosperity betrayes us,
and we are but our selves, although this cloud
of interposed smoak makes us seem more:
the spreading parts of pomp whereof we are proud,
are not our parts, but parts of others store.

Thou art some great woman sure, for riot
its on thy fore-head, cloath'd in gray Hairs,
twenty years sooner then on a merry Milk-maids.
Thou sleepest worse, then if a Mouſe should be
forc'd to take up his lodging in a Cats ear.
A little Infant that is breeding teeth,
should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if
Thou wert the more unquiet Bedfellow.

Of Gluttony,

WHo can endure to see
The fury of mens Gullets, and their Groynes?
What Fires, what Cooks, what Kitchens, might be
(spar'd?
What Stews, Ponds Parks, Coupes, Garners, Maga-
What Velvets, Tyffewes, Scarfs, Embroideries, (zins?
And Laces, might they lack? they covet things
Superfluous still, when it were much more honour
They could want necessary. What need hath nature?
Of silver Dishes, or gold Chamberpots,
Of perfum'd Napkins, or a numerous family
To see her eat? poor and wise, she requires
Meat onely, hunger is not ambitious:
Say, that you were the Emperour of pleasures,

The

The great dictator of fashions, for all *Europe*,
 And had the pomp of all the Courts and Kingdoms
 Laid forth unto the shew, to make your selfe
 Gaz'd and admir'd at : you must go to bed,
 And take your naturall rest, then all this vanishes.
 Your bravery was but shewn, 'twas not possess'd,
 While it did boast it selfe, it then was perishing,
 All that excess
 Appear'd as little yours, as the Spectators,
 It scarce fills up the expectation
 Of a few hours, that entertaines mens lives.

We hunt our Venison twice (I tell ye)
 First out of the Park, and then out of the belly :
 First Dogs take pains to make it fit for men,
 Then men take pains to make it fit for Dogs.

Oh thou pamper'd Jade, what wouldst thou have?
 What, wouldst thou feed on Quiailes? art thou not fed?
 Is not thy Neck Brawn, thy Leg Calf, thy Neck Beef?
 And yet thou wantest meat.

Whose life's the Table, and the Stage,
 He doth not spend, but lose his age.

Of Grat'nde, Thankfulness.

Blessings do nere descend from heaven, but when
 A sacrifice of thanks ascends from men.

Cheerfull and gratefull Takers God does love,
 And such as wait his pleasure with full hopes,
 Th'unthankfull and distrustfull man heaven frowns at.

When bounty spreads the Table, it were sin
 At going off, if thanks should not step in.

Such curtesies, who ever does them,

Must be more loo'k into, and better answer'd,
 Then with deservings, sleights, or what we ought
 To have confer'd upon us; men may starve else
 Means are not gotten now with crying out,
 I am a gallant fellow, a good Souldier,
 A man of learning, fit to be employ'd,
 Immediate blessings cease like miracles,
 And we must grow by second means.

1. Will you bar thankfulness? 2. Dogs dance for meat,
 Would you have men do wor.e, 'cause they can speak?
 Cry out like Woodmongers, good deeds by th'hundred?
 I did it, that my best friend should not know it,
 Wine and vain-glory do as much as I else.
 If you will force my merit 'gainst my meaning,
 Use it, in well bestowing it, in shewing
 It came to be a benefit, and was so,
 And not examining a woman did it,
 Or to what end, in not believing sometimes
 Your self, when drink, or stirring Conversation,
 May ripen strange perswasions: 1. Gentle Lady,
 I were a base receiver of a curtesie,
 And you a worse disposer, were my nature
 Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies honours
 Were ever in my thoughts, unspotted Ermines,
 Their good deeds holy Temples, where the Incense
 Burns not to common eyes: your fears are virtuous,
 And so I shall preserve them.

Of Hair.

IN sight of death
 Our Hair grows in our Grave, and that alone
 Looks fresh, when all our other Beautie's gone.

There's no Complexion more attractive to women,
 Then Gold, and red Beards, such men are all Liver.
 Oh

Oh you old fornicator, that ever I saw that red Beard
 Now could I rail against thy complexion, (thine)
 I think in my conscience, the Traces and Caparison
 Of Venus Coach, are made of red hairs,
 Which may be a true emblem, that no flaxen stuffe,
 Or tann'd Whit-leather, draws love like to them.
 I think thou manurest thy Chin with droppings
 Of Eggs and Muscadine, before it bristled,
 Shame take thee, and thy Load-stone.

There's a new Trade come up for cast Gentlewomen,
 Of Periwig making, let your wife set up in the Strand,
 And yet I doubt whether she may or no, for they say,
 The Women have got it to be a Corporation.
 If you can, you may make good use of it,
 For you shall have as good coming in by Hair,
 (Though it be but a falling Commodity)
 And by other foolish Tying, as any she
 Between St. Clements and Charing.

Your Hairs will make the silver Age agen,
 When there were fewer, but more honest men.

Of Hatred, Malice.

HAte is the print of injurie, violent,
 Honely in ruine and revenge content.

Malice, like clocks wound up to watch the Sun,
 Having a headlong course on many wheelles,
 Has never done, untill all be undone.

Hatred hatch'd at home is a tame Tyger,
 May fawn and sport, but never leave his nature.

Malice may strike at virtue,
 But at last the blow will light where it began.

That I could see thee (sir) upon the rack now,
I'd give a thousand pounds for every stretch;
That should enlarge thee thorough all thy joynts,
And but just shew thee Hell, and bring thee to
The edge of the next world, and then recall
Thy broken soul, and give thee strength to suffer
Thy torture often: I would have thee, Rascall,
Think hanging a relieve and be as long
In dying, as a chopp'd Ele, that the Devill
Might have thy soul by pieces.

It is no piece of unkindnesse, to wish thee in Hell,
For all thy friends dwell there, th' hast none on earth.

It is the wit and policy of sin,
To hate those men we have abus'd.

Spite, thou impostume of aspiring hearts,
(Whole nature is, that if the Bag remain,
The wicked humours straight will fill again)
I will lay open thee, and all thy Arts.

You should have poyson'd his Prayer-Book, or his
The pommel of his Saddle, his Looking-glass, (Buck,
Or th' handle of his Racker: Oh that, that,
That while he had been bandying at Tennis,
He might have sworn away himselfe, and strooke
His soul into the hazard.

Of Heaven.

What a great value do men set on heaven?
Heaven, the perfection of all that can
Be said, or thought; Riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty, and all these, not subject to
The wast of time, but in their height eternal;
Lo! for a pension, or poor spot of earth,

Favour of greatness, or an hours faint pleasure,
As men, in scorn of a true flame, that's neer,
Should run to light their Tapers at a Gloworme.

We to heaven
Doe climb, with loads upon our shoulder born,
Nor must we tread on Roses, but on thorn.

This Law the heavens inviolable do keep,
Their justice well may slumber, but nere sleep.

God hath made his bowers,
Better indeed then we can fancie ours.

All humane worldly courses are uneven,
No life is blessed, but the way to heaven.

Heaven, dost thou hear
Such devilish mischief? sufferest thou the world
Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow,
And still dost wink? still does thy vengeance slumber?
If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder?

Heaven and Fate,
Are the best Guardians to a wronged state.

Heaven is a great way off, and I shall be
Ten thousand years in travell, yet twere happy
If I may find a lodging there at last,
Though my poor soul get thither upon Crutches.

Of Hell.

A Place there is in a black hollow Vault,
Where day is never seen, there shines no Sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires,
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoaky fogs
Of an infected darkness: In this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts,

Of never dying deaths: there are damned soules
 Boar without pity, there Gluttons fed
 With Toads and Adders, there is burning oyl
 Powr'd down the Drunkards throat, the Usurer
 forc'd to sip whole draughts of molten Gold.
 There is the Murderer for ever stabb'd,
 Yet can he never dye, there lies the wanton
 On the racks of burning steel, while in his soule
 He feels the torment of his raging lust.
 There stand those wretched things
 Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets,
 And secret incests, cursing one another.

Though I am but a young sinner. I shall soon enquire
 The way to Hell, 'tis a continual through-fare.

Hell gives us leave to reach the depth of sin,
 But leaves us wretched fools when we are in:

Facilis descensus Averni,
 It is an easie journey to Hell, thou maist
 Be a knave when thou wilt.

Down-hill we run, clim upward a slow pace,
 Easie descents to hell, steep steps to grace.

How subtile hell doth flatter Vice!
 Mounts him aloft, and makes him seem to fly,
 As fowl the Tortois mock'd, who to the skie
 Th'ambitious shel-fish rais'd; the end of all
 Is, onely that he may from thence dead fall.

Of Heraldry.

I Know this fellow of old, he is a Herald,
 Many a Centaure, Chynizera, Barnacles,
 Crocodile, Hippotame, and such like toys,

Hath

Hath he stoln out of the shop of my invention,
To shape new Coats for his upstart Gentlemen,
Either *Africa* must breed more monsters,
Or you make fewer Gentlemen. Mr. Herald,
For you have spent all my devices already.

Here is pyed mantle,
'Cause he's an Affe, do not I love a Herald?
Who is the pure preserver of descents,
The keeper fair of all Nobility,
Without which all would run into confusion.
Were he a learned Herald, I would tell him,
He can give Arms and Marks, he cannot honour,
No more then money can make noble: it may
Give place, and rank, but it can give no virtue:
And he would thank me for this truth.

I have some skill in Heraldry, you give for your Crest
A Woodcocks head with the brains pick'd out, you are
A very ancient Gentleman.

1. I lack a Cullifon.

2. Why now you ride to the City, you may buy one,
I'll bring you where you shall have your choice for money.

1. Can you, sir? 2. Oh I, you shall have one take measure
Of you, and make y'a Coat of Arms to fit you, (sure)
Of what fashion you will. 1. By word of mouth,
I thank you, signior, I will be once
A little prodigall in an humour, in faith,
And have a most prodigious Coat.

1. He is at the Heralds Office yonder. 2. What,
Has he purchas'd Arms then? 1. I, and rare ones too,
Of as many colours as ere you saw fools Coat
In your life. I'll go look among the Bills, and see
If I can fit him with Legs to his Arms.

Of History.

It is a great fault in a Chronologer,
To turn Parasite, an absolute History should be
In fear of none, neither should he write any thing
More then truth, for friendship, or else for hate,
But keep himselfe equall and constant
In all his discourses.

In the age of *Assaracus* and *Ninus*,
About the Wars of *Thebes*, and siege of *Troy*,
There were few things committed to memory,
But those that were well worthy the preserving.
But now every trifle must be wrapp'd up in
The volum of eternity: a rich Pudding wife,
Or a Cobbler, cannot die, but his name is
Immortalized with an Epitaph: a Dog cannot piss
In a Noblemans shooe, but it must be sprinkled
Into the Chronicles: so that memories treasure
Was never more full, and yet never emptier
Of honourable and true heroicall Actions.

Chronologers are (many of them) so fantastick,
As when they being a Captain to the Combat,
Lifting up his revengefull Arm to dispart
The head of his Enemy, they'l hold up his arms
So long, till they have bestowed three or four Pages,
In describing the Golden Hilt of his threatening Faul-
(chion,
So that the Reader may well wonder his Adversary
Stabs him not, before he strikes.

There is a History in all mens lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
Which well observ'd, a man may prophesie
With a near aim, of the main chance of things.

As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings, lie intresured.

Of Honesty.

FOr my selfe, I have prepar'd this strength,
To do so well, that if there happen ill
Unto me, it shall make the Gods to blush,
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envied.

Men in themselves entire, and honest, may
March safe with naked feet, on coales of fire.

Ensue what can,
Tyrants may kill, nere hurt an honest man,
All to his good makes, spight of death and hell.

Let us still be good,
And we shall still be great, and greater far
In every solid grace, then when the tumour
And byle of rotten observation swell'd us.

To become sincere,
With all mens hates doth far exceed their loves,
To be as they are, mixtures of corruption.

Oh honesty, thou elder childe of Vertue,
Thou seed of heaven. why, to acquire thy goodnesse,
Should malice and distrust stick thornes before us
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?
But heaven is got by suffering, not disputing.

She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who never purpos'd wrong.

Oh poor goodnesse,
That onely pay't thy selfe with thy own works,
For nothing else looks towards thee.

brave Country-men, what's nature's part
 if fall, what's heavens can never, 'tis the odds
 at just men have of bad, still to the Gods
 they stand or fall.

deft simplicity is not alwayes defect of wit,
 wide all my abusers one after another,
 the Guts, till they shall stink worse then the Jews,
 and they shall find with most ashamed eyes,
 the honest breast lives onely rich and wise.

honest soul is like a Ship at Sea,
 that sleeps at Anchor when the Ocean's calm;
 but when she rages, and the wind blows high
 cuts his way with skill and majesty.

our head's still under heaven, trust to fate,
 god prospers more a just, then crafty state,
 'tis less disgrace to have a pityed losse,
 then shameful victory.

A just man cannot fear,
 for though the malice of traducing tongues,
 the open vastness of a Tyrants ear,
 the senseless rigour of the wrested Laws,
 the therr'd eyes of strain'd Authority,
 would in a point meet all, to take his life,
 his innocence is Armour 'gainst all these.

Just men,
 though heaven should speak with all his wrath at once,
 that with his breath the Hinges of the world
 should crack, they should stand upright, and unfeard.

As the light
 not onely serves to shew, but render us
 actually profitable; so our lives spent

In acts exemplary and honest, win
Our selves good names, and do to others give
Matter for vertuous deeds, by which thy live.

Good lives never can secure
Men from bad livers, worst men will make best
As bad as they, or heaven to hell they'll wrest.

Of Honour.

Honour never
Should be esteem'd with wise men, as the price
And value of their vertuous services,
But as their sign and badge; for that bewrayes
More glory in the outward grace of goodness,
Then in the good it selfe; and then 'tis said,
Who more joy takes, that men his good advances,
Then in the good it selfe, does it by chance.

Honour payes
Double where Kings neglect and he is valiant
Truly, that dares forget to be rewarded.

Oh honour,
How much we fight with weaknesse to preserve thee

Honour consists not in a bare opinion,
By doing any act that breeds content,
Brave in appearance, cause we think it brave.
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the Vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk; but reall honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquitted
By justice, or by valour, which for Basis
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who for thome of revenge,
Commits thefts, murders, larcens, and adulteries.

With such like, by interrenching on just Laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by justice:
And thus you see, how honour must be groundd
On knowledge, not opinion, for opinion
Lyes on probability and accident,
Our knowledge on necessity and truth.

As the pure Oare, refin'd, exceeds in value
Reble proportions of the Courser drosse;
So true desert in man an outward gloss.

Honour's the greatest of exteriour goods,
And must be still pursu'd, as the reward
Due unto vertue, through the greatest dangers.

When honour is the prize, and wronged justice
The cause that thrusts men on, they throw off one,
That they may get a better life, a life
Of fame, which is eternall, even on earth;
For that which they enjoy'd before was fading,
Sustained onely by the infirmities
Of one weak body, then it is supported
By the memories of all: the charge of it
Committed it unto a world of men;
Nor is't extinguished before the fame
Of the whole universe none are so surviving,
As the sons of glorious war.

In this partial avaritious age,
What price bears honour? Vertue? long ago,
It was but prais'd, and free'd; but now adayes
Tis colder far, and has noe love nor praise,
Very praise now doth freez too, for nature
Did make the Heathen far more Christian then,
Then knowledge us (lesse Heathenish) Christian men.

Honour's not won with words, true valour needs

No paint of ostentation, the wound
That has the greatest orifice, includes not
The greatest danger.

Captivity
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

Of Hope.

Hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

When once the main spring, hope, is faine into
Disorder, no wonder if the lesser wheelles.
(Desire and Joy) stand still: my thoughts, like Bees,
When they have lost their King, wander confusedly,
And settle no where.

While with vain hopes our faculties we tyre,
We seem to sweat in Ice, and freeze in fire.

Despair not yet, but know
You are the charge and businesse of those powers,
Who, like best Tutors, do inflict hard Tasks
Upon great natures, and of noblest hopes,
Read triviall Lessons, and half lines to slugs:
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more then halfe their age in ignorance.

Hope is in opposition with despair,
And like a zealous Advocate in the Cause
Of his afflicted Clyent, labours still
To overthrow the quirks fallacies
Despair is nimble in, whilst feare with trembling
Expects the trialls issue: By these three,
Mens Acts inform'd of, scann'd and canvas'd be,
At length by Conscience censur'd, they are sent
To have reward, or suffer punishment.

Hope is honours Enemy,
 Traytor unto worth, lies on the ground,
 In the base bottom of servility,
 The Beggars wealth, a treasure never found,
 The dream of them that wake, a Ghost of Air,
 That leads men out of knowledge to their Graves,
 A spirit of grosser substance then despair,
 And therefore let them hope that can be slaves.

Of Humility.

Would I had trod the humble path, and made
 My industry less ambitious; the shrub
 Securely grows the tallest Tree stands most
 In danger of the wind; thus we distinguish
 The noble from the base; the noble find
 Their lives and deaths still troublesome;
 But humility doth sleep, while the storm
 Grows hoarse with scolding.

This low door
 Instructs us how to adore the heavens, and bowes us
 To a mornings holy office; the Gates of Monarch
 Are arched so high, that Giants may Jet through
 And keep their impious Turbands on, without
 Good morrow to the Sun.

Oh that man, with such labour, should aspire
 To worldly height, when in the humble earth,
 The worlds condition's at the best? or scorn
 Inferiour men, since to be lower then
 A worm, is to be higher then a King?

Disguis'd humility,
 Is both the swift and safest way to pride.

There are some, that use

Humility to serve their pride, and learn
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wish'd journeys end.

It is a common proof,
That lowliness is young Ambitions Ladder,
Where to the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Of Humour, Inclination.

Some men
Attend the talking Drum, and riddle out
Their lives on earth with madness, sophistry,
Calling their loss their gain, danger delight.
Some men converse with books, and melt the brain
In sullen study, how to vindicate
The Liberal Arts; those lose formality,
Then grow methodicall, and die in the dark.
Some practise rules of state, and suffer much
For honours sake; nay, tread upon themselves
At first to reach the higher. Some pursue
The plough, and in their wholesome sweat do swim.
And some, that furnish'd are with nimbler soules,
Employ their time in wanton exercise,
Masques and Revels, the Complements of love,
And love I find the easiest vanity.

I'll follow him through the world, to Cuckold him.
That's my way now: every one has his Toy
While he lives here; some men delight in building
(A trick of Babel, which will nere be left)
Some in consuming what was rais'd with toyling,
Many in getting honour, I in spoiling.

What strange ballance are mens humours poiz'd,
 And each light change within us, or without,
 Turns fear to hope, and hope again to doubt?
 Thus it work in man, much more in Thrones,
 Whose tender heights feel all the Airs that move,
 And work that change below, they use above,
 For on the Axis of our humours turn
 Church Rites, and Laws, Subjects desire and wit.

Is but observing a mans humour once,
 And he may have him by the nose all his life.

Of Husbands.

A Narrow minded Husband is a Thief
 To his own fame, and his preferment too,
 He shifts his parts and fortunes from the world,
 While, from the popular vote and knowledge, men
 Give life to employment in the State.

To married men be this a Caution,
 Which let them duely tender as their life)
 Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.

I find there are
 No greater Libertines then married men :
 'Tis true, 'twas dangerous, this knot in the
 First age, when it was a crime to break vowes :
 But (thank's to *Kenus*) the world's alter'd now,
 And we act other parts. I will tell thee
 The priviledges we enjoy, when we are married.
 First, our secrecie is held authentick,
 Which is assurance will take up any woman
 At interest, that is not peevish : Then th' acquaintance
 Which our Wives bring us, to whom, at times, I carry
 My wives commendations, and if their Husbands
 Be not at home, I do commend my selfe.

The knave has more wives then the great Turk,
He has a wife almost in every Shire in *England*.

He that dares violate the Husbands honour,
The husbands curse stick to him, a tame Cuckold,
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No Conscience to reclaim her from a Monster.
Let her lie by him-like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour.
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
And find no earth that's base enough to bury him.

Of Idlenesse, Sloth, &c.

Secure and idle persons never thrive,
When most the Gods for their advancement strive.

When he does dye that liv'd a shade,
His sleepes continued then, not made.

See the issue of your sloth,
Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,
Of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending,
Of spending comes want, of want comes theft,
And of theft comes hanging.

It is lascivious ease,
That gives the first beginning to all ills,
The thoughts being busied on good objects, sin
Can never find a way to enter in.

When man turns base, out-goes his soules pure flame,
The fat of ease overflowes the eyes of shame.

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more;

ure he that made us with such large discourse,
looking before and after, gave us not
that capability, and Godlike reason
to fust in us, unus'd.

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves,
Omission to do what is necessary,
Seals a Commission to a blank of danger,
And danger, like an Ague, subtilly taints
Even then, when we sit idly in the Sun.

Of Jealousie.

Jealousie is

No better signe of love, then Feavers are
Of life, they shew there is a being, though
Impair'd and perishing, and that affection
But sick and in disorder.

Of all

Our passions, I wonder nature made
The worst, foul-jealousie, her Favorite;
And if it be not so, why tooke she care
That every thing should give the monster nourishment,
And left us nothing to destroy it with?

All Jealousie

Must still be strangled in the birth, or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth.

They, that have the yellow Jaundise, think
All objects they look on to be yellow,
Jealousie is worse, her fits present a man
(Like so many bubbles in a bason of water)
Twenty severall crabbed faces, many cinies
Makes his own shadow his Cuckold-maker.

Jealousie

Jealousie may be call'd, poor mortalls plague,
 For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
 The houses of the brain; first, it begins
 Solely to work upon the phantasie,
 Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
 As soons corrupts the judgement, and from thence,
 Sends the contagion to the memory,
 Still each of other catching the infection,
 Which as a searching vapour, spreads it selfe
 Confusedly through every sensive part,
 Till not a thought or motion of the mind
 Be free from the black poyson of suspect.

In these miseries of Jealousie,
 Our ear hath greater credit then the eye.

Though in love
 Suspicion to men a torment be,
 There is no friend to womens jealousy.

What gain hath jealousy?
 Fruitlesse suspicions, sighes, ridiculous groanes,
 Hunger and lust will break through flesh and stones.
 What mad Lords are your jealous people then,
 That lock their wives from all men but their men?
 So oft it happens (to the poors reliefe)
 Keepers eat Venison when their Lords eat Beef.

The Devill gives this jealousy to Man,
 As nature doth a Tayl unto a Lyon,
 Which thinks in heat, to beat away the flies,
 When he doth most enrage himselfe with it.

This jealous Knight does with his wife,
 Like a cowardly Captaine in a Town of Garrison,
 Fears every assault, trembles at a battery,

And doubts most, lest the Gates should be opened:
And his Enemy let him in at midnight.

Jealousie is a Hell, but they that will thrive, must enter
Their wares as they can, and wink at small fautes.

Beware of jealousie,
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on; that Cuckold lives in blisse,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger.
But oh what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves?
Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endlesse is as poor as Winter
To him, that ever fears he shall be poor.

Of Ignorance.

Thus ignorance when it hath purchas'd honour,
It cannot weild it.

Thou art happy, that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery; all our wit and reading
Brings us but to a truer sence of sorrow.

Who speaks he know's not what,
Shall never sin 'gainst his own conscience.

The worst of chance
Is to crave grace for heedlesse ignorance.

I a Philosopher?
I studied Titelman sometimes in the Colledge,
As others did, and wanting *Epietetus*
Lanthorn, slept alwaies with a watching Candle
In my study window, and might very well
Dream over learning ore my Desk, or so;

What

What *Aristotle* might infuse into
 My sleeps, I know not, but waking, I nere troubled
 My selfe to understand him, true, I lov'd
 His Book *De Cælo*, for the heavenly Title,
 And made my Father buy it for my study
 Of Divinity, told him, I would be a Bishop,
 That brought me threescore pounds a year for sack.

Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in Office, (fust)
 Thou that hast no more knowledge then thy Clerk is
 Thy Dapper Clerk, larded with ends of Latin,
 And he no more then custom of offences.
 Thou unreprievable dunce, that thy formal Bandstring
 Thy Ring nor Pomander cannot expiate for:
 Dost thou tell me, I should know? I'le pose thy worshipping
 In thy own Library, an Almanack,
 Which thou art dayly poring on, to pick out
 Dayes of iniquity, to cozen fools in,
 And full Moons, to cut Cattel.

Of Impudence.

While sin is modest
 It may be heal'd, but if it once grow impudent,
 The fester spreads above all hope of cure.

I never heard yet,
 That any of these bolder vices wanted
 Lesse impudennce, to gainsay what they did,
 Then to perform it first.

They that never would be track'd
 In any course, by the most subtil sence,
 Must bear it through with frontless impudence.

Impudence,
 Thou Goddess of the palace, Mistress of Mistresses,
 To whom the costly perfum'd people pray,

Strike

Strike thou my forehead into damndesse Marble,
My eyes to steady Saphirs, turn my Visage,
And if I needs must glow, let me blush inward,
That this immodest season may not spy
That choler in my cheeks, fool-bashfulnesse,
That Maid of the old times, whose flush of grace
Could never suffer her to get good Cloathes.

Who once doth cherish sin, begets his shame,
Ice being foster'd, becomes impudence,
Which makes men count sin custome, not offence.

Let me alone, 'Tis all the grace tis born to.

Vicious persons when they are hot, and flesh'd
In impious Acts, their constancy abounds,
Damnd deeds are done with greatest confidence.

Such who know the weight of Princes fear,
Will, when they find themselves discover'd, reare
Their forces like seen Snakes, that else would lie
Howl'd in their Circles close: Naught is more high,
Daring or desperate then offenders found,
Where guilt is, rage and courage both abound.

Of Inconstancy.

Thou art more inconstancie,
Then all ill women ever were together,
Thy faith is firm, as raging overflows,
That no Bank can command, as lasting 'tis,
As Boyes gay bubbles blown in th'are and broken:
The wind is fixt to thee, and sooner shall
The beaten Marriner with his shrill whistle,
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled Main,
And strike it smooth again, then thy soul fall

T'have

Thave peace in love with any: thou art all
 That all good men must hate, and if thy story
 Shall tell succeeding Ages what thou wert,
 Oh let it spare me in it, least true lovers
 (In pity of my wrongs) burn thy black legend
 And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes.

Let us examine all the Creatures, read
 The Books of Nature through, and we shall find
 Nothing doth still the same: the stars do wander,
 And have their divers influence, the Elements
 Shuffle into innumerable changes,
 Our Constitutions vary, Herbs and Trees
 Admit their frosts and summer: and why then
 Should our desires, that are so nimble, and
 More subtile then the spirits in our blood,
 Be such staid things within us, and not share
 Their naturall liberty?

Inconstancy is a monster without teeth,
 For it demureth none, makes no son wear
 His happy mourning, nor Mother childlesse.
 And for my part, I am of opinion,
 The Gods give blessing to it, for none live happier,
 Then those that have the greatest share of it.

What to our selves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either griefe or joy,
 Their own chaacters with themselves destroy.
 Where joy most revells, griefe doth most lament,
 Griefe joyes, joy grieves, no slender accident.
 This world is not for aye, nor is it strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love leads fortune, or else fortune loves.

It is the lesser blot (modestly finds)
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.
Then men their minds? 'tis true, oh heaven, were man
Not constant, he were perfect, that one errour
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all sins,
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

He wears his faith, as the fashion of his hat,
That ever changes with the next block.

'Tis common.

He that loves woman, here is true to woman.
Experience daily proves, he loveth none
With a true heart, who affects more than one.

Oh violent change and whirl
Of men's affections! as if that both
Their bulks and souls were bound on fortunes wheel,
And must act onely with her motion.

A Contract broke, though piec'd up here so wellly
Heaven sees, Earth suffers, but it ends in hell.

Of Incontinency.

Lust is a Vice
Sooner condemn'd then banish'd, easily spoke a
But yet 'twill fawn as smoothly on our flesh,
As Circe on the Grecian Travellers,
When she detain'd them in the shape of beasts.

Oh traitor lust,
That leads us with encouragement to fight,
And when we have discharg'd our vynes for dore,
We are besieged with thoughts that more perplex us
Then the former, for then we did complain
Of strength, but now of weaknesse more.

Away, away, 'tis time that I were gone.
The

The modest morn doth blush in th' East, as if
Asham'd to see so foul a Ravisher.

Though lust do mask in nere so strange disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise.

Now I find our house
Sinking to ruine, Earth-quakes leave behind,
Where they have tyranniz'd, Iron, Lead, or Stone,
But woe to ruine, violent lust leaves none.

Lust, like the Plummet hanging on Clock-lines,
Will nere have done, till all is quite undone,
Such is the course salt fallow lust doth run.

No power is angry, when the lustfull dye,
When Thunder claps, heaven likes the Tragedy.

The strongest Argument, that speaks
Against the soules eternity, is lust,
That wise, mans folly, and the fools wisdom.

There is no faith in lust,
And she that dares be false to one she loves,
Will swyne with all the world, and never blush for't.
Kiss and betray as often.

Tis more dangerous to be a Leacher,
Then to enter upon a breach: yet how securely
He munches: his thoughts are sweeter then the m. at he
He little dreams of his destruction, (for him
His fearfull ruine not to be withstood,
The end of Viceroy in disease or blood.

Oh with what virtue lust should be withstood,
Since 'tis a fire seldom quench'd without blood!

Lust is most like an ever-swoln River,

That

That breaks all bounds; 'tis a Devill bred in the blood,
Lives in desire, and like the Salamander,
Lives in continuall fire. It sprowteth larger
In Joy, which embraceth, twisteth and entangleth
Every one in its reach, and makes no choice
Between the goodliest Cedar, and the stinking Elder.
It is a foul usurper on the name of love,
And reigns with greater dominion then an Emperour:
It is a very leperous Itch, it stains, and leaves
A fouler spot upon the soul then tears
Can wash away.

Flattery is the most sneaking sin that
Man can be acquainted with, it cannot
Endure to be in company, but creeps
Into corners, and hides it selfe in the dark still.

Lust is a gilded Pill,
Which sinfull nature doth prescribe desire:
It mocks the sense with pleasure, but at last
The shining outside leaves a bitter tast.

Whole Lordships have been spent
On a fleshly device, yet the Buyer
At the end had nothing but a French repentance,
And the curse of Surgery for his money.

As Virtue never will be mov'd,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant Angel link'd,
Which fate it selfe in a celestially Bed,
And prey on Garbidge.

Of Industry, Indevour.

THE Gods
That heretofore have sav'd you, can do it still,
L But

But th'are not wishings, or base womanish prayers,
 Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counsell, action,
 Which they will be ashamed to forsake,
 'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardize.

The chiefeſt Action for a man of ſpirit,
 Is never to be out of Action, we ſhould think
 The ſoul was never put into the body,
 Which has ſo many rare and curious pieces,
 Of Mathematical motion, to ſtand ſtill.
 Virtue is ever ſowing of her ſeeds
 In the Trenches for the Souldier, in the wakefull ſtudy
 For the Scholler, in the furrows of the ſea,
 For men of that profeſſion, of all which
 Arife and ſpring up honour.

When Victory can reap
 A harveſt crown'd with triumph, toyl is cheap.

He that could
 So aid weak nature by his care and labour,
 As to compell a Crab-tree-ſtock to bear
 A precious fruit of this large ſize and beauty,
 Would, by his induſtry, change a petty Village
 Into a populous City, and from that,
 Erect a flouriſhing Kingdom.

Our remedies oft in our ſelves doe lie,
 Which we aſcribe to heaven; the fated ſkie
 Gives us free ſcope, onely doth backward pull
 Our ſlow deſignes, when we our ſelves are dull.

Impossible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
 That weigh their paines in ſence, and do ſuppoſe
 Who hath been cannot be; who ever ſtrove
 To ſhew her merit, that did miſſe her love.

Of Infamy, Reproach, Shame, &c.

Shame doth extinguish lust, as Oyl doth fire,
The blood once heat, shame doth enflame it more.
What they before by Art dissembled most,
They act more freely, shame once found is lost.

Thy shame, more: then thy wounds, does grieve me far,
Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar;
But fame never heals, still rankles worse and worse,
Such is of uncontrouled lust the curse.

Where shame's enforc'd too much on a Delinquent,
It breeds rather audacious defence
Of the sin, then a sincere repentance:
Soft Rain slides to the root, and nourishes,
Where great storms make a noise, wet but the skin
Of the Earth, and run away in the Channel.

Great Arts best write themselves in their own stories,
They dye too basely, who out-live their glories.

Shame ever sticks close to the Ribs of honour,
Great men are never sound men after it,
It leaves some Ach or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at every weather.

He breathes most accurst,
That lives so long to see his name dye first.

When the glories of our lives, mens loves,
Clear Consciences, our fames and loyalties
(That did us worthy comfort) are eclips'd,
Grief and disgrace invade us, and for all
Our night of life besides, our misery craves
Dark earth would ope, and hide us in our graves.

Sin and shame ever tyed together

With

With Gordian knots, of such a strong thred spun,
They cannot without violence be undone.

Of ingratitude.

FAVOURS are writ in dust, but stripes we feel,
Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel.

When Dogs fly on their Masters, it is just
We strangle them, neither their kind nor use
Considered.

Good services

To a malicious and ingratefull Prince,
Are rather causes of suspect then love,
And when mens Actions do transcend reward,
They then descend to punishment.

Such the rewards of great employments are,
Hate kills in peace, whom fortune spares in war,
And this is that high grace of Kings we seek,
Whose favour and whose wrath consumes alike.

'Tis even the generall thanks of all aspirers,
When they have all a Kingdom can impart,
They write above it still their own desert.

Oh unthankfull wretch !

This is the worlds soul, just of the same piece
Is every flatterers spirit. Who can call him friend
That dips in the same dish ? *Tymon* has been
This Lords Father, and kept his credit with his purse
Supported his Estate : nay, *Tymons* money
Has paid his men their wages : he nere drinks,
But *Tymons* silver treads upon his lip ;
And yet (oh see the monstrosnesse of man,
When he looks out in an ungratefull shape)

does deny him, in respect of his,
that charitable men afford to Beggars,
Religion grones at it.

Who truth do onely but to hate it know,
they nothing fear, but only to do good,
thankfulnesse is ever valiant so.

Of Injury, iniustice, wrong.

Words, if they proceed of levity
Are to be scorn'd; if th'out of madnesse fall,
they must be pittied; if of injury,
emitted quite, or else not felt at all,
or of themselves they vanish by disdain,
or if pursued, they will be thought not vain.

Wrong is as men think it, and I see
keeps the world the best in exercise,
that else would languish, and have nought to do :
Discord in parts, makes harmony in the whole,
and some must laugh, while other some condole.

Who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curs'd
in that, which meaner men are bless'd withall.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from Earth : if he have any child,
it shall be crossly match'd.

Wrongs, like great Whirl-winds,
Shake highest Battlements, few for heaven would care,
Should they be ever happy, th'are halfe Gods,
Who both in good dayes, and good fortunes share.

Injuries are things I am slow

L 3

To

To justifie, as commit : they are commonly
 The Children of choler, and such bastard issue
 Shameth the parents ; and if thorough weaknesse
 I get them at any time, I hide them if I can
 With satisfaction.

In man, wrongs past compare,
 Should be well nourish'd, as his virtues are :
 I'd have it known unto each valiant sprite,
 He wrongs no man, that to himself does right.

Ill deeds are well turn'd back upon their Authors,
 And 'gainst an Injurer, the revenge is just.

Of Joy, Mirth.

THere's no joy on earth,
 Never so rationally, so pure, so holy,
 But is a Jester, Parasite, a Whore,
 In the most worthy parts with which they please,
 A drunkenness of soul, and a disease.

Joyes unexpected, and in dangerous plight,
 Are still most sweet, and prove from whence they come
 When earth's still moon-like confidence in joy,
 Is at her full ; true joy descending far
 From past her sphere, and from that highest heaven
 That moves, and is not mov'd.

Gently my joyes distill,
 Lest you do break the Vessell you should fill.

What unsubstantial bubbles are the best
 Of humane joyes ? Oh fortune, how extream
 Thou art, in all thy favours and thy frowns ?

Joy never feasts so high,

when the first course is of misery.

True Joy is onely hope, put out of fear,
and honour hideth error every where.

The best mirth for
A Lawyer, is, to have fools to his Clyents;
for Citizens, to have Noblemen pay their debts:
for Taylors, to have store of Sattin brought in,
for then, how little so ere their houses are,
They'l be sure to have large Yards. The best mirth
for Bawds, is, to have fresh handsome whores;
And for Whores, to have rich Gulls come aboard
Their Pinnaces, for then they are sure to build Gally-
(asse,

Things that we dayly see, th' affections cloy,
Hopes long desired, bring the greatest joy.

Of Justice, &c.

Justice fatall is,
As Gods bequest to them that do amisse.

Oh why is every perfect good
Compas'd with such a multitude of ills?
Not the most sacred and puissant Throne
Of divine Justice (whose majestick form
Bears a resemblance of that power supream,
That equalls Kings and slaves, by giving each
Deserved vengeance for their Actions)
Can stand secure, but all the brood of hell,
Bribes, respects, envy, and what ere perverts
The strictest line of virtuous equity,
Will presse up to the judgement seat and there
Transform the beauteous picture of the God-head,
Into the hatefull shapes of tyranny,

Of blood and murther.

All other vertues

Depend on justice she alone is perfect,
 Without addition in her selfe. A Prince
 Cannot deservedly wear the royal title
 That orders not it, nor is order'd by it.
 Justice with tyranny may be allow'd
 Rather then partiality, for that
 Emboldens sin, the other makes it fear.

The Gods

Grow angry with your patience, 'tis their care
 (And must be yours) that guilty men escape not,
 As crimes do grow, Justice should rouz it selfe.

How false a heart corruption has, how base,
 Without true worth, are all these earth-bred glories?
 Oh blessed Justice, by which all things stand,
 That stills the thunder, and makes lightning sink
 'Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike.

Justice is such huge odds,
 That him that with it fears, heaven must renounce
 In his Creation.

I lov'd him well, but I love justice more,
 Our friends we should affect, Justice adore.

All mercy (in a Prince) makes vile the state,
 All justice makes even cowards desperate.

Justice could never yet with all her care,
 So carve out punishment, but that the innocent
 Were wounded with the blow, and felt the judgement
 Of another sin, while with her sword she cuts
 Off the offending parent :

The Child is made an Orphan in the Cradle,
And mourns hereafter, 'cause he had no fault.

In the corrupted currents of this world
Offences gild'd hand may shove by justice:
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it selfe,
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in Evidence.

Mercy I shew most when I justice shew,
For then I pittie those I do not know,
Which a disguis'd offence would after gall,
And do him right, that answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

Vengeance, though slow pac'd,
At length o're-takes the guilty, and the wrath
Of the incens'd powers will fall most sure
On wicked men, when they are most secure.

No power is strong or firm, that hath not justice
For its base, unlesse the Gods could cease to be.

Of Kings, Princes.

From Kings themselves, when fortune turns her face,
Then need they most, yet least may use their own,
So dearly mans unthankfulnesse is known.

The state of Kings is large, yet lacks in this,
That each thing easie, but not lawfull is.

Princes all
Feel part of those scorns, whereby one doth fall.

Prin-

Princes lives are fortunes misery,
As dainty sparks, which till men dead do know,
To kindle for himselfe each man doth blow.

The Gods, whom Kings should imitate,
Have plac'd you high, to rule, not over-throw,
For us, not for your selves, is your estate,
Mercy should hand in hand with power go.
Your Scepter should not strike with armes of fear,
Which fathoms all mens imbecillity,
And mischief doth, lest it should mischief bear:
As reason deals within with frailty,
Which kills not passions that rebellious are,
But adds, substracts, keeps down ambitious spirits;
So must power form no ruine Instruments:
For flesh and blood, the means 'twixt heaven and hell,
Unto extreams extreamly racked be,
Which Kings in Art of Government should see,
Else they, that circle in themselves with death,
Poyson the Air wherein they draw their breath.

Oh why do Princes love to be deceiv'd,
And even do force abuses on themselves?
Their ears are so with pleasing speech beguil'd,
That truth they malice, flattery truth accompt,
And (their own souls and understanding lost)
Go, what they are, to seek in other mens.

Kings should look upward still,
And from those powers they know not, chuse a will

Ah humorous Kings, how are you toss'd like waves,
With breaths that from the Earth beneath you move,
Observed and betraid, known and undone,
By being nothing, unto all things won?
Frail man, that moulds his misfortune in thy wit,

giving thy made Idol leave to fashion
 thy ends to his for mark what comes of it,
 nature is lost, our being only chance,
 Where grace alone, not merit, must advance.

Men are deceiv'd, who think, there can be thrall
 beneath a virtuous Prince, with liberty
 Here lovelier looks then under such a Crown.

The rest of Greatnesse Princes may command,
 And therefore may neglect, only a long,
 A lasting, high, and happy memory
 They should, without being satisfied, pursue,
 Contempt of fame, begets contempt of virtue.

Princes have still their grounds rear'd with themselves
 Above the poor low flats of common men;
 And who will search the reasons of their Acts,
 Must stand on equall Bases.

All best turns

Princes soon convert to injuries,
 In estimation, when they greater rise
 Then can be answer'd. Benefits with them
 Are of no longer pleasure, then they can
 With ease requite them, that transcended once,
 Their studies are, not how to thank, but kill.
 It is their nature to have all men slaves
 To them, but they acknowledging to none:
 The meanes that makes their greatnes, must not come,
 In mention of it; if it do, it takes
 So much away, they think, and that which help'd
 Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye
 Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.

The Prince that feeds great Natures, they will sway him,
 Who nourisheth a Lyon, must obey him.

Prin-

Princes, that would their subjects should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the heads:
For men, by their example, patern out
Their imitations, and regard of Lawes,
A vertuous Court a world to virtue drawes.

He should be born gray-headed, that will bear
The Sword of Empire, Judgement of the life,
Free state and reputation of a man,
(If it be just and worthy) dwels so dark,
That it denies access to Sun and Moon.
The soules eye sharpened with that sacred light,
Of whom the sun it selfe is but a beam,
Must onely give that judgement. Oh how much
Erre those Kings then, that play with life and death,
And nothing put into their serious states
But humour, and their lusts? for which alone
Men long for Kingdoms whose huge Counter-poize
In cares and dangers, could a fool comprize,
He would not be a King, he would be wise.

Princes are Masters of their Lawes,
And may resolve them to what form they please,
So all conclude in justice, in whose stroak
There is one sort of manage for the great,
Another for Inferiours. The great mother
Of all productions, grave necessity,
Commands the variation, and the profit,
So certainly fore-seen, commends th' example.

Kings are compar'd to Gods, and should be like them,
Full in all right, in naught superfluous,
For nothing straying past right, for their right.
Raigh justly, and raigh safely; policy
Is but a Guard corrupted, and a way
Ventur'd in desarts, without guide or path.

When

When Sovereign Princes dare
Do Injurie to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pittie, and their prayers; and 'tis
In the free power of those whom they oppress,
To pardon them, each soul has a prerogative,
And priviledge royall, that was sign'd by heaven.

We may have proof against the sword, and tyranny
Of boysterous war that threatens us; but when
Kings frown, a Cannon mounted in each eye,
Shoots death to apprehension, ere their fire
And force approach us.

'Tis the chief misery of princes, never
To understand their own crimes, to sin in ignorance.

The lives of Princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong
They make the times by them go right or wrong.

Some Eagles that should gaze upon the Sun
Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease,
Since they from dunghil Cocks their prey can seize.

Oh the fate of Princes,
I am so us'd to frequent flattery,
That, being alone, I now flatter my self.

Kings many times give out of measure,
Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

Misery of Princes,
That must of force be censur'd by their slaves,
Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all, that all men will.

No Tyrant can prescribe to injury,

Kings

Kings rights may oft be sick, but never dye.

Princes, like Lyons, never will be tam'd,
A private man may yield, and not care how,
But greater hearts will break before they bow.

While Kings are strong,
What they'l but think, and not what is, is wrong:
Passion is reason, when it speaks from might:
Itell thee, man, nor Kings nor Gods exempt,
They both grow pale, if once they find contempt.

He's a right King, that dares do ought but wrong,
Fears nothing mortall, but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flattering puff:s
Of spongy Sycophants, who stands unmov'd
Despight the jussling of opinion.
Who can enjoy himselfe, mauer the throng
That strive to presse his quiet out of him;
Who sits upon Joves foot-stool (as I do)
Adoring, not affecting, Majestie:
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver Crown
Of clear content: this (Lucio) is a King,
And of this Empire every man's possess'd,
That's worth his soul.

All such as Princes once do groundly hate,
Let them provide to die, as sure as fate.

'Tis to be a Prince,
A Jaylors office, to keep men in bonds,
While toyl and treason all lifes good confounds.

The most remarkable point, in which Kings differ
From private men, is, that they not alone,
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allyed to them,

neerfulness or dependance, by their care,
ould be free from suspicion of all crimes.

Alas, what are we Kings,
Why do you, Gods, place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings?

Oh King,
Your very Actions should be a star
To guide your subjects, if you lose your piety,
What wickedness have not they licence for?

The right of Kings extends not onely
To the safe conservation of their own,
But also to the aid of such allies,
As change of time and state hath often times
Hurl'd down from carefull Crowns, to undergo
An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes.

Happy Kings,
Whose Thrones are raised in their subjects hearts.

It is the surer policy in Princes,
To govern well their own, then seek encroachment
Upon anothers right.

A Prince whose eye is chus'd to his heart,
Is seldom steady in the lists of love,
Unless the party he affects, do match
His rank in equal portion, or in friends.

Oh the miserable
Condition of a Prince, who, though he vary
More shapes then *Proteus*, in his mind and manners,
He

He cannot win an universall suff'rage,
 From the many-headed Monster, multitudes,
 Like Æsops foolish Frogs, they trample on him
 As a sencelesse block, if his Government be easie;
 And if he prove a Stork, they croak and rail
 Against him, as a Tyrant.

A Prince is never so magnificent,
 As when he is sparing to enrich a few,
 With the injuries of many.

Absolute Princes
 Have, or should have policy, lesse free will
 Then such as are their Vassals.

Princes then
 Grow less then common men, when they contest
 With him, by whom they are so.

It is in Kings,
 To make men rich and noble; but to give
 Legitimate shapes and virtues, does belong
 To the great Creator of them, to whose bounties
 Alone 'tis proper, and in this, disdains
 An Emperour for his Rivall.

Since that dread power, by whom we are, disdains not
 With open ear, to hear Petitions from us:
 Easie access in us, (his Deputies)
 To the meanest of our subjects, is a debt
 Which we stand bound to pay.

What a King does give,
 Should stand as firm as the Celestiall Poles
 Upon the shoulders of Atlas, or his
 Successor in that Office, great Alcides.

nces never more make known their wisdom,
when they cherish goodnesse where they find it,
being onely Godlike-men, not Gods,
they can give wealth and Titles, but no vertues,
that is without their power. When they advance
(not out of Judgement, but deceiving fancy)
an undeserving man, how ere set off
with all the trim of greatnesse, state, and power,
and of a Creature, even grown terrible
to him, from whom he took his Giant form;
his thing is still a Comer, no true Star:
and when the bounties feeding his false fire,
begin to fail, will of it selfe go out,
and what was dreadfull proves ridiculous.

That Land to't selfe must a quick downfall bring,
whose King has lost all but the name of King.

Of Knighthood, &c.

There are Celestiall and Terrestriall Knights,
Your Knight terrestriall is of a gross Element,
and lives upon Lands of his own: but your Celestiall,
lives by the Heir, that is by his elder Brother;
for it was was Knighted, when so 'few scap'd the sword,
and he it is, that now lives by the sword.

Knighthood is like Marriage now adayes,
which though it honourable be with all men,
yet it is beggerly with a great many.

I would not marry a Knight, if I might chuse,
there are so many, th'are forgotten what they are.
Nay, then I see y'are deceiv'd: why women,
they have most of them, taken an order never
to be forgotten, for they have book'd themselves down

On purpose: I know above three and twenty
 In one Mercers books in *Cheapside*, then judge you
 How many there are in all their Books; and there
 Is that, that will be witness, I warrant you,
 To after ages, what their forefathers have been.

1. Where learn'd you to swear by your honour, fool?
2. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour.
 They were good Pancakes, and swore by his honour.
 The Mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to't,
 The Pancakes we'e nought, and the Mustard was good.
 And yet the Knight was not forsworn,
 For he never had any honour to forswear,
 Or if he had, he had sworn it away,
 Before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

The Knight-hoods now adayes, are nothing like
 The Knight-hoods of old; they rid on horse-back, ours
 Go on foot; they were attended by their Squires,
 Ours by the Lackies; they went buckled in
 In their Armours, ours go muffled in their Cloaks;
 They travell'd Wildernesses and Desarts,
 Ours dare scarce pass the streets; they were still prest
 To engage their honours, ours are still ready to pawn
 Their Clothes; they would Gallop on, at sight of
 Ours run away at sight of a Serjeant: (Monks)
 They would help poor Ladies, ours make poor Ladies
 They were Knights of the round Table at *Winchester*
 That sought Adventures, but these of the square Table
 At Ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

I'll be a Knight too, if I live, and build
 An Hospitall for twenty more of the Order,
 Which I'll reduce my selfe out of the Suburbs.
 It is a shame such men should lose their spurs
 In womens Petticoats, and turn Squires again

Whores, or Paradieses to noble men,
or want of fit provision.

What scurvie Knights,

we have here in *Malta*, that when they are dubb'd,
take their Oath of Allegiance to live poor,
and chafly ever after? 2. Many Knights
of other Nations (as I have heard)
are as poor as ours, many where one of them
has taken the Oath of chastity, we want
new *Columbus* to find out.

A bots on the Knight that was here last night, he
(promis'd
to send me some wild-fowl; he was drunk, I'll be stew'd
Why, Mistress, do you not think he'll send them? (He.
Hang them, 'tis no more in fashion for them
to keep their promises, then 'tis for men
to pay their debts, he'll lie faster then a Dog trots.

There are a sort of Knights in Town, who know
Their Ladies to be Hens of the Game, and live
By treading, yet like metal'd Cocks, they never
hang their Gills for it; th'are sure fair Gamesters use
To pay the Box well, especially at In and In.
(Jons of Court Butlers would have had but a
Bad Christmas of it else) and what care they
if they can purchase plush, though their wives pay
in the hole for it.

Of Knowledge.

There's nothing makes man feel his miseries,
But knowledge onely, reason, that is plac'd
For man's director, is his chiefe affliction.

Abused knowledge, that were first given to man

A Light, now help't to dazle him, and what ere
 Befalls us, through our own imperfect judgement,
 Unbridled will does throw on fortune, chance
 I see, mans happineffe were his ignorance.

Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledge wretched,
 The heavenly powers envy what they injoyn,
 We are commanded t'imitate their natures,
 In making all our ends eternally :
 And in that imitation we are plagu'd,
 And worse then they esteem'd that have no souls,
 But in their nostrills, and like Beasts expire,
 As they do, that are ignorant of Arts,
 By drowning their eternall parts in sence,
 And sensuall affectations; while we live,
 The more they take away, the more they give.

1. From outward Actions man should not derive
 The knowledge of himselfe, for so he's made
 The Creature of beginnings, over which
 His virtue may command, Fortune and Chance.
 When he by speculation hath inform'd
 His divine part, he's perfect, and till then
 But a rough matter, onely capable
 Of better fortune. It oft begets my wonder,
 That thou, a rude Barbarian, ignorant
 Of all Art, but of wars, which custome onely
 Hath (being joyn'd to thy first nature) taught thee,
 Shouldst know so much of man. 2. I study man
 Better from practise, then thou canst by books ;
 Thy learning's but opinion, mine known truth,
 Subject to no gross errors, such as cannot
 Be reconciled, but by production
 Of new and greater.

Knowledge and Virtue are Endowments greater

Then

en nobleness and riches : careless heirs
y the two latter darken and expend ;
immortality attends the former,
king a man a God.

the more we know, the more we know we want,
that Bayard bolder then the ignorant ?
believe me friend, since reason sayes you must,
the perfect seal of wit, is wits distrust.

They are pathless moorish minds,
that being once made rotten with the dung
damned riches, ever after sink
neath the steps of any villany :
knowledge is the Nectar, that keeps sweet
perfect soul, even in this Grave of sin.

and such a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,
making them onely fit for his repentance.

What's my knowledge ?
not worth money ? what's my understanding,
travell, readings, wit, all these digested ?
daily making men ? as some to speak,
that too much flegm had frozen up ; some other
that spake too much, to hold their peace, and put
their tongues to pensions ; some to wear their clothes,
and some to keep them ; are these nothing, Uncle ?
hide these wayes, to teach the way of nature,
manly love, community to all,
that are deservers, not examining how much,
what is done for them, it is most wicked.

Of Law and Lawyers.

Law is the worlds great light, a second Sun
To this terrestriall Globe, by which all things
M 3 Have

Have life and being, and without this which,
 Confusion and disorder soon would seiz
 The generall state of men, wars, out-rages,
 The ulcerous deeds of peace, it curbs and cures:
 It is a Kingdoms eye, by which she sees
 The acts and thoughts of men.

2. The Kingdoms Eye?

I tell thee, fool, it is the Kingdoms Nose,
 By which, she smells out all the rich transgressors.
 Nor is't of flesh, but meerly made of wax:
 And 'tis within the power of us Lawyers
 To wrest this Nose of wax which way we please.
 Or it may be, as thou saiest, an Eye indeed;
 But if it be, 'tis sure a womans eye,
 That's ever rowling.

Then Angel sent amongst us, sober Law,
 Made with meek eyes, perswading Action,
 No loud immodest tongue, voye'd like a virgin,
 As chaste, and free from spot.
 How has abuse deform'd thee to all eyes,
 That where thy vertues sat, thy vices rise?
 Yet why so rashly, for one villaines fault
 Do I arraign whole man? admired Law,
 Thy upper parts must needs be sacred, pure,
 And incorruptible, they are grave and wise,
 'Tis but the dross beneath them, and the clouds
 That get between thy glory and their praise.
 That make the visible and foul eclipse.
 For those that are neer to thee are upright,
 As noble in their Conscience as their birth,
 Know that damnation is in every bribe,
 And rarely put it from them, rate the presenters,
 And scourge them with five years imprisonment,
 For offering but to tempt them.
 Thus is true justice exercis'd and us'd,

Voe to the giver when the Bribe's refus'd.
 'Tis not their will to have Law worse then wary
 Where still the poor st dye first,
 To send a man without a sheet to's Grave,
 Or bury him in his paper, nor to have
 A suit hang longer then a man in chaines,
 Let him be nere so fastned : they least know
 That are above) the tedious steps below.

He is a subtile Lawyer,
 have seen some of his Profession,
 Out of a case as plain, and clear as day
 To our weak judgements, and no doubt, at first
 Meant like our thoughts, by those that made the Law)
 Pick out such hard inextricable doubts,
 That they have spun a suit of seven years long,
 And led their hood-wink't Clyents in a wood,
 A most irretrievable labyrinth,
 Till they have quite consum'd them.

I would not marry a Civillian,
 For most of their posterity have ill luck,
 And what their Fathers got by bawdy Courts,
 They commonly spend it again in bawdy Houses.

I met in the City,
 A number of men in Gowns, with paper in their hands,
 These are the Sons of Justice, these are those
 That beat the Kingdom levell, keep it smooth,
 And without rubs, they are the poor mens Captain,
 The rich mens Souldiers, and call'd Lawyers.
 I wondred what they were, I ask'd one of them,
 If they were going to foot-ball : yes, said he,
 Do you not see these Country fellows? we
 Are against them, and who do you think shall win?
 Said I : oh, said he, the Gowns, the Gowns.

The

The Lawyer and Phyſitian here agrees,
To welcome Clyents, they give back their fees.

1. Still in Law?

I had not breath'd elſe now, 'tis very Marrow,
Very Manna to me, to be in Law,
I had been dead ere this elſe. I have found
Such ſweet pleaſure in the vexations of others,
That I could with my years over again, (clem
To ſee that fellow a begger, that bawling knave a Ge
A matter brought even to a judgement to day,
As far as ere it was to begin again to morrow.
Oh raptures, here a Writ of Demur,
There a Proceedendo, here a Suſurrara,
There a Capiendo, tricks, delays, money, Laws,
I have been a Term-trotter my ſelfe theſe five
And forty years, a goodly time, and a gracious,
In which ſpace I have been at leaſt 16 times begger'd,
And got up again, and in the mire again,
That I have ſunk again, and yet got up again;
Nay more (*In felicitate* be it ſpoken)
You ſee I am old, yet have I at this preſent,
Nine and twenty ſuits in Law, & all ſcarce worth 40 s
The pleaſure of a man is all: I'll recount ſome of them
A ſtake pull'd out of my hedge, there's one:
I was well beaten I remember, that's two: (three
I took one in bed with my wife, againſt her will, that
Was call'd Cuckold for my labour, that's four:
I took another a bed with her, that's five:
And then one call'd me Wittal, that's the ſixt:
He kill'd My Dog for barking, that's ſeven:
My Maid-ſervant was knock'd at that time, eight:
My wife miſcarried with a Puſh, nine: (*Et ſic decetera*)
I have ſo vex'd and begger'd the whole Pariſh
With Proceſſes, Subpena's, and ſuch like moleſtations,
They

They are not able to spare so much ready money
 from a Term, as would set up a new Weather-cock,
 The Church-wardens are faine to go to Law
 With the poors money: and I so fetch up all the men
 every Term time, that 'tis impossible
 To be at civill Cuckoldry within our selves,
 Maleffe the whole Country rise upon our wives.
 Then, if you wonder how I come by mney
 To maintain so many suits, this is my course,
 My Mare and I come up some five days before the Term,
 And here I lodge (as you see) among Innes, and places
 Of most receipt, by which advantage I
 Dive into the Country-mens Causes, furnish them
 With knavish counsell, little to their profit,
 Buzzing into their ears this Course, that Writ,
 This Office, that *Ultimam Refugium*
 (As you know I have words enow for the purpose)
 Enow in Conscience marry.
 Enow in Law, no matter for Conscience,
 For which busie laborious sweating custodie,
 They cannot chuse but feed me with money:
 Another speciall trick I have, which is
 To prefer most of them to one Attorney,
 Whom I affect best, to answer which kindnesse of mine,
 He'll sweat the better in my Cause, and do them
 The lesse good; take it on my word, I help'd
 My Attorney to more Clyents the last Term,
 Then he will dispatch all his life: I did it.

This wretch, that loved (as his food) his strife,
 This punishment falls even with his life,
 Thus to run mad: his pleasure was vexation,
 His onely blisse, the torment of another;
 Their hurt his health, their starved hopes his store:
 He that loves Law, dyes either mad or poor.

There

There is an honest conscionable Lawyer,
 He takes but ten shillings of a Bellows-mender:
 And here's another deales all for charity,
 You shall give him nothing, onely his wife
 An embroidred Peticoate, a gold Fringe for her tail,
 Or a Border for her head.

Of Learning

Learning doth make men saucy with their Maker,
 And false unto themselves, and women make us all
 (fools)

In disputation

I dare, for Latin, Hebrew, and the Greek,
 Challenge an Vniversity: yet (ill hap)
 Three learned Languages cannot set a nap
 Upon this thred-bare Gown: How is Art curst?
 She has the sweetest Limbs, and goes the worst,
 Like common Fiddlers, draws down others meat,
 With liquorish tunes, while they the scraps do eat.

Learnings Fort is strong,
 But poorly mann'd, and cannot hold out long,
 When golden bullets batter.

What fabulous errors Learning is attended with?
 Plato's five worlds, their Sempiternity,
 Pythagoras transmigration, and opinions,
 Judgement would blush to Father.

I have no other comfore by my learning,
 But the affliction of my words, to know
 How, Scholar-like, to name what I do want, and can
 Call my selfe begger both in Greek and Latin.

That delight is most vain,
 Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain,

As painfully to pore upon a Book,
To seek the light of truth, while truth the while,
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look,
And light, by seeking light, doth light beguile,
So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark, by losing of your eyes.

Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth, honour of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.

We see how vice doth grow
With knowledge, and brings forth a more increase,
When skillful men begin, how good men cease.

Of Liberty.

Let all go on still in the publique name
But keep an ear ope to particular officers:
Liberty, and publique good, are like great Olives,
Must have the upper end still of our Tables,
Though they are but for show.

Is liberty
The quarrell then? let us King, make an Act,
That any man may be unmarried again:
There's liberty for them: what doth a man
Of halfe-witted fellows quarrell about freedom,
And all that while allow the bonds of matrimony?

1. You had of all, least reason to rebell,
For would the King be unjust to you, he cannot,
Where there's so little to be had.
2. Where there is least, yet there is liberty,
And 'tis more injury to pull hairs from
The bald, then from the bushy heads.

Rea

Reasons sworn in generall to sence,
 Makes honour bondage, Justice an offence,
 Till liberty, that fair deceiving light,
 Turns mischief to an humour popular,
 Where good men catch'd in Nets of duty are.

Ignorance, and a dull
 Easie faith, must flatter bondage still,
 Or liberty, the eldest child of Nature,
 Confounds predominance, by suing for
 Equality among the sons of men,
 And so revokes a Chaos.

I now repent
 Severe indictions to some sharp styles,
 Freeness, so it grow not to licentiousnesse,
 Is gratefull to just States, most spotlesse Kingdom,
 And men most happy, born under good stars,
 Where what is honest you may freely think,
 Speak what you think, and write what you do speak,
 Not bound to servile soothings.

Of Life.

THe tenderesse of life it is so great,
 As any sign of death we hate too much,
 And unto Parents, Sons perchance are such.
 Yet nature meant her strongest Vnity,
 'Twixt Sons and Fathers, making Parents cause
 Unto the Sons of their humanity,
 And Children pledge of their eternity.

Desire to live,
 Posselleth all alike, and grieve not then,
 No priviledge Philosophy doth give,
 Though we speak more then men, we are but men.

Oh who is he that from himselfe can run,
That bears about the body of a man;
Who doth not toyl and labour to adjourn
The day of death, by any means he can?

Life is a frost of cold felicity,
And death the thaw of all our vanity.

Though life be griefe, labour, and misery,
Yet none would part with it, that I can see.

How poor a thing is life, that we cannot
Promise a minuts certainty, in the height
And strength of youth, falling to dust again.

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Be absolute for death or death or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,
If I do lose thee I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Subject to all the skyie Influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: meerly thou art deaths fool,
For him thou labour'st, by thy flight, to shun,
And yet runn'st towards him still: thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
Are nurs'd by baseness; th'art by no means valiant,
For thou dost fear the soft and tender Fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fearest
Thy death, which is no more. Th'art not thy selfe,
For

For thou existest of many thousand grains
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forgettest: Th'art not certain,
 For thy Complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moon. If thou art rich, th'art poor,
 For, like an Ass, whose back with Ingots bowes,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a Journey,
 And death unloads thee: Friends then hast thou none,
 For thy own bowels which do call thee fire,
 The meer effusion of thy proper loyns.
 Do curse the Gout, Sarpego, and the Rhume,
 For ending thee no sooner: Th'hast nor youth nor age,
 But, as it were, an after dinners sleep,
 Dreaming of both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied *Eld*, and when thou art old and rich,
 Th'hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant; What's in all this,
 That bears the name of life? yet in this life,
 Lie hid more thousand deaths, and death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Life is but a dark and stormy night
 Of senseless dreams, terrors, and broken sleeps,
 A tyranny devising paines to plague,
 And make man long in dying, racks his death,
 And death is nothing.

Of Love.

Love is a Rafor, cleansing, if well us'd,
 But fetcheth blood still when it is abus'd.

Love's resolute, and stands not to consult
 With petty terror, but in full career,
 Runs blindfold through an Army of misdoubts,

and interposing tears.

Love is noble frailty, but poor sin,
When we fall once to love, unlov'd again.

Vengeance take this love, it spoils a voice
Worse then the losing of a Maiden-head:
Have got such a cold with rising and walking
my shirts anights, that a Bittern whooping
a Reed, is better musick.

Love is not love, unless it doth persevere,
That love is perfect, that holds out for ever.

This idle passion doth my master prove,
The Gods themselves cannot be wife, and love.

Many ages before this,
When every man got to himselfe a Trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life for worse then death:
Some one, that gave himself to wine and sloth,
(Which breed lascivious thoughts) and found himselfe
Censur'd for that by every painfull man,
To take his stain away, fram'd to himselfe
A God, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest, for a name
He call'd him Cupid; This created God
(Mans nature being ever credulous
Of any vice, that takes part with his blood)
Had ready followers enow, and since
In every Age they have increas'd.

This Love, or what a Devill it is, I know not,
Begets more mischief then a Wake; I had rather be
Well beaten, starv'd, or lowzy, then live in the air of it.
He that had seen this brave fellow charge through

A

A grove of Pikes but t'other day, look on him now,
 And he will nere believe his eyes again.
 If he continue thus but two dayes more, (him
 A Taylor may beat him, with one hand tyed behind

Oh cursed love, that glories in Maids miseries,
 And true mens broken hearts!

Love is not innocent enough, to be
 A child, yet Poets give him Deity,
 Fond men, prove it in me, thou Quiver'd Boy,
 That love with equall flame, two Mistresses,
 I will believe thee a God, and kiss thy Dart,
 Furnish my bosome with another heart.

Love, like to sin, inveterate, is strong,
 He prevents danger that destroyes it young.

Oh love, upon
 What desperate actions dost thou engage us
 With scorn of oppositions? lik a fire,
 Which till it turn all that his flame can meet with
 into it selfe, expires not.

Love, thou art full of mystery, the Deities
 Themselves are not secure, in searching out
 The secrets of those flames, which hidden wast,
 A breast made tributary to the laws
 Of beauty; Physick yet hath never found
 A remedy to cure a lovers wound.

Love truly bred in the soul,
 Bleeds even to death, at the least wound it takes,
 The more we quench it still, the less it flakes,

Of Love and Lovers.

The state of true affection is,

Wonder at others worth, faith without hire,
wearied pain, unrecompenc'd desire.

Reason must judge of love, not love of it;
He shall love ground of every mischief be,
For murder, theft, adultery, and spight,
But love of revenge and others right.

Love is a God,

Strong, free, unbouded, and, as some define,
Wants nothing, pitieth none, such love is mine.

Oh love, what passion art thou?

Tyrannous and treacherous! first to enslave,
And then betray all that in truth do serve thee.
That not the warriest, nor the wisest Creature,
Can more dissemble thee, then he can bear
To burning coals in his bare palm or bosome,
And less conceal or hide thee, then a flash
Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it
Open to all discovery, even of those
Who have but half an eye, and lesse of Nose.

Some indignation now, and be my Mistress,

To more of loves ingratefull tyranny,
His wheel of torture, and his pits of Birdlime,
His Nets of Nooses, whirlpools of vexation,
His Mills, to grind his servants into powder:
Will go catch the wind first in a Sive,
Weigh smoak, and measure shadows, plough the water,
And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in love.
Farewell the craft of Crocodiles, womens piety,
And practice of it, in this art of flattering
And fooling men.

Loves service is much like our humorous Lords,
Where Mignons carry more then servitors,
The bold and carelesse servant still obtains,
The modest and respective nothing gains.

Lovers are like Astronomers,
That when the Vulgar eye discovers but
A skie above, studded with some few stars.
Find out besides, strange fishes, birds, and beasts.

Lovers in favour, are Gamesters in good fortune,
The more you set them still, the more they get,

'Tis sympathy
And love, that gives the world continuance
And life, each species love preservers; 'tis love
That makes th' eternall wisdom thus forbear
The silly crimes of dull humanity,
And suffers us, like each delighted fly,
To play the triviall wantons in his eye.

The loves we know,
Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated,
Desire stirr'd up by nature to increase,
The licking one another into lust,
Course and base appetites, Earths meer Inheritors,
The Heirs of idleness and blood; pure love
Is that the soul affects, and cannot purchase,
While she is loaden with our flesh, that love
Which is the price of honour dwells not here,
Your Ladies eyes are Samples to that virtue,
That beauty smiles not on a Cheek wash'd over,
Nor scents the sweets of Amber.

None that have eyes, will follow the direction
Of a blind guide, and what do you think of Cupid?

Women are either fools, or very wise,
Take that from me; the foolish women are
Not worth your love, and if a woman know
How to be wise, she will not care for you.

Love's but a Card-play, all is lost
Unless you cog, he that packs best, wins most.

Poor heart, take heed,
Love, yet be wise, impossible, none can;
Were the wise man claim one foolish hour,
It is when he loves, he's then in follies power.

Though nothing is more just than a noble love,
Yet nothing ought to be more secret.

None are to be admitted to the Rites
Of it, but the God, and the two parties.
You are not well acquainted with the Laws
Of a diviner love, that can imagine

The progress of it a tedious pilgrimage,
And that they languish, that do live in hope.

The means is more delightfull than the end,
Then is the bloom and spring of joy, when it

Is green, as it grows riper, the blossom
Falls, and turns to profit, the perfection

Is the first decay of love, and there is

A marriage of the soul, precedes the other
In time and excellence, and is perform'd

By a Hymen of a more extracted Deity.

Whose Torch is purer than th'element of fire.

These are Laws unknown

To your unfashioned Cupid, who perhaps

May wound a breast amongst those ruder souls;

Who think, they ought to exchange heart for heart,

And love only in requitall; But here,

A Nobleness must tip the Shaft, as well

As goodnesse, or else it pierces but to pittie.

At these games of love,
We set all, but the best is, we cannot stake,
And there's no losse of credit in the breaking.

Love is like to wax,
The more 'tis rubb'd, it sticks the faster to ;
Or like a Bird in Birdlime, or a pit-fall,
The more he labours, still the deeper in.

This Love's a troublesome thing, *Jupiter* bleesse us
Out of his fingers, there's no estate can rest for him.
He runs thorough all Countries, will travell
Through the *Isle of Man* in a minute,
But never is quiet till he come into *Middlesex*,
And there keeps his Christmas ; 'tis his habitation,
His Mansion, from whence he'l never out
Till he be fir'd.

Love is an idle phantasie, bred by desire,
Nurs'd by delight, an humour, that begins his dominion
In *Leo*, the Lyon, the sign of the heart, and ends
In *Aries*, the Ram, the sign of the head.
His power is, to stir the blood, prick up the flesh,
And fill the body with a libidinous humour.

Young mens love is like lvie, it must have
Somewhat to cleave to, or it prospers not.
Love is like fasting dayes, but the body is
Like flesh dayes, and it is our English Gallants fashion
To prefer a morsell of flesh, before
All the fasting dayes in the year.

Now I conceive what is Platonick love,
'Tis to have men in Litters brought disguiz'd,
To cuckold us in virtue.

Oh where should I complain?
 We have no Bar to plead at, nor no laws
 To rule us by, nor Court to judge our cause.

It not derogates
 From the best difference in mans composition,
 To love for that best speaks him man, and argues
 He hath a spirit capable of things
 Worthy his being.

Of Luxury, Riot.

Thou dost not drink the youth of *Norway* at (ster
 Their marriage Feasts, out-swear a puny Game-
 When his first mis-fortune rages, out quarrell
 One that rides post, and is stopp'd by a Cart:
 Thy walking hours are later in the night,
 Then those which Drawers, Traytors, or Constables
 Themselves do keep, for Watchmen know thee better
 Than their Lathorn.

I have liv'd
 Riotously ill, like some that live in Court,
 And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,
 Have felt the maze of Conscience in my breast,
 Of gay and honour'd Robes those tortures try,
 We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry.

Madcaps, you have bewitch'd me among you,
 I was as well given, till I fell to be wicked,
 My Grandfire had hope of me, I went all in black,
 Swore but on Sundayes, never came home drunk
 But upon fasting Nights, to cleanse my stomach:
 Now I am quite altered, blown into light colours;
 Let out Oathes by the minute, sit up late, till it be early,
 Drink drunk till I am sober, sink down dead
 In a Tavern, and rise in a Tobacco-shop.

Here is a transformation: I was wont
 To pittie the simple, and leave them some money,
 And now I gull them without conscience,
 I go without order, swear with number,
 Gull without mercy, and drink without measure.

Into how sad a toyl
 Pride and swift riot run, when mean content
 Sits low, yet happy? and when their day is spent,
 All that we get is labour and unrest,
 A hatefull Grave, and worst, a troubled breast.

I am hot in my ambition, dry in my Jest,
 Cold in my charity, and moist in my luxury.

To what extreams doth this licentious time,
 Hurry unstayed youth? Nor Gods, nor Laws,
 (Whose penall scourges are enough to save
 Even damned fiends) can, in this looser Age
 Confine unbounded youth.

Who yieldeth unto pleasures, and to lust,
 Is a poor captive that in golden setters
 (And precious as he thinks, but holding gives)
 Frets out his life.

It is a shame, that man, that has the seeds
 Of-virtue in him, springing unto glory,
 Should make his soul degenerate with sin,
 And slave to luxury; to drown his spirits
 In Lees of sloth, to yield up the weak day
 To wine, to lust, and banquets.

I would have you proceed, and seek for fame
 In brave exploits, like those that snatch their honour
 Out of the Talons of the Roman Eagle,
 Those are brave men, not you, that stay at home,
 And dresse your selfe up like a Pageant,

With thousand antique and extotick shapes,
 That make an Idol of a Looking-glass,
 Prucing your selfe two hours by it, with such
 Postures, and postures, that a waiting-wench
 Would be asham'd of you, and then come forth
 To adore your Mistreis Fan, or tell your dream,
 Ravish a kisse from her white Glove, and then
 Compare it with her hand; to praise her gown,
 Her Tyre, and discourse of the fashion,
 Discovery make, which Lady paints, which not,
 Which Lord playes best at Gleek, which best at Racket,
 These are fine Elements.

Of Lying.

HE will lie like a Lapwing, when she flies;
 Far from her sought nest, still here 'tis, she cries.

do beseech thee to be rul'd by me,
 And do not lie: if any man should ask thee
 But how thou dost, or what a clock 'tis now,
 Be sure thou do not lie, make no excuse
 For him that is most neer thee, never let
 The most officious fallshood 'scape thy tongue;
 For they above, that are entirely truth,
 Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies,
 Yield miseries a thousand fold upon
 Thy head, as they have done on mine.

Lies hide our sins like Nets, like perspectives,
 They draw offences neerer, make them greater.

Take heed of lies, truth, though it trouble some minds,
 (Some wicked minds, that are both dark & dangerous,
 Yet) it preserves it selfe, comes off pure, innocent,
 And like the Sun, though never so eclips'd,
 Must break in glory.

Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales, Poets when they rage,
Turn Gods to men, and make an hour an age.

A woman cannot want
Excuses, you must to the *Burse*, to buy Lawn,
To St. *Martin's* for Lace, to your Garden, to the *Glasse*
To your Gossips, to the Poulterers, or else (house)
Take out an old *Ruffe*, and go to the Sempsters:
Excuses? why they are more ripe then Medlars
At Christmas.

When *Mendacio* hath remembrance on the one hand,
And invention on the other, as he'l be sure
Nere to be found with truth in his mouth, so he
Scorns to be taken in a lie,

Of Madnes.

I Am of the opinion that *Stertinius*
(The Stoick) was, who held all the world mad.
What is Ambition and Covetousnesse,
Or Luxury, or Superstition,
But madnesse in us? and these raign generally:
Your Lawyer trots and writes as he were mad,
His Clyent is madder then he: your Merchant
That marries a fair wife, and leaves her at home, is mad,
Your Courtier is mad to take up Silks and Velvets
On ticket for his Mistresse; and your Citizen
Is mad to trust him.

Madnes is not
Such a discredit as the age goes now,
You know there are many mad fashions,
And what man but sometimes he may be mad? (nough)
Are not your great men mad, that when they have
Will pawn their souls for a Monopoly?

Besides mad Lords, what do you think of Ladies,
 At some time of the Moon? you may spell them
 In their name Madam: you have mad Courtiers,
 That run madding after Citizens wives: (wares,
 The Citizens are mad too to trust them with there
 Who have been so deep in their wives books before.
 Your justice of Peace is sometimes mad too,
 For, when he may see well enough, he will suffer
 Any man to put out his eye with a bribe.
 Some Lawyers are oft stark mad, and talk wildly,
 No man is able to endure their terms.

1. How does *Malvolio*? 2. Truly he does hold
Belzebub at the staves end, as well as a man
 In his case may do: he has writ you a Letter,
 I should have given it you this morning, but
 As a mad mans Epistles are no Gospels,
 So it skills not much when th'are deliver'd.

Of Man.

O H wretched men which under shame are laid,
 For faults, which we, and which our parents
 (made.

Man is a Tree, that hath no top in cares,
 No root in comforts, all his power to live
 Is given to no end, but t'have power to grieve.

Man is a Creature of a willfull head,
 And hardly is driven, but is asily led.

It is the deepest art to study man,
 I know this, which I never learn'd in Schools,
 The world's divided into Knaves and fools.

Oh what is man,

Or

Or who would be one, when he sees a poor
Weak Woman can in an instant, make him nothing.

In the tymoyles of our lives,
Men are like politick States, or troubled Seas,
Toss'd up and down with severall storms and tempests,
Change, and variety of wracks and fortunes,
Till labouring to the Havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crown's our ends.

What a thing is man
To study factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred providence above him.

Mans curle is, things forbid still to pursue,
What's freely offer'd, not to hold worth view.

A man hath quick perseverance in ill,
A leaping spirit, he'l run through horrors jaws
To catch a sin; but to ore take a virtue,
He softly paces, lik a man that's sent
Sometedious dark unprofitable journey:
Corrupt is nature, she loves nothing more, (Spring
Then what she most should hate; there's nothing
Apace in man, but grey hairs, cares, and sins.

Horfes get their livings by their backs, Oxen by
Their necks, Swine, and some women by their flesh,
Man onely by his brain.

I love mans society, solid soules,
Void of all light impressions whose discourse
Tends not to superficial Complement,
But hath more sence then sound.

We women,
'Tis not a year or two shews us a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but food,

They

They eat us hungerly, and when th' are full,
They belch us up again.

Man is a Ship, that sailes with adverse winds,
And has no Haven, till he land at death.
When he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safety,
And beats him back into the deep again.

How poor a thing is man, whom death it self
Cannot protect from injuries? Oh you Gods,
Is not enough our wretched lives are toss'd
In dangerous Seas, but we must stand in fear
Of Pirates in the Haven too? heaven made us
Of many Buts of clay, at which the Gods,
In cruell sport, shoot misery.

Oh happy beasts,
Whom an inborn heat is not held sin,
How far transcend you wretched wretched man?
Whom nationall custome, tyrannous respects
Of slavish order fetters, lames his power,
Calling that sin in us, which in all things else,
Is Natures highest virtue.

O miseri, quorum gaudia crimen habent!
Sure nature against virtue, crosse doth fall,
Or virtues selfe is oft unnatural.

Of Marriage.

I'll marry, and be long-liv'd,
For he that has a wife eats with an appetite,
And has a very good stomack to it first.
This living at large, is very destructive,
Variety is like rare sauces, provokes too far,
And drawes on surfeits more then th' other.

Why is Copulation legal?

It gives authority to lust, for chastity
Would soon conclude the world; oh virtuous prejudice
When error prevents folly !

Marriage

I take, as those that deny Purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell,
There's no third place in it.

Fie upon these

Unsanctified matches, they make us loath,
The most naturall desire our Grandam Eve ever left us
Force one to marry against her will ? why 'tis
A more ungodly work, then enclosing the Commons

Reverend and honourable Matrimony,
Mother of lawfull sweets, unshamed mornings,
Dangerless pleasures, thou that mak'st the Bed
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitfull, without thee
All the whole world were soyled bastardy.
Thou art the onely and the greatest form,
That put's a difference 'twixt our desires,
And the disorder'd appetites of beasts,
(Making their mates those that stand next their lusts)
With what base injurie is thy goodness paid ?
'Tis rare to have a Bride commence a maid,
But does beguile of joy the purity.
And is made strickt by power of drugs and art,
An artificall maid, a doctor'd Virgin;
And so deceives the glory of his Bed :
A foul contempt against the spotless power,
Of sacred wedlock. But if chaste and honest,
There is another Devill haunteth marriage,
(None fondly loves, but know it) Jealousie,
That wedlocks yellow sicknesse,
That whispers separation every minute.

ere I marry a woman, let me have
 one without eyes, that is, self-commendations,
 or when they find th'are handsome, th'are unwholsom.
 one without ears, not giving aim to flatterers,
 or she that hears her self commended wavers,
 and markes men out a way to make her wicked.
 one without substance of her selfe, that's woman;
 without the pleasur: of her life, that's wanton;
 though she be young, forgetting it, though fair,
 making her glass the eyes of honest men,
 not her own admiration; all her ends
 obedience, all her hours new blessings.

I did marry you,
 would here were a Parson to unmarry us,
 if any of our Clergy had that faculty,
 he might repair the old, and build as many
 New Abbeyes through the Kingdom in a twelve-month.

The joyes of marriage are a heaven on earth,
 Life's Paradise, (great Princess) the souls quiet,
 Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
 Eternity of pleasures, no restoratives
 Like to a constant woman (but where is she?)
 I would puzzle all the Gods but to create
 Such a new monster.

In marriage, I approve not
 Such compositions for our morall ends,
 In what is in it selfe divine, nay more,
 Decreed in heaven.

Of Melancholly, Musing, &c.

Melancholly is
 The root as well of every apish frepzy,
 (Laughter and mirth) as dulness.

This

This melancholly will poyson all his goodnesse,
 If too immoderate sleep be truly said
 To be an inward rust unto the soul,
 It then doth follow, want of Action
 Breeds all black male-contents, and their close rearing
 Like Moths in clothes, doe hurt for want of wearing.

1. Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a nights.
 Yon *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
 He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.
2. Fear him not, *Cassius*, he's not dangerous,
 He is a noble Roman, and well-given.
1. Would he were fatter, but I fear him not,
 Yet if my name were lyable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid,
 So soon as that spare *Cassius*: He reads much,
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no sports,
 (As thou dost, *Anthony*) he heares no musick,
 Seldome he smiles, and then in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit,
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he are never at hearts ease,
 While they behold a greater then themselves,
 And therefore are they very dangerous,
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Then what I fear, for alwaies I am *Cassius*.

Let me play the fool
 With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come,
 And let my Liver rather heat with wine,
 Then my heat cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his Grandfire cut in Alabaster?

sleep, when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundise
being peevish?

There are a sort of men, whose visages
are cream and mantle like a standing Pool,
and do a wilfull stillnesse entertain,
with purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
of wisdome, gravity, profound conceits;
as who should say, I am fir Oracle,
and when I ope my lips, let no Dog bark.
I know of these,

that therefore onely are reputed wise,
because they say nothing, when I am very sure,
they should speak, they'd almost dam these ears
with hearing them, would call their Brothers fools.

A woman would be soon free of this
intricate labyrinth, a Husband, let her
marry a man of melancholly complexion,
she shall not be much troubled with him.

I have neither the Scholars melancholly,
Which is Emulation; nor the Musicians,
Which is fantastick; nor the Courtiers,
Which is proud, nor the Souldiers, which is
ambitious, nor the Lawyers which is polittick,
nor the Ladies which is nice, nor the Lovers,
Which is all these. But it is a melancholly
Of my own, compounded of many Simples,
extracted from many objects, and indeed
The sundry contemplations of my travells,
in which my often rumination wraps me
in a most humorous sadness.

Of Memory, Remembrance, and Oblivion.

None care for Anamnestes (or Remembrance)
Now, but a company of studious paper worms,

Leane

Lean Schollers, niggardly scraping Usurers,
 And a troop of heart-eating envious persons,
 And those canker stomach'd spiteful creatures, that fur
 Common place Books with other mens faults.
 The time has been, in those golden dayes when
 Satan raign'd if a man receiv'd a benefit
 Of another, I was presently sent for to put him
 In mind of it: but now, in these Iron Afternoones,
 Save your friends life, and *Oblivio* will be
 More familiar with him then I.

Time hath a Wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great fix'd monster of ingratitude:
 Those scraps are good deeds past,
 Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
 Forgot as soon as done.

Forgetfulness
 Is the most pleasing virtue they can have,
 That do spring up from nothing, for by the same
 Forgetting all, they forget whence they came.

Remember thee?
 I, thou poor Ghost, whilst memory holds a seat
 In this distracted Globe; remember thee?
 Yes, from the Table of my memory,
 I'll wipe away all triall fond Records,
 All sawes of Books, all formes, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volum of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter.

Could her Tomb
 Stand, while I liv'd, so long, that it might rot,
 That

that should fall down, but she nere be forgot.

Of Mercy.

All the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage once have took,
And out the remedy.

Ceremony that to great ones' longs,
The Kings Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Marshall Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe,
Come them with one half so good a grace,
Mercy does.

Cominy in ransome, and free pardon,
Of two houses, lawfull mercy is
Nothing of kin to foul redemption.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd,
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes,
It is mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The throned Monarch, better then his Crown :
His Scepter shews the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Majestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and state of Kings.
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe,
And earthly power does then shew likest God,
When mercy seasons justice.

The Law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good
Not ever to steep violent fins in blood.

Offences

Will ore with mercy, shew like fairest women,

O

Good

Good onely for their beauties, which wash'd off
No sin is uglier.

It takes not from the justice of a Prince,
Where provocation, and not malice, makes
Guilty, to save whom the sharp letter dooms
Sometimes to execution.

Of Mischance, Misfortune.

FROM a misfortune, something may arise
To prevent greater, if it be applied
With an exact consideration,
Of all occurrents that may make it usefull.

There is no end of my misfortune,
Mischief vexes me like a Quotidian,
It intermits a little, and returns ere I
Have lost the memory of my former fit.

Misfortune brings sorrow enough, 'tis envy
To our selves, t'augment it by prediction.

If a man be thrust
Into a Well, no matter who sets hand to't.
His own weight sooner brings him to the bottom.
Fortune makes this Conclusion generall,
All things shall help th'unhappy man to fall.

'Tis easie to accuse,
Whom fortune hath made faulty by their fall,
They who are vanquished, may not refuse
The Titles of reproach th'are charg'd withall:
The conquering cause hath right (wherein thou art)
The over-thrown must be the worser part.

Oh mans slippery fate,
Mischiefs that follow us at our backs we shun,

And are struck down by those we thought not on.

Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so.
We cannot be more faithfull to our selves
In any thing that's manly, then to make
All fortune as contemptible to us,
As it makes us to others.

I am one
Of fortunes pastimes, yesterday return'd
Advanc'd to heaven by the peoples breath,
Today hurl'd down into th'Abyss of death.

Of Mischiefe.

Mischiefe that may be help'd is hard to know,
And danger going on, still multiplies,
Where harm hath many wings, care arms too late,
Yet hasty attempts make chance precipitate.

Mischiefe, while her head shews in a Cloud,
In Pluto's Kingdom doth her body shrowd.

Mischiefe still hides her selfe from those she hits,
In hopes and fears of unresolving wits.

Now you begin,
When crimes are done and past, and to be punish'd,
To think what your crimes are, but mischiefs seed
Like Beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

Mischief attempted, if it want successe,
Is the contrivers punishment, as darts
Shot at resisting walls, in their return
May light on them that did direct them.

Mischiefe is like the Gockatricees eyes,

Sees first, and kills; or is seen first and dyes.

There's no such thriving way to live in grace,
As to have no sence of it; his back nor belly
Shall not want warming, that can practice mischief.

Mischiefe ore-flowes my thoughts, and like a sea,
Devours the dew, the rain, the snow, the springs,
And all their sweetnesse to their saltnesse brings.
How should I ground a faith, that faithlesse know
My selfe to be? or why should he mistrust,
On whom the worst that can befall, is just?

Report of mischiefs doth infect the heart,
And wisdom bids they should in silence go,
For nature feeleth every bodies smart.

Mischiefe is still the Governnesse of mischiefe,
where will they stay,
That thorough God and Majesty make way?

Of Money.

Money is
The businesse of the world, injuries grow
To get it, Justice sits for the same end,
Men are not wise without it, for it makes
Wisdom known: to be a fool and poor,
Is next to old Aches, and bad fame; 'tis worse
Then to have six new Creditors, they each
Twelve Children, and not bread enough to make
The Landlord a Toast when he calls for Ale and Rent.

Divine money, the soul of all things sublunary,
What Lawyers tongue will not be tipp'd with silver?
And will not money, with a Judge, make it a plain case?
Does not Gowty greatnesse find ease with *Aurum Potabile*?
And he's a sleight Physician cannot give]

golden Glister at a dead life : Money,
adore thee, it comes nere the nature of a spirit,
and is so subrill, it can creep in at a cranny,
e present at most inward counsellis, and betray them :
oney, it opens locks, draws curtains, buyes wit,
ells honesty, keeps Courts fights quarrells,
ills down Churches, and builds Almshouses.

I am like a famous Cathedrall,
With two rings of Bells, a sweet chyme on both sides.
How 'tis noys'd I have money enough, how many
allants of all sorts and sexes court me?
ere's a Gentleman ready to run himself in the chanel
or haft, to give me the wall; this Chevalier
Will kiss my hand, while t'other Signior
rinkles in th'hams, as he were studying
New postures, 'gainst his turn comes to salute me.
As I walk, every window is glaz'd with eyes,
As some Triumph were in the street; this Madons
invites me to a banquet, for my discourse;
T'other Bonaroba sends me a Spark, a third a Ruby,
A fourth, an Emerald, and all but in hope
To put their Jewels to Usury, that they may
Return again with precious interest.

This getting Money, is a mystery
To be learn'd before a mans Alphabet,
No matter how, 'tis suppos'd he that has it,
is wise and vertuous, though he be obscure,
A fugitive, and perjur'd, any thing,
He and his Cause shall never want for friends,
He is the Chick of the white Hen, old fortune,
What ere he treads upon, shall be a Rose,
He shall be invited to his Capon and Cuffard,
Ride to the Sheriffes a feasting, on his foot-cloath,
Possesse the highest Room, have the first Carving,

With, please you eat of this, or that, my Noble,
My Right worshipfull Brother: your rich men,
Shall strive to put their sons to be his Pages,
Their wives to be his Concubines, and shall marry
Young ones on purpose for him.

All this nether world
Is Monies, it commands it, and does sway it,
The honour of it, and the honesty,
The reputation, (I, and the religion
I was about to say, and had not err'd)
Is Queen *Pecunia's*, for that still is yours,
If mortalls knew your Grace, or their own good.

Pecunia doth wish,
That she may still be aid unto mens uses,
Not slave unto their pleasures, or a Tyrant
Over their fair desires, but teach them all
The golden Mean: the Prodigall how to live,
The fordid and the covetous how to dye,
That with sound mind, this safe frugality.

Of *Murther*.

Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dyes,
The Gods on murderers fix revengefull eyes.

Murther is open ey'd, and as the Sea,
Whose covetous waves imprison'd by the Land,
Bellow for griefe, and roar upon the sand;
So from the Earth it cryes, and like a child
Wrong'd by his carelesse Nurse, will not be still'd.

When murderers shut deeds close, this curlew does teale
If none disclose them, they themselves reveal them. (then,

Bloud hath been shed ere now, in the old time,

Ere human stature purg'd the Common-weal,
 And since too, Murthers have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear; the time has been,
 That when the brain was out, the man would dye,
 And there an end. But now they rise again
 With twenty mortal murthers on their Crowns.
 And push us from our stools.

Blame me not
 To shake, this murtherous work has weight in it,
 Whole nature groans at it, a man must dye,
 The great Creators Image, from whose loyns
 Yet might come fifteen Children, and all those (men,
 Prayers of heaven, some fruitfull Common-wealths
 Some divine soul-savers, and from their seed
 Ten times as many more shall we do't yet?

Murder is
 A thirsty sin, nought quenches it, but blood.

Who ere in bloody scenes, doth act a part,
 Thinks every eye doth penetrate his heart.

Murder, although it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous Organ.

These murdering thoughts are like the mouth of hell,
 Into whose yawning 'tis more easie never
 To fall, then fall'n, to cease from falling ever.

Of Musick &c.

Some say, that when the *Thracian* entred hell,
 The tortur'd souls enchanted with his Tunes,
 Felt not their torments, *Sisyphus* sat downe,
Ixions wheel stood still, *Joves* thirsty Son

Forgat to drink, and all the rest did stand
Catching the air from his delicious hand.

Nought is so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time does change his nature.
The man that hath no musick in himselfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and spoile,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus*,
Let no such man be trusted.

A good voice, is a perpetuall comfort to a man,
He shall be sure he cannot want a Trade.

Never go to a Musicians house for Juncats,
Unlesse thy stomack lie all in thy ears,
For there is nothing, but commending this
Songs delicate air, that musicks dainty air,
This Sonnets sweet air, that Madrigals melting air,
This Dirges mournfull air, this sad Church air,
That Chamber air, French air, Italian air,
Or English : they are pure Cameleons,
They feed onely upon the air.

These squeakers claim more priviledge in a Tavern,
Then men in Office ; into every room
They thrust their frizled heads, if I had been at it
With some distressed Damsell, that I had taken
Late in my watch, thus I had been serv'd : I'll have
An Edict made against them at *Guild-hall*,
Next sitting certainly.

Uds daggers, cannot sinne be set on shore
Once in a raign, upon your Country quarters,
But it must have fiddling ?

Of Nature.

Nature is impartial,
 And in her work of man, prefers not names
 Of Ancestors, she sometimes formes a piece
 For admiration from the basest earth
 That holds a soul, and to a beggers issue,
 Gives those perfections make a beauty up,
 When purer moulds, polish'd and gloss'd with Titles,
 Honours and wealth, bestow upon their blonds
 Deform'd impressions, objects onely fit
 For sport or pity.

Nature,
 How didst thou mock mankind, to make him free,
 And yet to make him fear? on when he lost
 That freedom, why did he not lose his feare?
 That fear of feares, the fear of what we know not,
 While yet we know it is in vain to fear it,
 Death, & what follows death. 'Twas that that stamp'd
 A terrour on the brows of Kings, that gave
 Fortune her Deity, and Jove his thunder:
 Banish but fear of death, those Giant names
 Of Majesty, Power, Empire, finding nothing
 To be their object, will be nothing too.
 Then he dares yet be free, that dares to dye,
 May laugh at the grim face of Law, and scorn
 The cruell wringles of a Tyrants brow.

I perceive Nature inclines men to wonder,
 And makes them somewhat relish too of the fool.

What Nature lent,
 Is still in hers, and not our Government.

Nature crescent, does not grow alone
 In shews and bulk, but as her Temple waxes,

The

The inward service of the mind and soule;
Grows wide withall.

How some times nature will betray its folly,
Its tendernesse, and makes it selfe a pastime
To harder bosoms?

Of Necessity.

Necessity, that from infernall night,
Fatally linked art unto the skies,
Bear thee we cannot, yet we bear thee must.

Fatall necessity is never known
Untill it strike, and till that stroke be come,
Who falls, is by false visions overthrown.

There is a certain need, that I must give
Way to my passe, none known that I must live,
Therefore launch out, thou fearful swain, and know
Thou carriest *Caesar* and his fortune now.

The art of our necessities is strange,
And can make vile things precious.

Unto men
Prest with their wants, all change is ever welcome.

That man is miserably compell'd, that must
To save his fame, be to himselfe unjust.

How hardly has nature dealt with us?
For we are prisoners all, all circumscrib'd,
And to our limits tyed, the fortunate
And lucklesse are alike, for thou art with
As strickt necessity unto thy happiness
Confin'd, as others to their evill Fate.

You call me strumpet, heaven knows, I am none,
Your cruelty may drive me to be one;
That cunning Bawd, Necessity, plots to undo me,
I am not worth a Dish to hold my meat,
I am yet poorer, I want bread to eat.

It scarce is sin, which men for safety chuse,
Nor hath it shame, which men are forc'd to use.

This fate
Forceth us act, what we most truly hate.

Of Night, Darknesse.

The boldest villain yet that ever liv'd,
Durst not commit his bloody deeds by day,
To see what he did do he ever stay'd
Till night, whose face (kin to his conscience)
Would hide it best, for their allyance sake.

The better sports cast best in th' night,
And what we do in the dark, we hate in th' light.

What a sweet thing is Night! how calm and harmless!
No whispering but of leaves, on which the breath
Of heaven playes musick to the Birds that Dumber,
Here are no objects to betray our sense
Unto repentance, nor can women, thus
Advantag'd by the Tapers of the night,
Spread their temptations to undo poor men.
What a fine Book is heaven, which we may read
Best now, when every star is a fair Letter? (guilty
How much they wrong thee (Night) which call thee
Of Rapes and Murthers, 'tis the day, that like
A glorious whore, engages men to act them,
And taking down the darknesse to obscure them,
W' unjustly lay the shame upon thy brows,

That

That art so innocent, thou never saw'st them.

Stand, Night, upon thy Noonsted, and attend
My fates security; if ere blacknesse pleas'd,
Or deeds, to which men may resemble thee,
Turn then thy sooty Horse, and with their feet,
Beat at the rising morn, and force the Sun
Forbear his lustre, till this dark deed is done.

Night hath many eyes,
Whereof though most do sleep, yet some are spies.

Soul lurk in shades, and shun the lightsome skyes,
In night the blind man misseeth not his eyes.

There is no difference 'twixt the King and Clown,
The poor and rich, the beauteous and deform'd,
Wrapp'd in the veil of Night, and bonds of sleep,
Without whose power and sweet Dominion,
Our life were hell, and pleasure painfulness,
The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
Avarice Talons, and the fire of hate,
Would poyson, would distract, and soon consume
The Heart, the Liver, life and mind of man.
The sturdy Mower, that with brawny arms,
Weildeth the crooked Sythe in many a swath,
Cutting the flowry pride of th' velvet plain,
Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
Of his wives arms, forgets his labour pass'd.
The painfull Marriner, and carefull Smith,
The toyling plowman, all Artificers,
Most humbly yeeld to my dominion,
Without due rest nothing is durable:
Thus night and sleep, do conquer all the world
With their most awefull Wands, and halfe the year
Raige ore the best and proudest Emperours.

Of old Age.

'Tis Age in all things breeds neglect,
And Princes that will keep old dignity,
Must not admit to youthful heirs stand by,
Not their own issue, but so darkly set,
As shadows are in picture, to give height
And lustre to themselves.

Old men, lustfull,
Do shew like young men angry, eager, violent,
Out-bid alike their limited performances;
Oh were an old man, hot and vicious,
Age, as in Gold, in lust is covetous.

Nothing comes stiffe from an old man but Money,
And he may well stand upon that, when he
Has nothing else to stand upon.

I have known a vicious old thought-acting Father,
Damn'd onely in his Dreams, thirsting for game,
When his best parts hung down the head for shame,
For his blanch'd Harlot dispossest'd his Son,
And made the Pox his heir, 'twas gravely done.

An old mans Venery is very chargeable,
There is much Cookery belongs to it.

It is an old mans sin,
We feast our leachery, though we starve our kin.

All old men that marry
Young wives, shall questionlesse be saved,
For while they are young, they keep other mens wives,
And when they are old, they keep wives for other men,
And so, by satisfaction, procure salvation.

These old fellows,

Have

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary,
 Their blood is cak'd and cold, it seldome flowes,
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind,
 And nature, as it grows again towards earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavie.

Old men are discret sinners, and offend with silence,
 But young men, when the fire is done, do crow
 Like pregnant Cocks, boast to the world their strength,
 In that most vicious folly.

This desire
 Is even another filcht *Promethean* fire,
 By which we old men live, performance then,
 I, that's poor old mens bane, that in old men
 Comes limping off, more lame, God knows, then he
 Which in a close, hot, and a dangerous fight,
 Has been dismembred, and craves by Letters Patents,
 Yet scarce a woman that considers this.

Beshrew my Jealousie,
 It seems it is as proper to our Age,
 To cast beyond our selves, in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion.

1. Be advis'd, fool, alas I am old, how canst thou
 Hope for content from one that's fifty? 2. Nere talk of it,
 I have known good ones at threescore, and upwards,
 Besides the weather is very hot, and men
 That have experience, may fear feavours;
 A temperate dyer is the onely physick,
 Your Juleps, Guaiacum, Primello's, Camphir pills,
 Nor Goord water, come not near your old women;
 Youthfull stomacks are still craving, (with,
 Though there be nothing left to stop their mouthes
 And

and I am no frequent giver of those bounties.
mean to live in breath, and strong; laugh on fire,
shall make Holy-day and sleep, when you
dig in the Mines, till your hearts ake.

Of Opinion.

HE that once hath got
The Elixir of opinion, hath got all,
and he's the man that turnes his Brasse to Gold.

He hates unworthily, that by rote condemnes,
For the name neither saves, nor yet condemns.

What things there are
most abject in regard, and dear in use?
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in true worth?

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

He that weighs mens thoughts, has his hands full of
Nothing; a man in the course of this world,
Should be like a Surgeons Instrument, work
In others wounds, and feel nothing himselfe;
The sharper and subtiler, the better.

I regard not (as a straw) the world:
Fame from the tongues of men, doth injury
Ofner then justice; and as Conscience
Onely makes guilty persons, nor report,
(For shew we as clear as springs unto the world,
If our own knowledge do not make us so,
That is small satisfaction to our selves)
So stand we here so leproous to mans eye,
It cannot hurt heart-known integrity.

He who by
The Card of th' worlds opinion steeres his course,
Shall harbour in no safe Port.

All are not Bawds, I see now, that keep-doors,
Nor all good Wenches, that are mark'd for Whores.

Of Order, Degree, &c.

THough mean and mighty rotting
Together, have one dust yet reverence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low, for Orders sake.

Order or Degree being Vizarded,
Th'unworthiest shews as fairly in the Masque.
The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Infinite, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custome in all line of order.
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol,
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
Amid'st the other, whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of all the Planets,
And Posts, like the Commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good or bad. But when the Planets,
In evill mixture, to disorder wander;
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging, of the Sea, shaking of Earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and wrack, rend and dilacerate
The unity and married calm of states,
Quite from their figure? Oh, when Order is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designs)
The enterprize is sick. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schools, and Brotherhoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from dividable shores,

the Primogeniture and due of birth,
 prerogative of Age, Crowns Scepters, Lawrels,
 But by degrees) stand in authentick place ?
 Make Order but away, untune that string,
 and hark what discord follows each thing meets
 meer oppugnancy, the bounded waters
 should lift their bosoms higher then their shores,
 and make a sop of all this solid Globe.

Of Painting, &c.

Painters are most envious, if they want
 Good colours for preferment: vertuous Ladies
 love this way to be flattered, and accuse
 the workmen of Detraction, if he add not
 some grace, they cannot truly call their own.

With what a compell'd face a woman sits,
 While she is drawing ? I have noted divers,
 rather to feign smiles, or suck in the lips
 To have a little mouth, ruffle the cheeks,
 To have the dimple seen, and so disorder
 the face with affectation, at next sitting
 has not been the same. I have known others
 have lost the entire fashion of their face,
 in halfe an hours sitting : In hot weather,
 the painting on their faces was so mellow,
 They have left the poor man harder work by half,
 To mend the Copy they wrought by. But indeed,
 never I would have mine drawn to the life,
 Ild have the painter steal it, at such time
 were devoutly kneeling at my prayers,
 There's then a heavenly beauty in't, the soul
 moves in the superficies:

They that draw shapes,

P

And

And live by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes,
They come but here the life, and there they stay.

1. He looks on her picture, and sayes, she is faire;
She must needs be fair there, for I am sure,
She is abominably painted.

2. She may be more her selfe; I have seen a Lady
And her Picture set together,
And (by this hand) you could not distinguish them

1. He was an admirable workman, that painted so like

2. Or she was a rare work-woman, that painted her selfe
so like

The painting is almost the naturall man,
For since dishonour trafficks with mans nature,
He is but outside, the pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out.

Now I see

The reason, why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion; here 'tis read,
False colours last, after the true be dead.

Painting, and Epitaphs, are both alike,
They flatter us, and say, we have been thus.

1. You come from painting now. 2. From what? Why
From your scurvey face Physick: to behold thee
Inclines somewhat near a miracle; these (painted
In thy face here, were deep ruts, and foul sloughes
The last progress: There was a Lady in France,
That having had the small Pox, shed the skin
Off of her face, to make it more levell;
And where before, she look'd like a Nutmeg-Grater,
After she resembled an abortive Hedge-hog.

Do you call this painting? i. No, but you call it
 greening of an old morphewd Lady, to make her
 sembogue againe, there's rough-cast phrase to your
 (plastique

It seems y' are well acquainted with my Closet.
 One would suspect it for a shop of witch-craft,
 to find in it the fat of Serpents, spawn of Snakes,
 w's spittle, and their young Childrens Ordure,
 and all these for the face; I'd sooner eat
 a dead Pigeon, taken from the soales of the feet,
 or one sick of the plague, then kisse one of you fasting.

Of Parents.

Fathers will be known to be themselves,
 And often, when their angers are not deep,
 Will paint an outward rage upon their looks.

The Mothers curse is heavy, where that fights,
 Sons set in storms, and Daughters lose their lights.

Fathers that deny
 Their Daughters lawfull pleasures, when ripe for them,
 In some kind edge their appetites, to tast
 The fruit that is forbidden.

How blind are Parents in our loves? so they (us.
 Have wealth, they care not to what things they marry

Parents are ore-seen,
 When with too strickt a reyn, they do hold in |
 Their child's affections, and controll that love,
 Which the high powers above instruct them with,
 When, in their shallow judgements, they may know
 Affection cross'd, brings misery and woe.

Most Daughters now adayes, are made a sacrifice

To

To wealth or ends, yet still the Hypocrite father,
Pretends the Childrens happinesse, is that
He chiefly aims at.

Fathers their Children and themselves abuse,
That wealth a Husband for their Daughter chuse.

What killing language doth a Father speak?
Poor heart, prevent more griefe, and quickly break.

This Parents dotage as it weakness is,
So works it with the vigour of disease,
Still undermining with the things that please.

Who thinks, the Daughters death can Mothers stay
From ends, whereon a womans heart is fix'd,
Weighes harmlesse nature, without passion mix'd.

Of Passion.

Who trusts his passion, multiplies his care,
All paines within, all cures without us are.

Passions are desperate,
And tempt with uncouth woe, as well as joy,
It evill is, that glories to destroy.

Faults are in flesh, as mores are in the Sun,
Where light doth shew each little thing amisse;
Presumption and despair live opposit,
As Times false Glasses, wherein frailties see
Their faults too great, or else too little be.

Reward and pain, feare and desire too,
Are vain in things impossible to do.

Oh trouble not your selfe with all that's fit,
The world is govern'd more by form then wit.

that wi'l fret at Lords, and at the rain,
but a fool, and grieves himselfe in vain.

When our passions,
ch giddy and uncertain changes breed,
are never well, till we are mad indeed.

The feares
and joyes, hopes and desires, mixt with despaires
and doubts, do make the sport in love; they are
the very Dogs by which we hunt the Hare.
as the Dogs would stop, and straight give ore;
were it not for the little thing before,
would our passions, both alike must be
lesh'd in the chase.

the griefe that melts to tears, by it selfe is spent,
passion resisted grows more violent.

Blessed are those
Whose blond and judgement are so well commixt,
That they are not a Pipe for fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please : give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will wear him
in my hearts core, I, in my heart of hearts. |

Of Patience.

Divinity, which calls
Our anger sin, and courage pride, hath sent
This silly Cherubin on earth, Patience,
The Cowards sword) which onely doth disarm
Dull sleeps that neither can, nor would do harme.

Vertue, to shew her influence more strong,
Fits me with patience above my wrong.

Patience is the soule of peace, of all

The virtues, 'tis the nearest kin to heaven,
 It makes men look like Gods, the best of men
 That ere wore Earth about him, was a sufferer,
 A soft, meek, humble, patient, tranquill spirit,
 The first true Gentleman that ever breath'd.
 The stock of patience then cannot be poor,
 All it desires it has, what Monarch more?
 It is the greatest Enemy to Law
 That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
 And so chains up Lawyers and womens tongues.
 'Tis the perpetuall prisoners liberty,
 'His walks and Orchards; 'tis the bond-slaves freedom
 And makes him seem proud of each Iron chain,
 As though he wore it more for state then pain.
 It is the Beggars musick, and thus sings,
 Although their bodies beg, their souls are Kings.
 It is the blisse
 Bears us aloft, makes men and Angels kifs,
 And last of all, to end a household strife,
 It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

What we in mean men, oft call patience,
 -Is pale cold Cowardize in noble breasts.

Oh wondrous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe,
 How blest 'I were men, if women could be so?

He is more patient
 Then a brown Baker when he heats his Oven,
 And has forty scolds about him.

Of Peace.

OH the most base fruits of a settled peace,
 (In men I mean) worse then their dirty fields,
 Which they manure much better then themselves:
 For when they plant and sow, and ere they grow

eedy, and choakt with thornes, they grab and prune,
 and make them better, then when cruell warre
 righted from thence the sweaty labourer.
 At men themselves, in stead of bearing fruit,
 grow rude, and foggy, over-grown with weeds,
 their spirits and freedoms smother'd in their ease.
 And as their Tyrants and their Ministers
 grow wild in prosecution of their lust,
 so they grow prostitute, and lie (like Whores)
 down, and take up, to their abhorr'd dishonours:
 The friendlesse may be injur'd, and oppress'd,
 The guiltlesse led to slaughter, the deseruer
 Given to the Begger, right be wholly wrong'd,
 And wrong be onely honour'd, till the strings
 Of every mans heart crack, and who will stir,
 To tell Authority, that it doth erre?
 All men cling to it, though they see their blouds
 In their most dear associates and allyes,
 Powr'd into kennels by it, and who dares
 But look well in the breast, whom that empires?

Peace exceeded is by War,
 In sprightly walking, audible, and full of vent.
 Peace is a very Apoplexy, Lethargy, Mull'd, Deafe,
 Sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard
 Children, then war is a destroyer of men.
 And as the war in some sort, may be said
 To be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denyed,
 But peace is a great maker of Cnckolds.
 Besides, it makes men hate one another,
 Because they then lesse need each others help.

Of Penitence, Repentance.

OH Penitence, let me truly tast thy Cup,
 That throw't men down, onely to raise them up.

He that repents, ere he commits a fault,
Doth like a thirsty sinner, store his soul
With mercy, to absolve that sin himself,
Which he may after more securely fall into.

He's happier far
That sinnes, and can repent him of his sin
Then the self-justifier, who doth surmize
(By his owne works) to gain salvation.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven, nor earth, for these are pleas'd
By penitence, th'eternall's wrath's appeas'd.

We should all fear to sin first, for 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodg'd though entertain'd in mirth,
It must be wept out, if it ere come forth.

He that doth truly grieve at sinne,
Joyes at the punishment that made him know it.

Sorrow for past ills, doth restore frail man
To his first innocence.

The Drunkard, after all his lavish Cups,
Is dry, and then is sober: so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Plac'd in the Adders tayl.

'Tis all acknowledg'd, and, though all too late,
Here the short madnesse of my anger ends:
If ever I did good, I lock'd it safe
In you, th'impregnable defence of goodness:
If ill I presse it with my penitent knees,
To that unsounded depth, whence nought returneth.

Hope with sorrow, greatest faults are small,

When

When that alone may make amends for all.

It is no shame to say we were amiss,
Since man doth take his name of what he is.

Hard back from ill, the way to goodnesse is,
By scorn, remorse, paticences and broken heart,
Impossible to them that do amisse,
And glory in it.

Do not labour
To extenuate your fault, but quit it clean.
Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them,
He Acts the third crime, that defends the first.

This is the onely war we should provide for,
Where he that forgives largest, and sighs strongest,
Is a tryed Souldier, a true man indeed,
He wins the best field, makes his own heart bleed.

If ever in thy youth, thy soul hath set
By the worlds tempting fires (as these men do)
Or hast thou in battel tane a pride in blood ?
Recant those errors : Hast thou constant stood
In a bad cause ? clap a new Armour on,
And fight now in a good. Oh lose not heaven
For a few minuts in a Tyrants eye :
Be valiant, and meet death : if thou now lovest
The portion laid up for thee yonder, yonder,
For breath or honours here, oh thou dost sell
Thy soul for nothing.

Settle irregular passions, and begin
A quiet life. Repentance wipes out sin.

He for his sins hath paid with death and sorrow,
His credit's more that payes, then doth not borrow.

Oh

Oh wretched state! to what end shall I turn now?
 Or where begin my penance? now what service
 Will win her love again? my death must do it,
 And if that sacrifice can purge my folly,
 Be pleas'd oh mighty love, I'll die thy Martyr.

Of the People.

WHat can you imagine of their constancy,
 Where'tis so much their nature to love change,
 That when they truly say but what they are,
 They full excuse themselves for what they do?

The Vulgar, in rebellion, are like (them.
 Unknown Lands, those that first possesse them, have

The giddy multitude,
 Have neither skill nor leasure to convince
 Supposition, with Arguments of strength
 And charity: Their quick censure brings
 Such effect, as spectacles when us'd in hast,
 Which then do rather aggravate the shape,
 Then give distinction of the form.

People are superstitious, caught with shews,
 To power why do they else their freedom give,
 But that in others pomp these shadows live?

He that doth publique good for multitudes,
 Finds few are truly gratefull.

What would you have, you Curres,
 That like nor peace nor war? the one affright you,
 The other makes you proud: He that trusts to you,
 Where he should find you Lyons, finds you Hares,
 Where Foxes, Geese you are; no Usurer, no,
 Then is the coal of fire upon the Ice,

Or Hail-stone in the Sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse the Justice it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate, and your affections are
A sick mans appetite : who desires that most,
Which will increase his evill. He that depends
Upon your favours, Twines with fims of Lead,
And hews down Oaks with Rushes.

The people,
I call them woollen Vassailes, things created-
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
In Congregations to yawn, be still, and wonder
When one but of my Ordinance stands up
To speak of peace or war.

1. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude
To be ingratefull, were to make a monster
Of the multitude, of which we being Members,
Should bring our selves to be monstrous Members.

2. And to make us no better thought of,
A little help will serve, for once we stood up
About the Coin, when *Coriolanus* stuck not
To call us the many headed multitude.

1. We have been call'd so of many, not that our heads
Are some brown, some black, some Abram, some bald,
But that our wits are so diversly coloured ;
And truly I think, if all our wits were to issue
Out of one skull, they would fly East, West, North
And South, and their consent of one direct way,
Would be at once to all parts of the Compass.

2. Think you so? Which way think you would my
Wit fly?

1. Nay, your wit will not so soon out, as another mans,
'Tis so strongly wedg'd up in a Blockhead ; but
If it were at liberty, 'twould sure go Southward,

To

To lose it selfe in a fog, where being three parts,
Melted away with rotten dewes, the fourth
Would return for Conscience sake, to get thee a wife.

There have been many great men, that have flatter'd
The people yet nere lov'd them: and there be
Many that they have lov'd, they knew not wherefore,
So that, if they love they know not why, they hate
Upon no better grounds.

Of Philosophy.

WHere's your Philosophy, your strong deep Art,
That piercing through the Center, would look
Down to hell, there number all the fiends, and take ac-
How many load of Coals are every year (compt
Allow'd for their expence: And when the Sun
Is blown out by a strong Northernly wind,
You'd undertake again to light him with
A Torch heav'd up by a long Jacob's staffe?
Since your great Master (*Aristotle*) dyed,
Who fool'd the drunken *Macedon* out of
A thousand Talents, to buy Books; what have
The multitude of his learn'd Successors done?
Wrote Comments on his Works? 's slight, I could beat
You all, have you so many Ages toyl,
To interrupt what he writ in a few years?
Is there yet nothing new, to render benefit
For human life, or strengthen reason for
Our after hopes? why do we build you Colledges?
Yes, and allow them pensions too, that they
May scribble for no end but to make paper dear?

The merry Fop of *Thrace*, (*Democritus*)
That alwayes laugh'd, pretending 'twas at vanity,
Alas, 'twas his disease, going to steal (skulk'd
Mushrooms for's supper, the blew mouth'd Serpent
Under

Under a Dock-lease, and bit him by the Thumb,
 From whence he took that laughing Malady.
 And his Antagonist would ever seem,
 To weep out of a pious cause, a fine
 Dissembling fellow; not sorrow made him weep,
 'Till shew a Manuscript, now keep in the *Vatican*,
 That shews h' had nine years a *Fistula* in his eye.
 As for *Diogenes*, that fasted much,
 And took his habitation in a Tub,
 To make the world believe, he lov'd a strickt
 And severe life, he took the dyet sir, and in
 That very Tub sweat, for the French Disease,
 And some unlearn'd Apothecary since,
 Mistaking's name, call'd it *Cornelius Tub*.

The splenetick Philosopher, that laugh'd
 At every thing he saw, were worth th' enstaging.
 All Objects, were they nere so full of tears.
 He so conceited, that he could distill thence
 Matter, that still fed his ridiculous humour.
 Heard he a Lawyer nere so vehement pleading,
 He stood and laugh'd : Heard he a Tradesman swearing
 Never so thriftily (selling of his Wares)
 He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a holy Brother,
 For hollow ostentation, at his prayers,
 Nere so impetuously, he stood and laugh'd.
 Saw he a great man never so insulting,
 Severely inflicting, gravely giving Laws,
 (Not for their good, but his) he stood and laugh'd.
 Saw he a woefull Widow
 Never so weeping, wringing of her hands,
 For her lost Lord, still the Philosopher laugh'd.
 Now whether he suppos'd, all these presentments
 Were onely Maskeries, and wore false faces,
 Or else were simply vain : I take no care,

But

But still he laugh'd, how grave so e're they were.

1. What Philosophers have you in your Ship?
2. Oh very strange fellows: one knows nothing,
Dares not aver he sees, lives, goes, or feels.
1. A most insensible Philosopher.
2. Another says, there is no present time,
And that one man to day and to morrow,
Is not the same man; so that he that yesterday (same)
Owed money, to day owes none, because he's not the
1. Would that Philosophy would hold good in Law.

There was never yet Philosopher,
That could endure the Tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of Gods,
And made a pish at chance and suff'rance.

Of Physick.

YOU are subtile Nation, you Physicians,
And grown the only Cabinets in Court,
To Ladies privacies.

Physicians
Hence, you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice,
There's nothing left of you, but tongue and belly.

Physick doth revive some, out of all question,
Though not halfe so familiarly as kill, for that
They do with little study; marry I think,
If 'twere as gainfull to the Physician
To restore as to destroy, he would practice
The art of recovery very faithfully.
But where an old man would give a hundred pounds,
To have 40 or 50 years wip'd off the score of his life,
His wife, or next Heir, would joyne rather than faile,
T'out-bid him halfe, to put him out of debt quite,

And

And send his old leaking Vessel into *Mare mortuum*.

Physicks hand
As apt is to destroy, as to preserve,
If heaven make not the medicine.

Torment me not Physician,
Thou lingering Executioner to death,
Greatest disease to nature, that striv'st by Art
To make men long in dying; your practice is
Upon mens bodies, as men pull roses
For their own relish, but to kill the flower:
So you maintaine your lives by others deaths,
What eat you then, but Carrion?

I nere took Physick yet, nor ever will,
I'll trust none that have Art, and leave to kill.

I honour good Physicians,
What the Creator does, they in part doe;
For a Physician's a man-maker too

Your Physician is ke to your Hawk,
The greater the fowl is that he kills, the greater
Is still both his reward and reputation.

You Physicians.
Are as good as false doors behind Hangings,
To Ladies necessary uses; you know
The very flower in which they have neither
Will to deny, nor wit to mistrust.

My name is Pulse-feel, a poor Doctor of Physick,
That does wear three pile Velvet in his Hat,
Has paid a quarters Rent of his house before-hand,
And (simple as he stands here) was made Doctor be-
I vow, as I am Right worshipful, the taking (yond sea,
Of

Of my Degree, cost me twelve French Crowns, and
 Thirty five pounds of Butter in upper *Germany*.
 I can make your beauty, and preserve it,
 Rectifie your body and maintaine it,
 Clarifie your blood, furbie your cheeks, perfume
 Your skin, tinct your hair, enliven your eye,
 Heighten your Appetite : And as for Jellies,
 Dentifrices, Dyets, Minerals, Fucusses,
 Pomatums, Fumes, Italia Masks to sleep in,
 Either to moisten or dry the superficies, *Paugh, Galem,*
 Was a Goose, and *Paracelsus* a patch,
 To Doctor *Pulse-feel*.

You study Physick too,
 And know to cure sick Chickens of the Pip;
 I'd fain see one of your Profession live
 Five hundred years, without losse of a tooth.
 You'l rather suffer ruine and decay,
 In your own bodies, for examples sake,
 That others may fall sick, and make you rich :
 And notwithstanding all your Minerals and Herbs,
 We must be fain at last, to betake our selves
 To the wide yawn, grinning, and the long stretch.

Of Physiognomy.

DO you study Physiognomy?
 There's no more credit to be given to the face,
 Then to a sick mans Urine, which some call
 The Physitians Whore, because she cozens him.

I have
 Great comfort from this fellow, in this danger,
 Methinks he hath no drowning mark about him,
 His Complexion is perfect Gallows.
 Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging, make the
 Rope of his destiny our Cable, for

own doth little help us, if he be not
to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

A witty woman, may with ease distinguish
men by their Noses : as thus, your Nose
is lovely, large, and broad,
such like a Goose : your valiant generous Nose,
crooked, smooth, and a great puffing Nose :
your Schollers Nose is very fresh and raw,
it want of fire in winter, and quickly smells
the chop of Murton in his dish of Portage.
Your Puritan Nose is very sharp and long,
Much like your Widows) and with ease, can smell
medifying Capon some five streets off.

Have some skill in faces, yet they never
were more deceitfull ; a man can scarce know
Bawd from a Midwife, if you go by the face ;
or an Hypocriticall Puritan,
from a devout Christian.

Of Playes, Players.

WE must have nothing brought now upon Stage
But Puppetry, and pyed ridiculous Anticks.
Men thither come to laugh, and feed fool fat,
Check at all goodnesse there, as being prophan'd,
When, where ere goodnesse comes, it makes the place
Holy and sacred, though with other feet,
Never so much 'tis scandall'd and polluted.
Let me learn any thing, that fits a man
In any stables shewn, as well as Stages.

Players

Were never more uncertain in their lives,
They know not what to play, for fearfull fools,
Where to play, for Puritan fools, nor what

To

To play, for Criticall fools.

I have heard,

That guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have, by the very cunning of the Scene,
Been strook so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.

'Tis better (in a Play)

Be *Agamemnon*, then himselfe in deed :
How oft (with danger of the field beset,
Or with some mutinies,) would he un-be
Himself? or over cruell Altars weeping,
Wish, that with putting off a Vizard, he
Might his true inward sorrow lay aside?
The shews of things are better then themselves;
How doth it stir this aery part of us:
To hear our Poets tell imagin'd fights,
And the strange blowes that feigned courage gives?
When I *Achilles* hear upon the Stage
Speak honour, and the greatnesse of his soul:
Methinks, I too could on a Phrygian Spear
Run boldly, and make Tales for after-times.
But when we come to Act it in the deed,
Death marres this bravery, and the ugly fears
Of th'other world, sit on the proudest brow,
And boasting valour loseth its red Check.

Of Pleasure.

Pleasure and Revenge,
Have ears mor deaf then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true Decision.

I despise

These short and empty pleasures, which each Person
The meanest subject in my Fathers Empire,

En-

enjoyes as fully, in as high perfection
as he or I, and which are had in common
by beasts as well as men, wherein they equall,
not exceed us, pleasures, to which we are led
Doely by sence, those creatures which have least
Of reason, most enjoy.

What is pleasure,
More then a lustfull motion in the sence?
The prosecution full of anxious fears,
The end repentance. Though content be call'd
The soul of Action, and licentious man
Propounds it as the reason of his life,
Yet if intemperate action pursue it,
The pure end's lost, and ruine must attend it.

He that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of vertues Schooles,
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools.

Man, be not pensive, nor let this divorce
From *Mundus* and his pleasures, many wayes
Afflict thy spirits, which considered rightly
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.

Farewell to thy enticing vanity,
Thou round gilt Box that dost deceive mans eye:
The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,
The treasure thou includ'st, is dast and smoke,
Even thus I cast thee by.

The Gods are just and of our pleasane vices,
Make instruments to plague us.

Of Poetry and Poets.

THe best of Poets is Emulation,
The next Necessity, the worst self-love.

Books, Musick, Wine, brave company, and good cheer
Make Poets to soar high, and sing most clear.

Poets,
This baseness follows your profession,
You are like common Beadles, apt to lash
Almost to death, poor wretches, not worth striking,
But fawn with lavish flattery on damn'd vices,
So great men act them, you clap hands at those.
Where the true Poet indeed, doth scorn to gild
A gawdy Tomb with glory of his Verse,
Which Coffins stinking Carrion: no, his Lines
Are free as his Invention, no base feare
Can shake his pen, to temporize with Kings,
The blacker are their crimes, he louder sings.

Poetry (though it be of a quite contrary nature)
Is as pretty a Jewell as plain-dealing,
But they that use it, forget the proverb.

It is a Poeticall policy, where the face
Is naturally good, without spot or blemish.
To deface it by drinking, or wenching,
To get a name by it: you are the first good Poet,
That ere I saw wear so good a countenance.
Leave it, I would not have a Gentleman
Meddle with Poetry, for spoyling his face,
You seldom see a Poet look out at
A good Phisnomy

Poets may imagine any thing, imagination
Is their wealth, some of them would be but poor else.

er thy brisk Muse bear up a braver sail,
Tish' east-ft and the basest Art, to rail.

ces, though freely born, like slaves are sold,
crown thy lines with bayes, thy love with gold.

Of Policy, &c.

His was a sleight well Mask'd, oh what is man,
Unlesse he be a Polititian?

Who knows not
The bumbast policy thrusts into his Giant,
To make its wildome seem of size as huge,
And all for sleight encounter of a shade,
So he be touch'd, it would have heynous made?

Justice, to live, doth nought but justice need,
But policy must still on mischief feed;
Untruth, for all his ends, truths name doth sue in,
None safely live, but those that study ruine.

A Precisian
In state, is a ridiculous miracle;
Friendship is but a Vizard, beneath which
A wise man laughs, to see whole families,
Ruin'd, upon whose miserable pile
He mounts to glory.

These Politicians,
(Out of blind fortunes hands) are our most fools;
Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditionall devices;
But take them out of them to prevent Actions,
A man may grope and tickle them like Trouts,
And take them from their close deare holes, as far
As a Physitian, and as giddy headed,
As if by miracle, heaven had taken from them,

Even

Even that which commonly belongs to fools.

The Giants that made Mountains Ladders,
And thought to take great Jove by force, were fools;
Not hill on hill, but plot on plot, does make
Us sit above, and laugh at all below us.

These great Statesmen,
When time has made bold with the King and subject,
Throwing down all fence that stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton *Salmons* comming in with floods,
That leap ore Wyres and Nets, and make their
Way to be their return, to every one a prey.

He was her Fathers Counsellor, a man
Created in the dark, he walks invisibly,
He dwels in Labyrinths, and loves silences
But when he talks, his language carries more
Promiscuous fence, then ancient Oracles,
So various in his shapes, that oft he is
Disguised from his own knowledge, an error
Much incident to humane politicks:
Who strive to know others more then themselves.

A Politician, is the Devils quilted Anvill,
He fashions all sins on him, yet the blows
Are never heard, he may work in a Ladies Chamber,

An honest Statesman to a Prince,
Is like a Cedar planted by a spring,
The spring bathes the Trees roots, the gratefull tree
Rewards it with his shadow,

In this a Politician imitates
The Devill, as he imitates a Canon,
For where soeuer he comes to do mischief,

comes with his back-side: towards you.

I would not go before
a polittick enemy, with my back towards him,
though there were behind me a whirl-pool.

On the rare tricks of a Machevilian
He doth not come like a grosse plodding slave,
And buffet you to death; no, my quaint knave,
He tickles you to death, makes you dye laughing.
As if you had swallowed down a pound of Saffron:
You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice,
To teach Court honesty, it jumps on lee.

He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow, (low.
Where a mans head goes through, each limb may fol-

Of Poverty, Beggery.

How deeply
The bitter curses of the poor do pierce?

His means are little,
And where those little are, as little comforts
Ever keep company.

Oh happineffe of poverty, that rests
Securely on a bed of living Turfe,
While we with waking cares, and restless thoughts,
Lie tumbling on our down, courting the blessing
Of a short minutes slumber, which the plough-man
Shakes from him, as a ransom'd slave his fetters.

Why should we grieve at want?
Say fortune made thee her *Mignon*, and that
Thy head lay in her lap, and that she danc'd thee
On her wanton knee, she could but give thee a world,
That's

That's all, and all that's nothing, the worlds greatest
 Cannot fill up one corner of thy heart :
 Say, the three Corners were all fill'd, alas,
 Of what wert thou possess'd ? a thin blown glass,
 Such as by boyes is puff'd into the aire :
 Were twenty Kingdoms thine, thou'ldst live in care.
 Thou couldst not sleep the better, nor live longer,
 Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.
 If then thou want'st, thus make thy want thy pleasure
 No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

It one should refuse to talke with every Begger,
 He should refuse brave company sometimes.

Poverty,

When no ill else will do't, makes all friends fly.

The want of money makes free spirits more mad,
 Then the possession does an Usurer.
 'Tis like the Rack, it draws a man t'endanger
 Himselfe to the Gallows, rather then endure it.

Is it not grown common
 In every sort, for those that want, to suffer
 From such as have to give ? your Captain cast,
 If poor, though not through daring, but approv'd so,
 To raise a coward into name, that's rich,
 Suffers disgraces publicly, but receives
 Rewards for them in private.

Happy are poor men,
 If sick with the excels of heat or cold,
 Caus'd by necessitous labour, not loose surfeits,
 They, when spare dyet, or kind nature failes,
 To perfect their recovery, soon arrive at
 Their rest in death : but on the contrary,

The great and noble are expos'd as preyes,
To the rapine of Physicians; and they
In lingering out what is remediless,
Aim at their profit, not the Patients health.

This poverty, is that which puts
A multiplying-glasse upon our faults,
And maketh them swell, and fill the eye, our crimes
Cry highest then, when they have brought us low.

Would I had been born a Knave, when I was
Born a Begger; for, if the truth were known,
I think I was begot, when my Father
Had nere a penny in his purse.

Poverty, thou bane of chastity,
Poyson of beauty, Breaker of Maiden-heads:
I see, when force nor wile can scale the Hold,
Wealth must, she'll nere be won, that defies Gold:
But lives there such a creature? oh, 'tis rare,
To find a woman chaste, that's poor and fair.

That wishing well had not a body in it,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Oh sweet despised joyes of Poverty,
Oh happinesse, not known unto the Gods.

Of Pride, Presumption, &c,

Though his great spirit something over-flow,
All faults are born still that from greatnesse grow.

This same smock, call'd pride,

Take

Take heed, she'l lift thee to improvidence,
 And break thy neck from steep security.
 She'l make thee grudge to let Jehovah share
 In thy successfull battels; Oh she's ominous,
 Enticeth Princes to devour heaven,
 Swallow Omnipotence, out-stare dread fate,
 Subdue eternity in Giant-thought;
 Heaves up their hearts with swelling puff'd conceits,
 Till their soules burst with venom'd arrogance.
 Beware *Piero*, Rome it self hath tryed
 Confusions train, blowes up this *Babel* pride.

We in nothing more betray
 Our selves to censure of ridiculous pride,
 Then answering a fair salute too rudely.

Such swelling spirits, hid with humble looks,
 Are Kingdoms poysons, hang on golden hooks.
 They oft do prove
 Valleyes, chas let in Rivers, to confound
 The hills above them, though themselves lie drown'd
 I do not like those calm and cunning seas,
 That, to have great ships taken, or distress,
 Suffer base Gallies to creep ore their breast.
 Let course hearts wear course skins.

Those men that have desires above their state,
 Are never honest, seldome fortunate.

I would have pride burnt for a Witch, she changes
 Phantastick man into so many shapes.

Oh what is it proud slime will not believe
 Of his own worth, to hear it equall prais'd
 Thus with the Gods.

Let this example move the insolent man

not to grow proud, and carelesse of the Gods.
is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,
much more to sleighten, or deny their powers,
for whom the morning saw so great and high,
thus low and little 'fore the Even doth lye.

Are you not proud of your Cloathes?
Why then you were never proud of any thing,
for therein chiefly pride consists, for you
were saw Pride pictur'd, but in gay Attire.
True, but in my opinion, pride might as well
be pourtrayed in any other shape, being
The causes thereof are so severall and divers,
As some are proud of their strength, although that pride
Cost them the los of a Limb or two, by over-daring.
Some are proud of their humour, although in
That humour they be often knock'd for being so.
Some are proud of their Drink, though the liquid
Operation cause them to wear a Night-cap
Three weeks after: some of their good parts,
Though they never were put to better uses,
Then the enjoying of a common strumpet. (man, &c.
Some are proud, onely for the favour of a waiting-woman.

Where Titles

Presume to thrust before him means to second them,
Wealth and respect do often sullen grow,
And will not follow.

Though Justice could not blame him, whose high
Aspire to heavens, yet that presumptuous man (thoughts
Should strive to pluck Jove from his Throne, to be
Entall'd a Deity himselfe, deserves
In flames of lightning to be cast to Hell,
There to amaze the damnd

How

How blind is Pride, what Eagles are we still
In matters that belong to other men,
What Beetles in our own?

Of Prison, Prisoners, Taylors.

How wild is his behaviour? O I fear
He's spoy'd in prison, he's halfe damn'd comes (then)

I am as well acquainted here in prison,
As I was in our house of Profession: a man
Would think it were Mrs. Overdon's own house,
For here be many of her old Customers.
First here is young Mr. Rath, he is in for
A commodity of brown Paper, and old Ginger,
Ninescore and seaventeen pounds, of which he made
Five Marks ready money, marry then Ginger (dead)
Was not much in request, for the old women were all
Then is there here one Mr. Caper, at
The sute of Mr. Threepile the Mercer,
For some four suits of peach-colour'd Sattin,
Which now peaches him a begger.
Then have we here young Dizzey, and Mr Deepvow,
And Mr. Copperphay, and Mr. Starvelacquey.
The Rapier and Dagger-man, and young Drophem,
That kill'd lully Pudding, & Mr. Fourthlight the Tiler,
And brave Mr. Shopet, the great Traveller,
And wild Half-can, that stab'd Potts:
And, I think, forty more, all great doers
In our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake,

Henceflavish Tyrants. Instruments of torture,
There is more kindnesse yet in whores, then you;
For when a man hath spent all, he may go
And seek his way, they'll kick him out of doors,
Not keep him in, as you do, and enforce him
To be the subject of their cruelty.

You

You have no mercy, but be this your comfort,
The punishment and tortures which you do
Inflict on men, the Devils shall lay on you.

Of Prodigality.

Few knew the sweets that the plain life allows,
Vild Son, that surfeits on his Fathers brows.

Oh what a slave was I unto my pleasures,
Now drown'd in sin, and over-whelm'd in lust?
That I could write my penitence to the world,
And force th' impression of it in the hearts
Of you, and my acquaintance: I might teach them
(By my example) to look whom to thirst,
And not to range abroad, to seek out ruine;
Experience shews, his purse shall soon grow light,
Whom Dice wast in the day, Drabs in the night:
Let all avoid false Scrumpets, Dice, and Drink,
For he that leaps in mud, shall quickly sink.

You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast,
Suspect still comes, when an estate is least.

Gentlemen,
As soon as they come to their Lands, get up
To London, and like Squibs that run upon Lines,
They keep a spitting of fire, and cracking, till
They have spent all, and when the fire is out,
What sayes his Punk? soh, he stinks.

Set me a Bag, these were an Hurers bones,
In this behold, what frailty lives in man,
He that rubb'd out a life, to gather trash,
Is after death turn'd Prodigal.

Many hopeful Gentlemen, Be-

Being trusted in the world with their own wills,
 Divert the good is look'd from them, to ill;
 Make their old names forgor, or not worth note,
 Such company they keep such revelling,
 With Panders, Parasites, Prodigies of Knaves,
 They sell all, even to their old Fathers Graves.

Of Prodigies, Comets, &c.

They use to say, whom Art and Learning weds,
 When stars wear Locks, they threaten great men
 (heads)

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty God, by tokens, sends
 Such dreadfull Heralds to astonish us.

When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes

The lighter fire
 Nere mixeth with the Earth, but to confusion,
 Or from their severall natures bringing forth
 Events prodigious.

In the most high and palmy state of *Rome*,
 (A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell)
 The Graves stood Tenaples, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets,
 As Stars with traines of fire, and dewes of blood,
 Disasters in the Sun, and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence *Nephtus* Empire stands,
 Was sick almost to Doomesday with Eclipse.

It is, me thinks, a morning full of fate,
 It riseth slowly, as her fallen Car
 Had all the weights of sleep and death lying at it.

He is not Rosie finger'd but swoln black,
 Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
 And her sick head is bound about with Clouds,
 As if she threat'ned night ere noon of day :
 Does not look as it would have a Hail,
 Or health with'd in it, as on other Morns.

I do not like it,
 That he names me so often on his death-bed,
 As if I shall not live long after.

Of Profit, Gain.

It is folly by our wisest worldlings prov'd,
 If not to gain by love, to be belov'd.

Many will say,
 No matter how, so they have commings in,
 And sin thrives best, that is maintain'd by sin.

In this lean age, we value
 All things according to the rate they pawn for.

This world descends unto such base born evils,
 That forty Angels can make fourscore Devils.

All things with me seem honest, that are profitable,
 He must nere winch, that would or thrive, or save,
 To be call'd Niggards, Cuckold, Cutthroat, Knave.

Among evill men,
 No longer love, or correspondence holds,
 Then it is Cemented with prey or profit.

1. Pray, sir, what turn'd your Turk ?
2. That, for which many their Religion,
 Most men their faith, all change their honesty,

Pro-

Profit, that gilded God, Commodity.

Your idle vertuous definitions,
Keep honour poor, and are as scorn'd as yain,
Those deeds breath honour, that do suck in gain.

Sir, I must make the best benefit of my place,
You know, 'tis not an Age to be honest in,
'Tis the onely high-way unto poverty.

If you will have me serve your pleasure,
Your pleasure must accomodate my profit:
As good be vertuous and poor, as not
Thrive by my knavery, all the world would be
Good, prosper'd goodness like to villany.

If not by birth, let me have Lands by wit,
All's meet with me, that I can fashion fit.

Of Prosperity.

HE that suffers
Prosperity to swell him 'bove a mean,
Like those Impressions in the air, that rise
From Dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,
Leaves nothing but an empty name behind.

Prosperity is the Bond of love, whose fresh
Complexion, and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Prosperity does search a Gentlemans temper,
More then his adverse fortune: I have known
Many, and of rare parts, from their successe
In private Duels, rais'd up to such pride,
And so transform'd from what they were, that all
That lov'd them truly, wish'd they had fall'n in their

It is the life

every Action, and makes it pleasant,
when fortune is no Enemy to Industry,
or turns her wisdom into folly, makes not
at a ruine, was a well order'd safety.
when they both consent, the burthen is light,
and labour but a serious sport.

They who still

are high, and snore in prais'd applause, nere know
to bear a Continually, or check a fate.

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear,
at Seas laugh and shew white, when Rocks are neer.

daily and hourly proof

all us, Prosperity is at th' highest degree,
the fount and handle of calamity:
like dust before a Whirlwind those men fly,
that prostrate on the ground of fortune lie,
and being great, (like Trees that broadest sprout)
their own Top heavy state grubs up their root.

Of Providence, foresight.

Wise men

Fight not alone with forces, providence
directs and tutors strength, else Elephants
and barbed Horses might as well prevail,
as the most subtil stratagems of war.

Peace should not so dull us,

Though war, nor no known quarrell be in question)
but that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
as were a war in expectation.

We'll set thee to School to the Ant, to teach thee

R

There

There is no labouring in winter; all
 That follow their Noses, are led by their eyes,
 But blind men; and there's not a Nose 'mong twenty,
 But can smell him that stinks: let go thy hold
 When a great wheel runs down the hill, lest it
 Break thy neck with following; but the great one
 That upward goes, let it draw thee after.
 When a wise man gives thee better counsaile,
 Give me mine again; I would have none but
 Knaves follow it, because a fool gives it.

They passe through whirlpools, and deep woes do shun
 Who the event weigh, ere the Action's done.

Range all the Kingdom danger to prevent,
 Fore-sight beats storms back, when most eminent.

When Princes heads sleep on their Councells knees,
 A state's deep rooted, and must grow up high,
 When providence, zeal, and integrity,
 Husband it well.

A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
 And cast with cunning for the time to come,
 For evils are apt to happen every day.

I must arm me thus against their scorn,
 Men must be shod that go amongst the thornes.

Of Prudence. A fable.

Prudence, thou vertue of the mind, by which
 We do consult of all that's good or evill,
 Conducting to felicity, direct
 My thoughts and actions by the rule of Reason,
 Teach me contempt of all inferior Vanities,
 Pride, in a marble portall gilded ore,
 Assyrian Carpers, Chairs of Ivory,

The Luxury of a stupendious house,
Garments perfum'd, Gems valued not for use,
But needlesse Ornaments : a sumptuous Table,
And all the baits of sence, a vulgar eye,
Does not the dangers which beneath them lie.

Move on then, stars, work your pernicious will,
Onely the wiserule, and prevent your ill.

Greatnesse we owe to fortune, or to fate,
But wisdome onely can secure a State.

In th' violence of afflictions, he that's wise,
The more he's cast down, will the higher rise.

A wise mans home is, wherefoere he's wise ;
Now that from man, not from the place, doth rise.

A wise man wrongfully, but never wrong
Can take, his breast's of such well temper'd proof
It may be raz'd, not pierc'd by the savage tooth
Of fawning malice : showers of Darts may dark
Heavens ample brow, but not strike out a spark
Much lesse pierce the Suns cheek.

The opinion of wisdome, is a foul Tetter
That runnes all over a mans body : If simplicity
Directs us to have no evill, it directs us
To a happy being, for the subleest folly
Proceeds from the subleest wisdom.

What though in banishment he dyes ?
He ever is at home, that's ever wise.

No chance can ever move him,
That leaveth nothing, but a God above him.

Of Rape.

WOmans forced use,
Like unripe fruits, no sooner got, but wast;
They have proportion, colour, but no tast.

She that through force, her limbs with lust enrolles,
Wants *Cleopatra's* Aspes, and *Peria's* Coals.

If compulsion doth insilt, untill
Enforcement breed delight, we cannot say
The Female suffers: Acceptance at the last,
Disparageth the not consenting at first,
Calls her denyall, her unskilfulnesse,
And not a vertuous frost in the blood.

She longs to be ravished,
Some have no pleasure but in violence,
To be torn in pieces is their Paradise;
'Tis ordinary (in *Spain*) to ravish all,
They will not give a penny for their sport,
Unless they be put to it and terribly, (then)
And then they swear they'd hang the man comes next
And swear it on his lips too.

Farewell,
Know, he that would force love, thus seeks his hell.

1. How like a hill of snow, she sits
Before the unchast fires of others lust?
What heart can see her passion, and not melt?
2. Take comfort, gentle Madam, you know well,
Even actuell sins committed without will,
Are neither sins, nor thames, much more compell'd:
Your honour's no whit lesse, your chastity
No jot impair'd, for fair *Merione*
Is more a Virgin yet then all her sex: why then sits
My

thy *Phoebe* shadowed in a fable Cloud?
 Those pearly drops which thou letst fall like Beads,
 Tumbling on them, thy Vestall Orisons,
 As, are spent in vain: I love thee still,
 In midst of all these showers thou sweetlier scent'st,
 Like a green Meadow on an Aprill day,
 In which the Sun and West-wind play together,
 Striving to catch, and drink the balmy drops.

Of Reason.

Nought that is
 Approv'd by reason, can be cowardize.

Accursed reason,
 How many eyes hast thou to see thy shame,
 And yet how blind once to prevent defame?

The world hath a false light,
 Fools think 'tis day, when wise men know 'tis night.

Man is not the Prince of Creatures,
 But in his Reason, fail that, he is worse
 Than Horse or Dog, or beast of Wildernesse.

Man then is happy, and his blisse is full,
 When he's directed by his better soul.

Reason, sit still, enthron'd in thy own state,
 'Tis passion onely ruines Kings, not fate.

Oh most imperfect light of humane Reason,
 That mak'st us so unhappy to foresee,
 What we can least prevent?

There's nothing done, but there is reason for it,
 (If a man could find it) for what is the reason,
 Your Citizen wives continually wear Hats;

But to shew the desire they have alwaies to be covered?
 Or why do your Sempsters spend their time in pricke-
 And your Ladies in poaking, but onely to shew (ing)
 They do, as they would be doe done unto? Or why
 Does your Innes of Court man lie with his Laundress
 In a long vacation, but because he hath no money
 To go abroad? Or why do your old Judges Widows
 Alwaies marry young Gentlemen, but to shew that they
 Love Execution better then Judgement?

Accursed man,
 Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate,
 For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
 With curious Rules, when every beast is free.

Of Rebellion and Sedition.

HE that dares prove a Rebelle to his Country,
 Of any other Treason dares be guilty.

Turbulent spirits rais'd beyond themselves,
 With ease are not so soon laid, they oft prove
 Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

Sedition walks
 With claws bow'd in, and a close mouth, which only
 She keeps for opportunity of prey.

Fight against my Country?
 'Tis a lesse sinne to kill my Father, there,
 Or stab my own heart, these are private mischiefs,
 And may in time be wept for; but the least
 Wound I can fasten on my Country, makes
 A Nation bleed, and my selfe too, blasts all
 The memory of former Actions,
 And kills the name we live by.

What Ministers,
 Men must for their Rebellious practice use?
 The rash, the ambitious, needy, desperate,
 Foolish and wretched, even the dregs of Man-kind,
 To whores, and women? Still it must be so,
 Each have their proper place, and in their rooms
 They are the best Grooms fittest carry fires,
 Slaves carry burthens, Butchers are for slaughters,
 Apothecaries, Butlers, Cooks for poysons,
 As these for me.

Tumults are not laid
 With halfe the easiness that they are rais'd,
 All may begin a war, but few can end it.

The Prince, that pardons
 The first affront offer'd to Majesty,
 Invites a second, rendring that power
 Subjects should tremble at, contemptible,

Of Religion.

R Religion, how is it mingled with policy? (gion.
 The first bloodshed in the world was 'bout Reli-

For my Religion,
 I would not be of one that should command me
 To feed upon Poor- John, when I see Pheasants
 And Partridges on the Table: Nor do I like
 The other, that allowes us to eat flesh
 In the Lent, thought it be rotten, rather
 Then be thought superstitious.

The Atheist says, Religion
 Is the fools bridle, worn by policy,
 As Horse wears Trappings, to seem fair in shew,
 And make the worlds eye doat on what we seem.

Lets Mortalls learn
 To make Religion of offending heaven,
 And not at all to censure powers divine,
 To men, this argument should stand for firm,
 A Goddess did it, therefore it was good,
 We are not cruell, nor delight in blood.

'Twere happy for our holy faith to bleed,
 The blood of Martyrs is the Churches seed.

Turn Christian?

If it be but for three qualities they have,
 I will be none of their society; first,
 They suffer their wives to be their Masters; secondly,
 They make men Theeves for want of maintenance,
 And then hang them up for stealing: lastly,
 Th'are mad four times a year, which they call Termes,
 And then they are so purg'd by their Physitians,
 (Which they call Lawyers) that some never are
 Their own men after.

This Religion

Will keep us slaves and beggers; the Fiend prompts me
 To change my Copy, out upon't, we are Sea-men,
 What have we to do with it, but for a snatch, or so,
 At the end of a long Lent.

I hold, our bodies shall revive, resuming
 Our soules again to heaven, though some there be
 Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,
 Not knowing the sacred sence of him, that sings,
 Love can let down a golden chain from heaven,
 Which tyed to heaven, shall fetch up Earth and Seas.
 And what's that golden Chain, but our pure souls,
 A golden beani of him, let down by him,
 That, (govern'd with his grace, and by him drawn)

Can hoyst this earthy body up to him;
The Sea and Air, and all the Elements,
Compress'd in it not while 'tis this concrete,
But find by death, and then given heavenly breath?

Away, you hearts and tongues prophane,
Without devotion mysteries are vain.

That Ceremonious fear, which bends the hearts
Of mortall Creatures, and displayes it selfe
In outward signs of true obedience,
As prayers, kneeling, sacrifice, and hymns,
Requires again help from immortall Deities,
As promise, not as debt. We laud their names,
They give us blessings, and forgive our blames.
Thus Gods and men do barter, what impiety
Ascends, descends as much again in pitty,
A golden chain reaching from heaven to earth.

Religion, here
Grows like the Cedar, big and high, but yields
No fruit; the abject race of men she doth
Confound with hope, and bids them not obey
T'augment humility, but her own sway.

Fear to sleight
Your Gods and Vowes: *Jove's* arm is of dread might.

Of a Retired (or Countrey) life.

THis is a beautifull life now, privacy,
The sweetnesse and the benefit of essence:
I see, there's no man but may make his Paradise,
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the worlds foul joyes, that keeps him out of it.
For he that lives retir'd in mind and spirit,
Is still in Paradise, and has his innocence

Part-

Partly allow'd for his companion too,
 As much as stands with justice : here no eyes
 Shoot their sharp pointed scorn upon my shame.
 They know no termes of reputation here,
 No punctuall limits, or precise dimensions ;
 Plain down-right honesty, is all the beauty
 And elegancy of life found among shepheards ;
 For knowing nothing nicely, or desiring it,
 Quits many a vexation from the mind,
 With which our quainter knowledge does abuse us.
 The name of Envy is a stranger here,
 That dries mens bloods abroad, robs health and rest :
 Here's no such fury thought on, no, nor falshood,
 That brotherly disease, fellow-like Devill,
 That playes within our bosome, and betrayes us.

Court honours, and your shadowes of true joy,
 That shine like stars, but till a greater light
 Drown your weak lustre ; I abjure your sight
 Even from my Meditations, and my thoughts,
 I banish your enticing vanities,
 And closely kept within my study walls,
 As from a Cave of rest, henceforth I'll see
 And smile, but never tast your misery.

How happy are they that live a Country life,
 And in the nature of each severall Creature,
 View the great God of natures power, who can
 Find nought in the whole frame, but either for
 The composition, or the existence,
 Is worth our Admiration.

Of Revenge.

WRath cover'd, carries fate,
 Revenge is lost, if I professe my hate.

One wrong wreak'd in time,
 events all others, then shines vertue most,
 when time is found for facts, and found not lost.
 You do mistake, for never private cause
 should take on it the part of publick Laws.

My revenge
 never will slack, till it have spent its fuel,
 intemperate Agues make Physicians cruell.

As Bears shape young, so I'll form my device, (wise,
 Which grown proves horrid, vengeance makes men

The hand must act, to drown the passionate tongue,
 I scorn to wear a sword, and prate of wrong.

Let Craft with curtesie a while confer,
 Revenge proves its own Executioner.

They are men,
 And leave behind them name and memory,
 That wrong'd, do right themselves before they die.

How just soever
 Our reasons are, to remedy our wrongs,
 We are yet to leave them to their will and power,
 That to such purpose have authority.

Let fools murmur,
 The much they suffer in some dolefull song,
 While, like a wise man, I revenge my wrong.

Be still, fond breath, lest breath my plots beguile,
 Vengeance intended, policy must smile.

He brings Revenge along, whose fruits the Gods
 Were pleas'd to feast with, and the sweets we see
 Have made them from us, silly mortals with

Ficry

Fiery Injunctions, still inclose the Tree.

I wish to die
Reverg'd, that death forts best with Majesty.

Of Reward and Punishment.

TIs well if some men will doe well for price,
So few are good, when the reward's away.

These informing Instruments
Must needs receive reward, though't be not known,
Least when a state wants Ministers, th'have none.

He should not dare to kill, that dares not die,
'Tis needy mischief, and he's basely bent,
That dares do ill, yet feares the punishment.

Plague makes known
That oft for sin, which once we thought was none.

Where the faults of wretched folks
Are Catalogu'd, as causes of their sufferings,
The pittie of the pious is denyed, vokes
The holy sighes of the religious Beadesman that in-
The angry power for the distressed wights,
Are turn'd to rough disdaines, and hard contempts,
Th'unusuall effects of his soft life and practice :
But where, for some conceal'd purpose to heaven,
The innocent and good one is oppress'd,
With all the violence of need and wrong :
There every holy teare will wash the filth,
By the polluter that is thrown on us,
And whilst our vertue, and our honour stand
Unblotted with the dash of destiny,
The ruines that can happen else are mean,
And fate must leave its triumph unto us,
That have (in spite of injury) been just.

This

This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in th' example better these bad times.

We have no punishment can reach these crimes,
Therefore 'tis justice sure, to send him where
Th' are wittier to punish, then we are here.
And 'cause repentance oft stops that proceeding,
A suddain death is sure the greatest punishment.

Of Riches, Wealth.

Riches, the dumb God, that giv'ft all men tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'ft men do all
(things)

The price of soules, even hell with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art vertue, fame,
Honour, and all things else : who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise,
And what he will, since riches are in fortune
A greater good, then wisdom is in nature.

The time was once, when wit drown'd wealth, but now
Your onely Barbarism is, to have wit and want;
No matter now in vertue who excel's,
He that hath coyn, hath all perfection else.

Though seldom it do happen, 'tis most fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go together.

Mans right to every thing,
Wanes with his wealth, wealth is his surest King.

Plutus, the God of Riches, when he is sent
(By *Jupiter*) to any man, he goes limping,
To signifie, that wealth which comes in Gods name,
Comes slowly, but when he is sent on the Devils errand,
He rides Post, and comes in by Scutles.

Pur

Put on
Your Hat sir, go to, wealth must be respected,
Let those that have least feathers stand bare.

Those Riches are not best, though they be mighty,
Are purchas'd by the ruine of another.

He that would grow damn'd rich, yet live secure,
Must keep a Case of faces, sometimes demure,
Sometimes a surly sir; now play the Jew,
Now the Precisian.

He that would rise to riches and renown,
Must not regard, though he pull millions down.

Of Safety, Security.

THose happy dayes come no lesse gratefull to us,
Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,
Then those wherein we are born, and brought to light,
Because the gladnesse of our safety is certain,
But the condition of our birth not so;
And we are sav'd with pleasure, but are born
Without the sence of joy.

Oh security,

Which we so much seek after, yet are still
To count a stranger, and dost rather chuse
The smoaky reeds, and sedge Cottages,
Then the proud Roofs, and wanton coit of Kings.

Who are secure,
And nothing venture, all things must indure.

Thunder speaks not till it hit,
Is not secure, none swifther are oppress'd
Then they, whom confidence beweyes to rest.

Let

Let not your daring make your danger such,
All power is to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.

Though nothing be so needfull
To thy Estate, as pittie, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous, I must look to my footing
In such slippery Ice pavements, men had need
Be frost-nail'd well, they may break their necks else,
The president 's here before me: how this man
Bears up in blood, seems fearless! why 'tis well,
Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall betwixt.

Who confident on his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an Enemy, that hath means
To shun the worst they can effect, gives Armour
To keep off his own strength, nay more disarms
Himselfe, and lies unguarded 'gainst all harmes.

Of Schollers.

I Am a Gentleman, and a Scholler,
I have been matriculated in the University,
Wore out six Gowns there, seen some fools, some Schol-
Some of the City, and some of the Country, (lers,
Kept order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle,
Eat my Commons with a good stomach, and
Batten'd with discretion; at last having done
Many sleights and tricks to keep my wit in use,
(As my brain would never endure me to be idle)
I was expell'd the University: onely
For stealing a Cheese out of Jesus Colledge.
There was one Welchman, (God forgive him for't)
Pursued it hard, and never left, till I
Turn'd my staffe towards London, where when I came,
All my friends were pit-hol'd, gone to Graves,

(As

(As indeed there were but a few left before)
 Then was I turn'd to my wits, to shift in the world,
 To tounz amongst Sons and Hens, Fools and Gulls,
 And Ladies eldest Sons, to work upon nothing,
 To feed out of flint, and ever since has my belly
 Been much beholding to my brain.

1. They say you are a Scholler,
 Nay sir (Yeoman Dogson, have a care of his Arms)
 You'l rail against Serjeants, and stage them, you
 Tickle their vices. 2. Nay use me like a Gentleman,
 I am little lesse. 1. You a Gentleman? that's a good
 Jest yfaith, can a Scholler be a Gentleman, when a Gen-
 Will not be a Scholler? look upon your (Gentleman
 Wealthy Citizens sons, whether they be
 Schollers or no, that are Gentlemen by
 Their Fathers trades. A Scholler a Gentleman?
 2. Nay, let fortune drive all her stings into me,
 She cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman is
Accidens inseparable to my blood.

Of Secrecie and Silence.

Secret? I nere had that disease of the Murther,
 I praise my Father: why are men made close,
 But to keep thoughts in best? I grant you this,
 Tell but some woman a secret over night,
 Your Doctor may find it in th' Urinall next morning.

He that knows great mens secrets, and proves sleight,
 That man nere lives to see his beard turn white.

I am ruind in her Confession;
 That man that trusts a Woman with a secret,
 And hopes for silence, may as well expect it
 At the fall of a Bridge; a secret with them

like a Viper, it will make way, though
through their bowels eat. They do all thirst
ans overthrow, that is a p. inciple
emonstrative as truth, 'tis the onely end
they were made for, and when they have insinuated
themselves into our Counsell, and gain'd power
over our life, the fire's more mercifull,
burns to get forth.

though I should swear concealment in loves plot,
that woman's happy, that believes me nor.

deep policy in us makes fools of such,
then must a slave die, when he knows too much.

love prove healthy, he in silence lives,
the tongue has no part in the birth of brave loves;
Nor are they long-liv'd make their Exits that way.
True births of love know no delivery
But where they took their life) thorough the eye,

intents ill carried are, that men may know,
When things are done, let rumour freely go.

Silence is lie,
My life hath shame and death must cover it.

Of Selfe-love.

Selfe-love never yet could look on truth
But with blear'd beams; Slick flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dyes.

His belly and his pallat,
Would be compounded with for reason, many
A wit he hath, of that strange credit with him;
Gainst

'Gainst all man-kind as it doth make him doe
Just what it list. It ravishes him forth
Whither it please, to any assembly or place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, should he scape
One publique meeting, out of the belief:
He has of his own great and Catholick strengths,
In arguing and discourse.

Who govern men, if they will stay above,
Must see, and scorn the down-falls of self-love.

Mans selfe loving thought,
Still creepeth to the rude embracing night
Of Princes grace, a Lease of Glories let,
Which shining burns, breeds serenes where 'tis set.

To think well of our selves,
(If we deserve it) is a lustre in us,
And every good we have strives to be gracious,
What use else is it of? old age, like fear-Trees,
Is seldome seen affected, yet stirs sometimes
At the rehearfall of Acts, as in
His daring youth he had endeavoured.

I want no worth to merit honour,
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me ;
Fortune thou Arbitresse of humane things,
Thy credit is at stake, if I but rise,
The worlds opinion will conceive th'ast eyes.

Of Sin.

THe faults of man are finite, like his merits,
His mercies infinite, that judgeth Spirits ;
Tell me my errours, teach me to forgive,
Which he that cannot do, knows not to live.

Wretches turn
the tide of their good fortune, and being drench'd
in some presumptuous and hidden sins,
while they aspire to do themselves most right,
the Devill (that rules in th'air) hangs in their sight.

Who is in sin once a companion,
can hardly shake it off, but must go on.

How black sin doth scatter
her seed betimes, and every ground is fruitfull ?

This is truth, and evermore hath been,
None can forsake, before he knows his sin.

All men have sins,
Though in their severall kinds, all end in this,
So they get gold, they care not whose it is :
begging the Court, use bears the City out,
Lawyers their quirks, thus goes the world about,
So that our villanies have but different shapes,
Th' effects all one, and poor men are but Apes
To imitate their betters ; this the difference,
All great mens sins must still be humoured,
And poor mens vices largely punished,
The priviledge that great men have in evill,
Is, that they go unpunished to the Devill.

Sin, like a pregnant Mother,
From the successe of one begets another.

When in our viciousnesse we grow hard,
The wise God feesles our eyts in our own filth,
Droop our clear judgements, makes us adore our errors,
Laughs at us, while we strut to our confusion.

When sin sees with broad eyes
Her ugly form, she does her selfe despise:

How hardly can ill men believe the good,
Which their corrupted soules nere understood?

How easie is it to erre,
When passion will not give us leave to think?
A learn'd, that is an honest man, may fear,
And lust, and rage, malice, or any thing,
When he is taken uncollected suddainly:
'Tis sin of cold blood, mischief with wak'd eyes,
That is the damned, and the truest vice,
Not he that's passionless, but he 'bove passion's wife,

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eyes.

There is an inmate falling from what's good,
Which nothing can repair in's but our blood.

Thou that
Augmentst thy sins, t'orecome the memory
Of heaven, in silly hope, th'accompt may be
Unwillingly survey'd, because th'are long.

Sin's grown a slave, and must observe sleight evils,
Huge Villaines are enforc'd to claw all Devils.

There is no Gamester like a politick sinner,
For who ere games, the Box is sure a Winner.

What an Orator
Is sin, that paints it selfe with golden words
Of pleasure and delight, as if the soul
Had its eternall being, and full powers,
But for the senses satisfaction,
And their enjoying it, Creations end?

Of single life.

Why a man never marry, nor has Children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a Father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a Cockhorse
Upon a painted stick; or hear him chatter
Like a taught Starling?

A Batchelour
May thrive by observation, on a little,
Single life's no burthen; but to draw
On yokes is chargeable, and will require
A double maintenance.

My stars are yet
Kind to me, for (in a happy minute be it
Spoken) I am not in love, and men shall never
Make my heart lean with sighing, nor with tears.
Draw on my eyes the infamy of spectacles;
Tis the chiefe principle, to keep your heart
Under your own obedience: jest, but love not,
I say my prayers yet, can wear good Clothes,
And only satisfie my Taylor for them.

A wife? oh fetters
To mans blest'd liberty! all this world's a prison,
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the Jaylor,
But th'Iron shackles weighing down our heels,
Are onely women, those light Angels turn us
To fleshly Devils; I the sex admire,
But never will fit nere their wanton fire.

Oh fie upon this single life, forgo it;
We read, how *Daphne*, for her peevish flight,
Became a fruitlesse Bay-tree; *Syrinx* turn'd
To the pale empty Reed, *Anaxarete*

Was frozen into Marble: whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
Were, by a gracious influence transhap'd
Into the Olive, Pomgranat, Mulberry-trees:
Became flowers, precious Stones, or eminent stars.

Of Sleep, Dreams.

OH gentle sleep,
Natures soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather sleep, I yest thou in smoaky Cribbs,
Upon uneasie Palats stretching thee,
And husht with bussing night, flies to thy slumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the great,
Under the Canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
Oh thou dull God, why I yest thou with the vild
In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast,
Seal up the Ship-boyes eyes, and rock his brains
In Cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the Russian billows by the tops,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurley death it self awakes?
Canst thou, O partiall sleep, give thy repose
To the wet Sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest, and the stillest night,
(With all appliances, and means to boot)
Deny it to a King? then low lie down,
Uneasie lies the head that wears a Crown.

Dreams are but the rais'd
 Impressions of premeditated things,
 Or serious apprehension left upon
 Our minds, or else th'imaginary shapes
 Of objects proper to the complexion,
 Or disposition of our bodies.

'Tis said, that ancient times,
 Or Princes safeties, made our dreams our crimes.

Of Souldiers.

They are noble Warriors, but yet
 If midnight howlings, heard in Cities sack'd,
 And fir'd, the heavy groans of widowed wives,
 And slaughter'd Childrens shrieks, can pierce the eares
 Of heaven, the learned think, their glorious Ghosts
 Will have a dismall welcome after death.

Thou art a Souldier,
 Followest the great Duke, seedst his Victories,
 As Witches do their serviceable spirits,
 Even with thy prodigall blood; what hast thou got?
 But like the wealth of Captaines, a poor handfull,
 Which in thy palm thou bear'st as men hold water,
 Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
 Steals through their fingers.

And thus when we have even pour'd our selves
 Into great fights, for their ambitions,
 Or idle spleens, how shall we find reward?
 But as we seldom find the Mistletoe
 Sacred to Physick, or the builder Oke
 Without a Mandrake by it: so in our quest of gain,
 Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
 At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes.

Most Souldiers joy or wrath is measureless,

Rapt

Rapt with an instant motion, and we blame,
 We hate, we praise, we pitty in excess,
 According as our present passions frame.
 Sometimes to passe the Ocean we would faine,
 Sometimes to other worlds; and sometime slack
 And idle with our conquests, entertaine
 A sullen humour of returning back.
 All which conceits one Trumpets sound doth end,
 And each man running to his ranks, doth lose
 What in our Tents dislike us, and we spend
 All that conceived wrath upon our foes.

A curse on this dead peace.

This bastard breeding, lazy, louty weel:ffe,
 Now must we learn to pipe, and pick our living
 Out of old rotten ends: These five and twenty year
 I have serv'd my Country, lost my youth and blood;
 Expos'd my selfe to dangers, more then dayes;
 Yet let me tell my wants, I know their answer,
 The King is bound to right me, they, good people,
 Have but from hand to mouth. Look to your wives.
 Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your
 For if the Souldier find not recompence (Marchpans,
 (As yet there's none in hatching) I believe
 You men of wares, the men of war will nick you.

See what it is, to fight and swagger,
 Be beaten about the the ears with bawling sheepskins,
 Cut to the skull for nothing, here an Arm lost,
 And there a Leg, his honourable head
 Seal'd up in salves and scarcloth, like a packet,
 And so send over to an Hospitall. (dead there,
 Stand there, Charge there, swear there, whore there,
 And all this sport for Cheese, and Chines of Dogs-bells,
 And Money, when two Wednesdayes meet together,
 Where

Where to be lowzy is a Gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt, has his shroud on.

Happy are they, that can destroy Gunpowder
Without offence in their Musterings: Souldiers may
But there is neither wit nor honesty (talk,
In making so many Cripples; now would I give
On: of my Legs. to have the other secur'd
Cowards are commonly Creatures of understanding.

Of Sorrow.

Then a sorrow shewes in its true glory,
When the whole heart is excellently sorry.

Sorrow hath no worse plague, I see,
Then free and unpartaking company,
Who are not in the fashion of our woes,
And whose affections do not look likewise,
Of like complexion as our miseries.

Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

It is some ease our sorrows to reveal;
If they, to whom we shall impart our woes,
Seem but to feel a part of what we feel,
And meet us with a sigh but at the close.

How slow-pac'd is sorrow?
Grief is a Tortoise to the nimbler senses,
And chills their Motions.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor.

Is my Composition
So hard, a sorrow great and high, like this,

Can-

Cannot dissolve it? will not my heart break
 VVith this? then melt it some Celestiall fire,
 In pittie of my sufferings, some cloud
 Of rain, (since my own eyes refuse to drown me)
 Melts and ore-whelme this miserable Island.

Soules sunk in sorrows, never are without them,
 They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about them.

My heart is turn'd t' a heavy lump of lead.
 VVith which I found my danger.
 Oh think not how unkindly I am us'd,
 Man, like to *Cassio*, is prov'd best, being bruise'd.

He must onely think,
 Not dare to speak, that would expresse my woe,
 Small Rivers murmur, deep streams silent flow.

Of the Soule, Heart.

That our soules, in reason, are immortall,
 Their naturall and proper objects prove,
 VVhich Immortality and knowledge are.
 For to that object ever is refer'd
 The nature of the soule, in which the Act
 Of her high faculties are still employ'd.
 And that true object must her powers obtain,
 To which they are in natures aim directed,
 Since 'twere absur'd, to have her set an object,
 VVhich possibly she never can aspire.

The soul? let that alone, Ladies look not after
 The soul so much, the body will serve their turn,
 So it be nimble, and at their devotion.

A Heart, is a thing framed
 VVith divers corners, and into every corner,

A man may entertain a friend, thence came
 The Proverb, a man may love one well,
 And yet retaine a friend in a corner.
 The heart indeed, for the most part, doth keep
 A better guest then himselfe in him, that's his soul:
 Now the soul being a Tree, there are divers branches
 Spreading out of It, as loving affection, suffering for
 And the like, then these affections or sorrows,
 Being but branches, are sometimes lopp'd off,
 Or of themselves do wither, and new shoot
 In their rooms; as for example, your friend dyes,
 There's sorrow, but it quickly withers, then
 Is that branch gone: Again, you love a friend,
 There affection springs forth: at last, you distast
 Then that branch withers gain, and another
 Buds in his room.

Now wing thee, deare soul, and receive her heaven,
 The earth, the air, the seas I know, and all
 The joyes and horrors of their peace and wars,
 And now will see the God state and the stars.

1. That souls immortall are, I easily grant,
 Their future state distinguisht, joy, or pain;
 According to the merits of this life.
 But then I rather think, being free from prison,
 And bodily contagion, they subsist
 In places fit for immateriall spirits,
 Are not transfus'd from men to beasts, from beasts
 To men again, wheel'd round about by change.
 2. And were it not more cruell to turn out
 Poornaked souls, stripp'd of warm flesh like Landlords,
 Bidding them wander; then (forsooth) to imagine
 Some unknown Cave or Coast, where all the Myriads
 Of souls decess'd are flipp'd, and thrust together?

Nay,

Nay, reason rather sayes, as at one moment
 Some die, and some are born, so may their Ghosts,
 Without more cost serve the succeeding age,
 For sure they are not to be cast aside,
 But enter straight lesse or more noble bodies,
 According to the desert of former deeds;
 The valiant into Lyons, coward minds
 Into weak Hares, th'ambitious into Eagles
 Soaring aloft; but the perverse and peevish
 Are next indenizon'd into wrinkled Apes,
 Each Vice and Vertue wearing seemly shapes.
 1. So you debase the Gods most lively image,
 The human soul, and rank it with meeke bruits,
 Whose life of reason void, ends with their sense.

Didst thou never see
 A Lark in a Cage? such is the soul in the body;
 This world is like her little tursle of Grasse,
 And heaven ore pur heads, like her looking-glasse,
 Which onely gives us, a miserable knowledge,
 Of the snall compasse of our prison.

Of Successe.

They that win, do seldome receive shame
 Of victory, how ere it be atchiev'd.

Let them call it mischief,
 When it is pass'd, and prospers, 'twill be vertue,
 Th'are petty crimes are punish'd, great rewarded:
 Nor must you think of perill, since attempts
 Begun with danger, still do end with glory.
 And when need spurs, despair will be call'd wisdom.

'Tis now upon the turning of the ballance,
 A most equall businesse, betwixt rebellion

And

And loyalty, which shall be the vertue, and which the
 Successe is a rare paine, hides all the uglinessse. (vice)

Successe, like *Lethe*, to the souls in blisse,
 Makes men forget things past, and crowns our sins
 With name of valour; be we impious;
 A *Scelus felix* stiles us vertuous.

No denyall,
 Nor no excuse in such Acts must be thought of,
 Which all dislike, and all again commend,
 When they are brought unto a happy end,
 Such power has successe.

Things that in th' period prosperously succeed,
 (Though cross'd before) are acted well indeed.

They are like to thrive,
 Whom fate, in spite of storms, hath kept alive.

Of Succession in great Estates.

Princes must strength by good succession gather,
 With future hopes all present smart are cas'd:
 Age hath a veil, and Majestie is pleas'd;
 Who makes can mar, honour, reward, and fear,
 Are veines of power, the ends inherent there.

Doubt is successions foe,
 Let not her mists poor Children overthrow;
 Though streames from springs do seem to run away,
 'Tis nature leads them to their mother sea.

Kings, that in their fearfull icy state,
 Behold their Children as their winding sheet,
 Do easily doubt, and what they doubt they hate.

Kings,

Kings, they say,
Dye not, or starve succession; oh why
Should that stand firm, and Kings themselves despair,
To find their subjects still in the next heir?

We Parents are but Natures Nursery,
When our succession springs, then ripe to fall;
Privation unto age is naturall.
Age there is also in a Princes state,
Which is contempt grown from misgovernment,
For hopes must wither, or grow violent,
If fortune bind desires to one estate.

Jealousie of Kings,
Where hopefull goodnesse oft in Successors
Seem not strengths, as they are, but strong oppressors.
Suspitions common to successions be,
Honour and fear ever together go,
Who must kill all they fear, fear all they see,
Nor subjects, sons, nor neighbour-hood can bear
So infinite the limits be of feare.

Never yet
Was any Nation read of, so besotted
In reason, as to adore the setting Sun,
Many ador'd him rising.

Of Swearing, Forswearing, &c.

THe time cuts off
All voves, the dignity of truth is lost,
With much protesting.

The Perjurer hath little hope,
On the last day, to hide himselfe in the crowd,
He is a sinner much too eminent,

Speech makes us men, and there's no other bond
Twixt man and man, but words: oh equal God,
Make us once know the consequence of Vowes.

Faiths are now bought and sold,
Oathes, in these dayes, are but the skin of Gold.

VVere Oathes but puffs,
Men might forswear themselves; but I do know
The sin being pass'd with us, the Act's forgot;
The poor soul groans, and she forgets it not.

Lovers oathes, are like
Marriners prayers, uttered in extremity;
But when the tempest is over, and the Vessell
Leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking:
And yet among Gentlemen, protesting and drinking
Do go together, and agree as well
As Shoemakers and Westphalia Bacon,
They are both drawers on, for drink draws on
Protestation, and Protestation draws on more drink.

VVhen a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not
For any standers by to turtall his oathes.

Phobus in me is great, Carthage must fall,
You Hate all Vice, but Vowes breach worst of all.

Lawyers and Merchants, some Divines, and all,
Count beneficiall Perjury a sin small.

Too much protestation,
Makes that suspected off, we would perswade.

1. There is nothing
That is sworn out of date that ere returns;

Their

Their first Oath in times pass'd, was by the Masse,
 And that they have sworn quite away : then came
 They to their Faith, as, by my Faith 'tis so,
 That in a short time was sworn away too,
 For no man now believes more then he sees :
 Then they swore by their honesty, and that
 Is quite gone now ; then came they to their Gentility,
 And swore, as they were Gentlemen, and that
 They swore away so fast, they had almost
 Sworn all the ancient Gentry out of the Land,
 Which indeed are scarce miss'd, because Yeomen
 And Farmers Sons, with help of a few Welchmen,
 Have undertaken to supply their places.
 At last they came to Silver, and their Oath was
 By the cross of this silver, and swore so fast upon that,
 That now th'have scarce a cross left them to swear by :
 And now their money is gone, they sweare, God dam
 And refuse them. (them,

2. And cannot they as well say, Men refuse them,
 As God refuse them ? 1. No, for men (especially
 Citizens, and rich men) have refus'd their Bonds
 And protestations already.

1. He profits well, but the worst is, he'l not swear yet.
 2. Do not belie me, if there be any good in me.
 That is the best : Oathes are necessary for nothing,
 They passe out of a mans mouth like smoak through a
 That soyles all the way it goes. (Chimney,

Of Temperance, &c.

IF men will shun swoln fortune, ruinous blasts,
 Let them use Temperance, nothing violent lasts.

We must (in passion to our wished ends,
 Through things call'd good and bad) be like the air,
 That

that evenly Interpos'd between the Seas.
and the oppos'd Element of fire,
neither toucheth, but partakes with neither,
neither hot nor cold, but with a sleight
and harmlesse temper, mixt of both th'extreams.

eat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
that it do finde your selfe, we may out-run
by violent swiftness, that which we run at,
and lose by over-running.

Though I am old, yet I am strong and lusty,
for in my youth I never did apply,
for and rebellious liquors to my blood:
nor did I with unbalisfull forehead woo,
the means of weaknesse and debility,
therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
frosty, but kindly.

From the moderation in receiving them,
The choicest Viands do continue pleasing
To the most curious palats.

Rewards will onely crown
The end of a well-prosecuted good
Philosophy, religious solitude,
And labour, wait on temperance; in these
Desire is bounded, they instruct the mind
And Bodies actions.

Cease Alarms,
A modest temperance is the life of Arms.

THE ELEMENT OF

Of Theft, &c.

Your greatest Theeves are never hang'd, for why
 They are wise, & cheat within doors, and will get
 Fools of more money in one night, then your
 False tayl'd gelding will get in a years running,
 Which confirms the old saying, He is wisest
 That keeps himself warmest, that is, that robs
 By a good fire.

The Sun's a Thiefe, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the Moon's an errand Thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
 The Sea's a Thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The Moon into salt tears. The Earth's a Thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a Composture, stoln
 From generall excrement. Each thing's a Thief,
 The Lawes, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd Theft.

A Cutpurse is the best Occupation,
 Because he will trust no man, for as soon
 As he has done his work, he is sure to have
 His money in his hand.

The greatest fault I can find with Theft, is,
 It cozens the Scriveners, for it borrows money
 Without giving obligation.

The fortune of us, that are the Moons men,
 Doth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being governed
 As the Sea is, by the Moon: as for proof
 Now a purse of Gold most resolutely snatcht
 On Munday night, and most dissolutely spent
 On Tuesday morning; got with swearing, lay by,
 And spent with crying, bring in, now in as low

in Ebbe, as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by
as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Of Time.

Time layes his hand
On Pyramids of brasse, and ruines quite
What all the fond Artificers did think
Immortall workmanship, he sends his worms
To books, to old Records, and they devour
Th' inscriptions, he loves ingratitude,
For he destroys the memory of man.

When we expect
Our blisse, Time creeps; but when the happier things
Call to enjoy, each sawcy hour hath wings.

Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons;
I tell you who time trots withall, who he
Amble withall, whom he Gallops withall,
And who he stands still withall.
He trots hard with a young Maid, between
The contract of her marriage and the day
It is solemnized; If the Interim
Be but a seven-night, Times pace is so hard,
That it does seem the length of seven year.
He ambles with a Priest that lacks Latin,
And with a rich man that hath not the Gout,
For the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study,
And the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain.
The one lacking the burthen of lean and
Wastfull learning, the other knowing no
Burthen of heavy tedious penury.
He Gallops with a Thief to the Gallowes;
For though he goes as softly as foot can fall,
He thinks himself too soon there. He stands still

With Lawyers in the Vacation, for they sleep
Between Term and Term, and then they perceive
Not how Time moves.

Times horse runs full as fast, hard born and curb'd
As in his full Carcir, loose reyn'd and spurr'd.

Of Tyrannie, Tyrants.

TYrants they are, that punish out of fear,
States wiser then the truth, decline and wear.

Even Tyrants cover to uphold their fame,
Not fearing evill deeds, but evill name.

States trespassse not, Tyrants they be that swerve,
And bring upon all Empire age or death,
By making truth but onely Princes breath.

Tyrants arts
Are, to give flatterers grace, accusers power,
That these may seem to kill, whom they devour.

When a Prince is meerly but Lip-good,
And that no longer then he airs himself
Abroad in publique, there to seem to shun
The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which within
Are Leachery unto him, and so feed
His brutish sence with their infecting sound,
As (dead to virtue) he permits himselfe,
Be carried, like a Pitcher, by the ears
To every Act of vice: this is a case
Deserves our fear, and doth preface the night
And close approach of blood and Tyrannie.

Endlesse desires are worthlesse of just Princes,
And onely proper to the swindge of Tyrants.

Woe be to that Scate
Where treachery guards, and ruine makes men great.

Oh the cunning
Of Tyrants, that look big, their very frowns
Doom poor souls guilty, ere their cause be heard.

Good Kings are mourn'd for after life, but ill
And such as govern'd onely by their will,
And not their reason, unlamented fall,
No good mans tears shed at their funerall.

Of travell, Travellers.

His Travels
Have made him far more clear and excellent,
It dreynes the grosseness of the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits.
He that knows most mens manners, of necessity
His own best knows, and mends them by example.
'Tis a dull thing, to travell like a Mill-horse,
Still in the place you were born in, round and blinded,
Living at home is like it: pure strong spirits,
That, like the fire, still covet to fly upwards,
And to give fire as well as take it, cas'd up
(I mean at home) like lusty metall'd horses,
Onely tyed up in stables, to please their Masters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their own Litters.

These same Travellers
That can live any where, make jests of any thing,
And cast so far from home for nothing else,
But to learn how they may cast off their friends.

Provide your selfe for a journey into France,
Bear your selfe well, and look you come not home

A verier Coxcomb then you went abroad,
 Pray wear no falling Bands nor Cuffs, above
 The price of suits and Cloaks, least you become
 The better halfe, undone in a bout at buffets.

I did think thee, for two Ordinaries,
 To be a pretty wise iellellow, thou didst make
 Tolerable vent of thy travels, it might passe,
 Yet the Skarres and the Bannerets about thee,
 Did manifestly disswade me from believing
 Thou wert a Vessel of too great a burthen.

1. A Traveller? y'have great reason to be sad,
 I fear y'have sold your own Lands, to see other mens
 Then, to have seen much, and to have nothing,
 Is, to have rich eyes, and poor hands.
 2. But I have gain'd experience. 1. And your experience
 Makes you sad; I had rather have a fool
 To make me merry, then experience
 To make me sad, and travell for it too.
 Farewell, Monsieur Traveller, look you lisp,
 And wear strange suits, disable all the benefits
 Of your own Country, be out of love with your
 Nativity, and almost chide God for
 His making you the countenance you have,
 Or I'll scarce think y'have swam in a Gundelo.

1. Why doe you not travell fir? 2. I have no beliefe
 (in it,
 I see so many strange things, half unhatch'd too,
 Return, those that went out men, and good men,
 They look like poach'd Eggs, with the soules suck'd out,
 Empry, and full of wind, all their affections
 Are bak'd in Rye-crust, to hold carriage (pend,
 From this good Town or th'other, and when th'are c
 Th'are

are so ill cook'd, and musty: Pl shew y'a pack of
 (them,
 and here they come; now you that trust in travell,
 and make sharp Beards and little Breeches Deities,
 you that enhaunce the daily price of Tooth-picks,
 and hold there is no home-bred happinesse,
 behold a modell of your minds and Actions.
 You think now,
 you have open'd to me such a shame of travell,
 by shewing these thin Cubs; y'have honour'd us
 against your will, proclaim'd us excellent.
 Three frails of sprats, carried from Mart to Mart,
 are as much men as these, to more use travell'd,
 A bunch of bloated fools, methinks your judgement
 should look abroad sometimes without your Envy.

I am none of those
 That (frighted worse at home with debt and danger)
 Travell abroad in summer, to see service,
 And then come home in winter to drink sack.

Of treason, &c.

TReason to a credulous eye
 Does come invisible, veil'd with flattery,
 And flatterers look like friends, as Wolves like Dogs.

Treason hath blist'r'd heels, dishonest things
 Have bitter rivers, though delicious springs.

Treason taken ere her birth doth come
 Abortive, and her womb is made her Tomb.

The Law in Treasons, doth the will correct,
 With like severenesse as it doth th'effect;
 The effect is the essence of th'offence,

The Execution but the Accidence:
To have but will'd it, is to have done the same.

Treason affords a priviledge to none,
Who like offends, hath priviledge all one.

Princes, though they get by it,
Do hate the Traytor, though they love the Treason,

Forrain attempts against a State, or Kingdom,
Are feldeme without some great friends at home.

Treasons are acted
As soon as thought, though they are feld'believ'd
Until they come to act.

Oh conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? Oh then by day,
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none. Conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou put'st thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Of Truth.

Truth varies not, Gods pleasure constant is,
Time present shews not all that is amisse.

Truth must the measure be to slave and King,
God even to himselfe hath made a Law.

Truth is not made of Glasse,
That with a small touch it should fear to break.

And therefore should not shun it.

It is more cunning held, and much more common,
To suspect truth, then falshood, and (of both)
Truth still fares worst, as hardly being believ'd,
As 'tis unusuall, and rarely known.

Prefumptions oftentimes,
(Though likely groundd) reach not to the truth,
And truth is oft abus'd by likelihood.

The truth
Is, like your Coat of Arms, richest, when plainest.

See what confession doth,
Who would not lie, when men are hang'd for truth ?

I will be true, thou liv'st not to proclame,
Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame.

Who truth environs
With Circumstances of mans failing wit,
By fear, by hope, by love, by malice erreth,
Nature to natures Bankrupts he engageth.

Truth laughs at death,
And terrifies the killer more then kill'd.
Integrity thus armlesse seeks his foes,
And never needs a Target, or a Sword,
Bow, or Envenom'd shafts,

Of Valour.

When fortunes, honour, life, all are in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Would he would strike as bravely, and thou by,

Prince,

Prince, it would make the: quake to see me die.

I have seen this man
Write in the field, such stories with his sword,
That our best Cheistaines swore there was in him
(As 'twere) a new Philosophy of fighting,
His deeds were so punctilious.

Let's in our rising be, as in our falls,
Like Bells which ring alike at funerals,
As at Coronations, each man met his wound,
With self same joy as Kings go to be Crown'd.

When valour preys on reason, it does eat
The sword it should fight with.

The breasts of *Hecuba*,
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Then *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At *Greasian* swords contending.

Valour of nature ever this attaines
That it breaks forth far and beyond her chains:
When men want worlds to shew their vertne in,
That is the crime of the Gods, and not their sin.
'Tis a decree of a true Souldiers mind,
To think nought done, when ought is left behind;
Death consecrates those men, whose awefull end,
Though most men fear, yet all men must commend.

When all is lost, we'l dye
With weapons in our hands, and victory scorn,
There's none that dye so poor as they were born.

It is not the appetite
Of things that carry horror, makes men valiant;

But

But patient bearing of afflictions
That are necessitated.

Wisely to steer a ship, or guide an Army,
Undaunted hardiness is requisite.

Oh Gentlemen, the time of life is short,
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
Though life did ride upon a Dyals point,
Still ending at th' arrivall of an hour.
If we do live, we'll live to tread on Kings;
If die, brave death, when Princes dye with us.

Let them come,
They come, like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoaky war,
All hot and bleeding we will offer them.
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Alter sit
Up to the ears in blood: I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And not yet ours: Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to bear me like a Thunderbolt,
Gainst the most stout opposers.

Thou gallant *Hector*, I have seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
Through ranks of Greckish youth, and I have seen thee
(As hot as *Percuss*) spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
Where thou hast scorned forfeits, and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in th'are,
Not letting it decline on the declined:
That I have said unto the standers by,
Loe, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life:
I have beheld thee pause, and take thy breath,
When as a Ring of Greeks has hemm'd thee in

Like

Like an Olympian wrestling. This I have seen,
 But this thy countenance (still lock'd in steel)
 I never saw, till now: I knew thy Grandfire,
 And once fought with him, he was a Souldier good,
 But (by great *Marr*, the Captaine of us all)
 Never like thee.

Of Variety, and Vicissitude.

Times have their changes, sorrow makes men wise
 The sun it self must set, as well as rise.

Though your Land tarry in your Heires some forty
 Or fifty descents, the longer liver at last yet
 Must thrust them out of it, if no quirk in Law,
 Or odd vice of their own not do it first.
 We see those changes dayly, the fair Lands
 That were the Clyents, are the Lawyers now;
 And those rich Manors there of Goodman *Taylor*,
 Had once more wood upon them, then the Yard
 By which they were measur'd out, for the last purchase,
 Nature hath these Vicissitudes, she makes
 No man a state of perpetuity.

Is there no constancy in earthly things?
 No happinesse in us, but what must alter?
 No life, without the heavy load of fortune?
 What miseries we are, and to our selves,
 Even then when full content seems to sit by us?
 What daily sores and sorrows?

1. Why should weak man, that is so soon satisfied,
 Desire variety? 2. Their answer is,
 To feed on Pheasants continually,
 Would breed a loathing. 1. Then if we seek for
 Strange

strange flesh, that have stomachs at will, 'tis pardon-
 able.
 I, if men had any true feeling of it,
 but they judge us by themselves.

Change of pasture, makes fat Calves
 in Rumney-Marsh, and lean knaves in London.

Thus run the Wheels of state, now up, now down,
 And none that lives finds safety in a Crown.

Of Vertue.

Virtue without presumption, place may take
 Above best Kings, whom onely she should make.

'Tis Vertues fortune
 To keep her low, and in her proper place,
 Height hath no room for her: But as a man
 That hath a fruitfull wife, and every year
 A child by her, hath every year a moneth
 To breath himselfe, where he that gets no child,
 Hath not a nights rest (if he will do well:)
 So let one marry this same barren vertue,
 She never lets him rest, where fruitfull vice
 Spares her rich drudge, gives him, in labour, breath,
 Feeds him with bane, and makes him fat for death.

As nothing equals right to virtue done,
 So is her wrong past all comparison.

Virtue, not blood, enobles us, and earns
 Her Attribute without hereditary
 Help from Ancestors.

Virtue's a solid Rock, whereat being aim'd,
 The keenest Darts of Envy, yet unhurt
 Her marble Heroes stand, built on such Bases

While

While they recoil, and wound the shooters faces.

Titles may set a glosse upon our name,
But vertue onely is the fount of fame.

This addition
Of vertue is above all shine of state,
And will draw more admirers.

Vertues extraordinary, when they soar
Too high a pitch for common eyes to judge of,
Losing their proper splendor, and condemn'd
For most remarkable Vices.

'Tis vertue which they want, and wanting it,
Honour no Garment to their backs can fit.

Of Victory and Triumph.

A Victory is twice it selfe, when the Archieuer,
Brings home full numbers.

Whom heaven
Is pleas'd to stile victorious, to such
Applause runs madding, like the drunken Priests
In *Bacchus* sacrifices, without reason,
Voycing the Leader on a Demi-God,
When as indeed each common Souldiers blood,
Drops down as currant coyn in that hard purchase,
As his, whose much more delicate condition
Hath suck'd the milk of ease: Judgement commands,
But resolution executes.

Conquest by blood is not so sweet as wit,
For howsoere nice vertue censures it;
He hath the grace of war, that hath wars profit.

What

What a strange Circulation
Is in times Accidents? from Victory
Peace is deriv'd, from peace, security:
Thence lust, Ambition, (two main grounds of Jars)
We fight for peace, and peace again breeds wars.

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for Apes, and grief for Boyes.

We have got
The day but bought it at so dear a rate,
That Victory it self's unfortunate.

When Conquerors wax calm, and cease to hate,
The Conquer'd should not dare to reiterate.

Fight well, and thou shalt see after these wars,
Thy head wear Sun-beams, and thy feet touch stars.

Of Virginity.

Virginity and Marriage are both worthy;
And the positive purity, there are some have made
The nobler.

You say, you are a Virgin, (oh blest'd Creature)
And does too much felicity make you surfeit?
Are you in soul assur'd, there is a state
Prepar'd for you, for you, a glorious one,
In midst of heaven now, in the state you stand in:
And had you rather (after much known misery,
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curse)
Throng but to th'dore, and hardly get a place there?
Think, hath the world a folly like this madness?
Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
You chaste lump of eternity: 'tis a treasure

Too

Too precious for death's moment to partake
 This Twinkling of short life, disdain as much
 To let mortality know you, as the stars
 To kisse the pavement: You have a substance
 As excellent as theirs, (holding your pureness)
 They look upon Corruption as you do,
 But are stars still; be you a Virgin too.

The freedom that a Virgin hath,
 Is much to be prefer'd; who would endure
 The humours of so excellent a thing
 As is a Husband? Which of all the Herd,
 Runs not possels'd with some notorious vice,
 Drinking or whoring, fighting, jealousy,
 Even of a Page at twelve, or of a Groom
 That rubs Horse heels? Is it not daily seen,
 Men take wives but to dress their meat, to wash
 And starch their Linnen? For the other matter
 Of lying with them, that's but when they please,
 And whatsoere the joy be of the bed,
 The pangs that follow procreation
 Are hideous, or you wives, have gull'd your husbands
 With your lowd shriekings, and your deathful Throes.

Of Wars.

THe Wars are dainty Dreames to young hot spirits,
 Time and experience will allay those Visions.

The War's a School,
 Where all the principles tending to honour
 Are taught, if truly followed; but for such
 As repair thither, as a place in which
 They do presume they may with licence practice
 Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit

The noble name of Souldiers, To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and for their Countries safety,
To run upon the Canons mouth undaunted,
To obey their Leaders, and shun mutinies,
To bear with patience the winters cold,
And summers scorching heat, and not to faint
When plenty of provision failes, with hunger,
Are the essentiall parts make up a Souldier,
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

All Wars are bad, yet sometimes they do good,
And like to Surgeons let sick Kingdoms blood.

The pangs of War are like to Child-bed Throes,
Bitter in suffering, but the storm being past,
The talk, as of 'scape'd ship-wrack, sweet doth tast.

The same circumstance is to be observ'd
In the Court of War, as in the Courts of Law,
No triall, till the demand be pass'd.

Would you have me go
To the Wars where a man may serve seven years
For the losse of a Leg, and have not money
Enough in the end, to buy him a wooden one?

For all the Murthers Rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of War;
He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall find it in his Grave, and in his seed.

V

Of

Of Whores.

Shall I expound Whore to you? sure I shall,
 I'll give their perfect Character; they are, first,
 Sweet meats, which rot the eater, in mans nostrill
 Poyson'd perfumes; th'are cozening Alchimy,
 Ship-wracks in calmest weather,
 Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
 As if that nature had forgot the spring.
 They are the true materiall fires of Hell,
 Worse then those Tributes in the Low-Countries paid,
 Exactions upon Meat, Drink, Garments, Sleep,
 I, even on mans prediction, his sin.
 They are those brittle Evidences of Law,
 Which forfeit all a wretched mans Estate,
 For leaving out one syllable.
 They are those flattering Bell's have all one tune,
 At Weddings and at Funeralls; Your rich Whores,
 Are onely treasuries by extortion fill'd,
 And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse,
 Worse then dead bodies which are bogg'd at Gallows,
 And wrought upon by Surgeons, to reach man
 Wherein he is imperfect.
 she's like the guilty counterfeited coyn,
 Which whoseere first stamps it, brings in question,
 And troubles all that do receive it.

He that's of faire blood, well mean'd, and good breed-
 Best fam'd, of sweet acquaintances, and true friends,
 And would with desperate impudence lose all these,
 And hazard landing at the fatall shore,
 Let him nor kill, nor steal, but love a whore.

Oh thou most unreprievable, beyond

All measure of grace, damned immediately
 That things of beauty, created for sweet use,
 Soft comfort, as the very musick of life,
 Custome should make so inutterably hellish? oh hea-
 What difference is there in women, and their life?
 What man, but worth the name of man, would leave
 The modest pleasures of a lawfull Bed,
 The holy union of two equall hearts,
 Mutually holding either dear as health,
 Th'undoubted issues and joyes of chaste sheets,
 Th'unfeign'd embrace of sober ignorance,
 To twine th'unhealthfull Loyns of common loves,
 Th'prostituted impudence of things
 Sencelesse, like those, by Cataracts of Nyls,
 Their use so vile, takes away sence, how vile.
 To love a Creature made of blood, and hell,
 Whose use makes weak, whose company doth shame,
 Whose bed doth begger, issue doth defame?

A plague on whores, I say, whose vast desire
 Begins in watery teares, but ends in fire.

If there be hell for sins that men commit,
 Marry a strumper, and she keeps the pit.

She is as modest
 As one can be, that left to blush at twelve,
 Felt motions at eleven, hath been hard'ned
 Before three Congregations, and done pennance.

He upon her,
 There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
 Nay her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out
 At every joynt and motive of her body:
 Oh these Encounterers, so glib of tongue,
 That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the table of their thoughts
To every tickling Reader; set them down
For fluttish spoiles of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

When women are
Proclaimed to be light, they strive to be
More light, for who dare disprove a Proclamation?

Nature is very pittifull to Whores,
To give them but few children, and those children
Plurality of Fathers, they are sure
They shall not want.

There is no Harlot
But has her Champion, besides Bawd and Varlet.

Stand forth, thou, one of those,
For whose close lusts the plague here leaves the City;
Thou, worse then common private, subtil Harlot,
Thou dost deceive three with one feigned lip,
Thy Husband, the worlds eye, and the Laws whip:
Thy zeal is hot, for 'tis to lust and fraud,
And does not dread to make thy Book thy Bawd.
Thou art curse enough to Husbands ill got gains,
For whom the Court rejects, his Gold maintaines.
How dear and rare was freedom wont to be?
Few now but are by their wives copy free,
And brought to such a head, that now wee see,
City and Suburbs wear one Livery.

Our Term ends once a moneth, we should get more
Then the Lawyers for they have but four Terms
In the year, and we have twelve, and that makes them
Run so fast to us in the Vacation.

The greatest plague heaven keeps in store,

Falls,

Falls, when a man is link'd unto a Whore.

What woman but has frailty?
Yet let her make the best of it, set up shop
In the *Strand* or *Westminster*, she may have custome,
And come to speak most learnedly in the Nose:
Bid her keep quarter with the Constable,
And Justices Clerk, and she in time may purchase.

My Mistresses

Are not sale ware, or mercenary stuffe,
That you may have in the Suburbs, and maintain
Traffique with Ambassadors servants; nor do I practice
With Laundresses, like your Students in Law,
Who teach them to argue the case so long,
Till they find statute for it: nor with Mrs. Silkworm
In the City, that longs for Cream and Cakes,
And loves to Cuckold her Husband in fresh air;
Nor with your waiting Gentlewoman, that's in love
With Poetry, and will not part with her honour
Under a copy of fine Verses, or an Anagram; (I mean,
Nor with your course Lady her self, that keeps a Stall-
And cozens the old Knight, and his two pair
Of spectacles, in the shape of a Serving-man.
But with your rich, fair, high-fed, glorious,
And springing Catamountains, Ladies of blood,
Whose eyes will make a Souldier melt, if he
Were compos'd of Marble, whose very smile
Hath a magnetick force to draw up souls,
Whose voyce will charme the Satyr,
And turn a mans prayer into Ambition,
Make a Hermit run to hell for a touch of her,
And there flug his own damnation.

You would be
A drab of state, a cloth of silver slut,

V 3

Your

Your train born up, and your soul trail in the dirt.
 Ask but the thriving 'st Harlot in cold blood,
 She'd give the world to make her honour good.
 You talk of one, the first begins with one
 That afterwards to thousands prove, whose
 Break Ice in one place, it will crack in more.

Farewell thou private strumpet, worse then common,
 Man were on earth an Angell but for woman,
 That seaven-fold branch of Hell from them doth grow,
 Pride, lust, and murder, they raise from below,
 With all their fellow sins. Women are made
 Of blood, without souls, when their beauties fade,
 And lust is past, Avarice or Bawdery
 Makes them still lov'd, then they buy Vnery,
 Bribing damnation, and hire brothell slaves,
 Shames their Executors, infamy their Graves.

Who keeps a Harlot, tell him this from me,
 He needs nor Thief, disease, nor enemy.

Though she have never so compleat a friend,
 A strumpet will have a west in th'end.

Mistresse? 'tis detestable,
 To be an honest Vassall is some calling,
 Poor is the worst of that, shame comes not to it;
 But Mistress is the onely common bait
 Fortune sets at all hours, catching whore with it.
 And plucks them up by clusters.

Is it possible to be impossible? an honest whore?
 I have heard many honest wenches have turn'd strumpets
 With a wet finger; but for a Harlot to turn honest,
 Is one of *Heracles* labours: It was more easie

For him in one night, to make fifty Queanes,
Then to turn one of them honest again in fifty years.

A Strumpet is one of the Devils Vines,
All fins, like so many poles, are stuck upright
Out of Hell, to be her props, that she may spread upon
And when she is ripe, every knave has a pull at her;
Then must she be press'd; the young beautifull Grape
Sets the teeth of lust on edge, yet to tast
That liquorish wine, is to drink a mans own damna-
(then;
(tion.

She's a right strumpet. I nere knew any of
Their Trade rich two years: Sives can hold no water,
Nor Harlots hoard up money, they have many vents,
Too many sluces to let it out, Taverns, Taylors,
Bawds Panders, Fidler, Swaggerers, Fools & Knaves,
Do all wait on a common Harlots Trencher.
She is the Gallipot to which these Drones fly,
Not for love to the Pot, but for the sweet
Sucket within it, her money.

To turn a Harlot
Honest, it must be by strange Antidotes,
Tis rare, as to see Panthers change their spots.

Of Widowes.

YOur Widowes are too politick a generation,
Prov'd so by *Similies*; many voyages
Make an experienc'd Sea-man, many Offices
A crafty knave, so many marriages
A subtil cunning Widow.

A Widow is a Garment worn chud-bare,
Selling at second hand, like Brokers ware.

Why should the best of you think, you enjoy
 The rest, and rule that a free widow doth?
 I am my own commander, and the blisse
 Of Wooers, and of each variety,
 Frequents me, as I were a Maid: No brother
 Have I, to Dice my patrimony away,
 (As you, my maiden Madam) no Husbands death
 Stand I in doubt of, for, thanks be to heaven,
 If mine wer: good) the grievous losse of him
 Is not to come; if he were bad, he's gone,
 And I no more embrace my injury.
 But be yours ill, you mightly clasp your hate,
 Or good, why he may die, or change his vertue:
 And thou (though single) hast a Bed-fellow
 As bad as the worst Husband, thought of one,
 And what that is, men with their wives do do,
 And long expectance till the deed be done.

As we love our youngest Children best,
 So the last fruit of our affection,
 (Where ever we bestow it) is most strong,
 Most violent, most unresistable;
 Since 'tis indeed, our latest harvest home,
 Last meriment fore winter: and we Widowes,
 (As men report of our best Picture-makers)
 Do love the piece we are in hand with, better
 Then all the excellent work we have done before.

Cf. Wit &c.

AS of the Lyon it is said, and Eagle, (lons
 That when they go, they draw their scars & Tal-
 Close up, to shun rebating of their fierceness:
 So our wits sharpnesse, which we should employ
 In noblest knowledge, we should never wast
 In vile and vulgar Admirations.

! They

They talk of *Jupiter*, and a golden shower,
Give me a *Mercury* with wit and tongue,
And he shall charm more Ladies on their backs,
Then the whole bundle of the Gods besides.

You are held
Wits of the Town, the Counsells that do govern
The Senate here, whose jeers are all authentick:
The Taverns, and the Ordinaries, are
Made Academies where you come, and all
Your sins and surfeits made the times example.
Your very nods can quell a Theater,
No Speech or Poem's good, without your seal,
You can protest scurrility, and publish,
(By your authority believ'd) no rapture
Ought to have honest meaning.

You have a pretty ambling wit in summer,
Do you let it out, or keep it for your own riding?
Who holds your stirrup, while you jump into a jest,
To the endangering your ingenious Quodlibets?

The nimble packing hand,
Disorder'd Shuffle, or the Slur, or his
More base employment, that with youth, and an
Eternall back, engenders for his bread,
Do all belong to men that may be said
To live more by their sins, then by their wits.

Like *Jupiter*, you want a *Ku'tan*, but
To cleave your head, and out pour bright *Minerva*.

Of

Of Witches, Craft, (or cunning women) and
Charms.

THus Witches
Possess'd, even in their death deluded, say
They have been Wolves and Dogs, and sail'd in Eggs
Over the Sea, and rid on fiery Dragons, (thiels
Pass'd in the air more then a thousand miles,
All in a night: the enemy of man-kind
Is powerfull, but false and falshood confident.

1. I have known a Witch, when her Husband has fol-
(lowed

Strange women, she has turn'd him into a Bezar,
And made him bite out his own stones.

2. I'll tell you another as strange as that of one,
That when a Vintner sent her but ill wine,
Has straight converted him into a Frog,
And then conjur'd him into one of his Buts,
Where he has liv'd twelve moneths upon the Lees,
And when his old guests chanced to come see him,
He has croak'd to them out of the Bung-hole.

I am no Protector of their silly faith,
Who think, that Phylters mixt with Herbs or Minerals,
Can enforce love; those are fables made to comfort
Distress'd Virgins, that want estates to marry them.

Do you think that Herbs and Charms
Can force the will? some tryalls have been made
In this foolish practice, but the Ingredients
Were lenitive poysons, such as are of force
To make the Patient mad, and straight the Witch
Swears, by Equivocation, they are in love.

Where the Whore ends,

The Bawd begins, and the corruption of
A Bawd, is the generation of a Witch.
Pythagoras holds opinion, that a Witch
Turns to a wild Cat, as an old Ostler turns
To an ambling Nag.

Of Wives.

A Wife is mans best price, who till he marries,
Wants making up: she is the shrine, to which
Nature doth send us forth on Pilgrimage,
She was a Syen taken from that Tree,
Into which, if she have no second grafting,
The world can have no fruit: She is a mans
Arithmetick, which teaches him to number
And multiply himself in his own Children.
She is the good mans Paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven, a Treasure which who wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts. She is a golden sentence
VVrit by our Maker, which the Angels may
Discourse of, onely men know how to use,
And none but Devils violate.

The speciaall thing that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well chusing of his wife,
And there well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth of fortune:
For beauty being poor, and not cryed up
By birth, or wealth, can truly mix with neither:
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair discent, must make the yoke uneasy.

Of all Creatures,

I hold that wife a most unmatched treasure,

That

That can unto her fortunes fix her pleasure,
And not unto her blood. This is like Wedlock,
The feast of marriage is not lust, but love,
And care of the estate.

A woman was made
Of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked :
The Morall of which is, that a man must
From the beginning, be crooked to his wife ;
Be you like an Orange to her, let her cut you
Never so faire, be sowre as Venegar.

1. Methinks they have
A strange fashion here, they take money with
Their wives, and give money to their wenches.
2. And good reason too, would you have a man
Be troubled with a wife as long as he lives for nothing?
He gives money to his wench, to be rid of her
As soon as he has done with her.

A young clear skinn'd Country Gentlewoman,
That never saw Lyons, Baboones, or Courtiers,
Might prove a handsome wife : or what do you say
To a Citizens Daughter, that was per: in love
With a Player, that never learn'd to dance,
That never dwelt neer any Inn of Court,
Might not she, in time, prove an honest wife ?

For her birth,
If it wer: meaner, I should like it better,
As many Knights and justices of Peace,
As have been of the family, are reckon'd
Into the portion, and I must make large joynture
To her Arms and Ancestors.

My wife has been my crosse these thirty years,
And I'll now keep her to fright away sprights & faith.

Say all this were true of him,
It lies in the bosome of a sweet wife to draw
Her husband from any loose imperfection,
From wenching, from jealousie, from covetousnesse,
From crabbednesse, (the old mans common disease)
By her politick yeelding; for example,
I have known as tough blades as any are
In England, broke upon a Feather-bed.

A Woman forc'd, will free her selfe through Iron.
A happy, calm, and good wife (discontented)
May be taught tricks.

Of Women.

A woman with themselves shall them betray,
What cannot women do with wit and play?
Arts of revenge are written down in lust.

A womans hate is ever dipp'd in blood,
And doth exile all Counsells that are good.

One woman reads anothers Character,
Without the tedious trouble of decyphering.

In any thing a woman does alone,
If she dissemble, she thinks 'tis not done;
If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
Give her her wish, she is not satisfied.
To have a man think, that she never seeks,

Does

Does her more good, then to have all the likes.
 This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex,
 Which to perform, reason is to perplex:
 Urge reason to them, it will do no good.
 Humour (that is the Chariot of our food
 In every body) must in them be fed,
 To carry their affections by it bred.

What a plague
 Of varied tortures is a womans heart?
 How like a Peacocks tayl, with different lights,
 They differ from themselves? the very air
 Alters the Aspen humour of the blouds,
 Now excellent good, now superexcellent bad.

This trifling woman, does unman us all,
 Robs us so much, it makes us things of pitty.

Women are the baggage of our life,
 They are troublesome, and hinder us in the
 Great March, and yet we cannot be without them.

These silly women, when they feed
 Our expectation so high, do but like
 Ignorant Conjurers, that raise a spirit
 Which handsomely they cannot lay again.

Woman's the cowardliest, and the coldest thing
 The world brings forth, yet love, as fire work's water,
 Makes it boyl over, and do things contrary
 To its proper nature.

Unequall nature, to place womens hearts
 So farre on the left side; most foolish men,

That

Thate ere will trust their honour in a Barque,
Made of so sleight weak buhrush as is woman,
Apevery minute to sink it.

Woman, be not so cunning,
For they, whose faces do belie their hearts,
Are Witches ere they arrive at twenty years,
And give the Devil suck.

Women are like to Burs,
Where their affection throws them, there they'll stick.

Trust a woman? never,
We lay our souls to pawn, for a little pleasure,
To the Devil, and a woman makes the Bill.

Many glorious women, that are fam'd
For Masculine vertue, have been vicious,
Onely a happier silence did betide them,
She hath no faults, that hath the art to hide them.

You women, though y'are never so low of stature,
Have Gall in you most abundant, it exceeds
Your brains by two ounces.

Oh woman, thou art made
Most onely of, and for deceits, thy form
Is nothing, but delusion of our eyes,
Our eare, our hearts, and sometimes of our hands,
Hypocrisie and vaniey broughe forth,
(Without male heat) thy vile, most monstrous being.

Men know, that know us,
We are so weak, their words can over-throw us:

He touch'd me meerly, made my vertues bate,
When his tongue strook upon my poore estate.

Most women have small waists, the world throughout,
But their desires are thousand miles about.

Women, your eyes shed glances like the Sun,
Now shines your brightnesse, now your light is done.
If on sweet flowers you shine, 'tis but by chance,
And on the basest weed you'l wast a glance,
Your beams once lost, cannot again be found,
Unlesse we wait untill your course run round.

All the Creatures (ones)
Made for heavens honour, have their ends, and good
All but the cozening Crocodiles, false women:
They raign here like those plagues, those killing sores
Men pray against; and, when they die, like Tales
Ill told, and unbeliev'd, they passe away,
And go to dust forgotten.

The curse of
A great house fall upon thee, (I mean the Butler)
The Devill and all his works are in these women;
VVould all of my sex were of my mind, I
VVould make them a new Lent, and a long one,
That flesh might be in more reverence with them.

All we that are call'd women, know as well
As men; it were a farre more noble thing,
To grace where we are grac'd, and give respect
There, where we are respected; yet we practise
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes

On men with pleasure, till they find the way
To give us a neglect; then we, too late,
Perceive the losse of what we might have had,
And dote to death.

Oh double-hearted,
Oh woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to man-kind, when thou wast made a De-
What an inviting Hell invented? (vill?

I'll never trust a woman more,
There's not a grain of faith or honesty
In your whole sex, you have tongues like the Hyana,
And onely speak us faire to ruine us.
You carry springs within your eyes, and can
Out-weep the Crocodile, till our too much pitty
Betrayes us to your merciless devouring.

Each woman is a Labyrinth, we can
Measure the height of any star, point out
All the dimensions of the earth, examine
The Seas large womb, and sound its subtil depth,
But art will nere be able to find out
A demonstration of a womans heart.

Trust not a woman, they have found the Herb
To open Locks, not brazen Towers can hold them:
Or if they get not loose, they have the vertue
Of Load-stones, shut up in a box, they'll draw
Customers to them; nay being dead and buried,
There is suspicion, they will break the grave,
Which puts so many Husbands to the charge
Of heavy stones, to keep their bad wives under.

VVhere-

VWherefore should men love women?
 Such aery mockeries, nothing but meer Echo's,
 That owe their being to our opinion:
 And in regard of honouring them, send back
 As scornfully, the language we bestow'd
 Out of our too much dotage.

Oh the malice
 And envy of base women, that with horror
 Knowing their own defects, and inward guilt,
 Dare lie, and swear, and dam, for what's most false,
 To cast aspersions upon one untainted.

Y're in your natures Devils, and your ends,
 (Knowing your reputation sunk for ever,
 And not to be recover'd) to have all
 VVear your black Livery.

Neither Grates of Iron, (birth,
 Henm'd in with walls of Brasse, strickt guards, high
 The forfeiture of honour, nor the feare
 Of infamy or punishment, can stay
 A woman, slav'd to appetite, from being
 False and unworthy.

That ever man, to please his brutish sense,
 Should slave his understanding to his passion,
 And, taken with soone fading white and red,
 Deliver up his credulous eare, to hear
 The magick of a Syren, and from these
 Believe, there ever was, is, or can be
 More then a seeming honesty in bad woman.

Oh pride of women, Coaches are too common,
They forfeit in the happiness of peace,
And Ladies think they keep not state enough,
If for their pomp and ease, they are not born
In triumph on mens Shoulders.

Woman,
How strong art thou? how easily beguil'd?
How dost thou wrack us by the very horns?

Wretched is the man,
That builds the last hopes of his saving comforts
Upon a womans charity! he's most miserable:
If it be possible, her obstinate will
Will pull him down in his mid-way to heaven.

Who wo'd erect th'assurance of his joyes
Upon a womans goodness, whose best virtue
Is, to commit unclean, and highest secrecie,
To hide but her own sin? there's her perfection.

Of the World.

THe world's a Labyrinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness;
No sooner have we measur'd with much toyl
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction:
What a strange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the Creatures?

What other thing is the world then a Ball,

Which men run after with whoop and with hollow,
 He that doth catch it, is sure of a fall,
 His heels tripp'd up by him that doth follow,
 Women, they are the Gamesters of all,
 For though they often lie on the ground,
 Not one among a hundred will fall,
 But under her Coats the Ball will be found.

The world's a City full of straying streets,
 And death, the Market-place where each one meets.

What's this world like to? faith just like
 An Inn-keepers Chamber-pot, receives all waters,
 Both good and bad, it had need of much scowring.

Oh all the world forsakes me, wretched world;
 Consisting most of parts that fly each other,
 A firmnesse breeding all inconstancy,
 A bond of all dis-junction, like a man
 Long buried, is a man that long hath liv'd,
 Touch him, he falls to ashes.

The world is quite inverted, Vertue thrown
 At Vices feet, and sensuall peace confounds
 Valour and cowardize, fame and infamy.
 The rude and terrible Age is come again,
 When the thick air hid heaven, and all the stars
 Were drown'd in humour tough, and hard to pierce,
 When the red Sun held not his fixed place,
 Kept not his certain course, his rise and set,
 Nor yet distinguish'd with his definite bounds,
 Nor in his firm conversions, were discern'd,
 The fruitfull distances of time and place,

In the well varied seasons of the year,
When th' incompas'd incursions of floods,
Wasted and eat the earth, and all things shew'd
Wild and disorder'd, nought was worse then now.

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit, or reyn his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sence,
That heavens horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crack with the weight of sinne,
Hell gaping under us, and ore our heads,
Black ravenous ruine with her sail-stretch'd wings,
Ready to strike us down and cover us.
Who can behold such prodiges as these,
And have his lips seal'd up? not I, my soul
Was never ground into such oyly colours,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity.
But with an armed and resolved hand,
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time,
Naked, as at their birth.

Oh world, thou art too subtil
For honest natures to converse withall.

The world shoots up daily into more cunning.
The very spider weaves her Cawles with more
Art, to entrap the wanton silly fly.
The shallow Plough-man can distinguish now
'Twixt simple truth, and a dissembling brow.
Your base mechanick fellow can spy out
A weaknesse in a Lord, and learns to flout:
How does't behove us then, that live by sleight,
To keep our wits wound up to their stretch'd height?

Here's

Here's the right fashion of the world, to turn
The back-side to a Man, that has no money.

Of Youth.

Youth restrained, straight grows impatient,
And in condition like a eager Dog,
Who, nere so little from his game withheld,
Turns head and leaps up at his Masters Throat.

Young and handsome,
Have made acquaintances in nature still,
So when they meet, they have the least to do
It is for age or ugliness, to make
Approaches, and keep a distance.

The love that lights from a young desire,
Fickle and feeble, will not long hold fire;
It is so violent it will not last,
Th'blest'd, whose lovers love when youth is past.

Damfels at your years, are wont
To talk too much over their Marmalut,
They can't fare well, but all the Town must hear it;
Their loves so full of praises, and so loud,
A man may with lesse noise lie with a drum.
Give me an old widow, that commits sin
With the gravity of a corrupt Judge,
Accepts of benefits in the dark, and can
Conceal them from the light.

Let Sins and Grandfirs keep us low, we must

Live when th'are flesh, as well as when th'are dust.

Oh these perverse Girls, that are led with nothing
But fancy, foolish things, and yet have wit
To be obstinate : If they set upon a toy,
They must have it, because they are wilfull ;
Then th'are as changeable (in love) as a Camellion,
And think they can live by the aire of it.
They will venture to sell their Fathers fortunes,
And their own too for a nights lodging.

In youth there is a Fate that swayes us still,
To know what's good, and yet pursue what's ill.

FINIS:
